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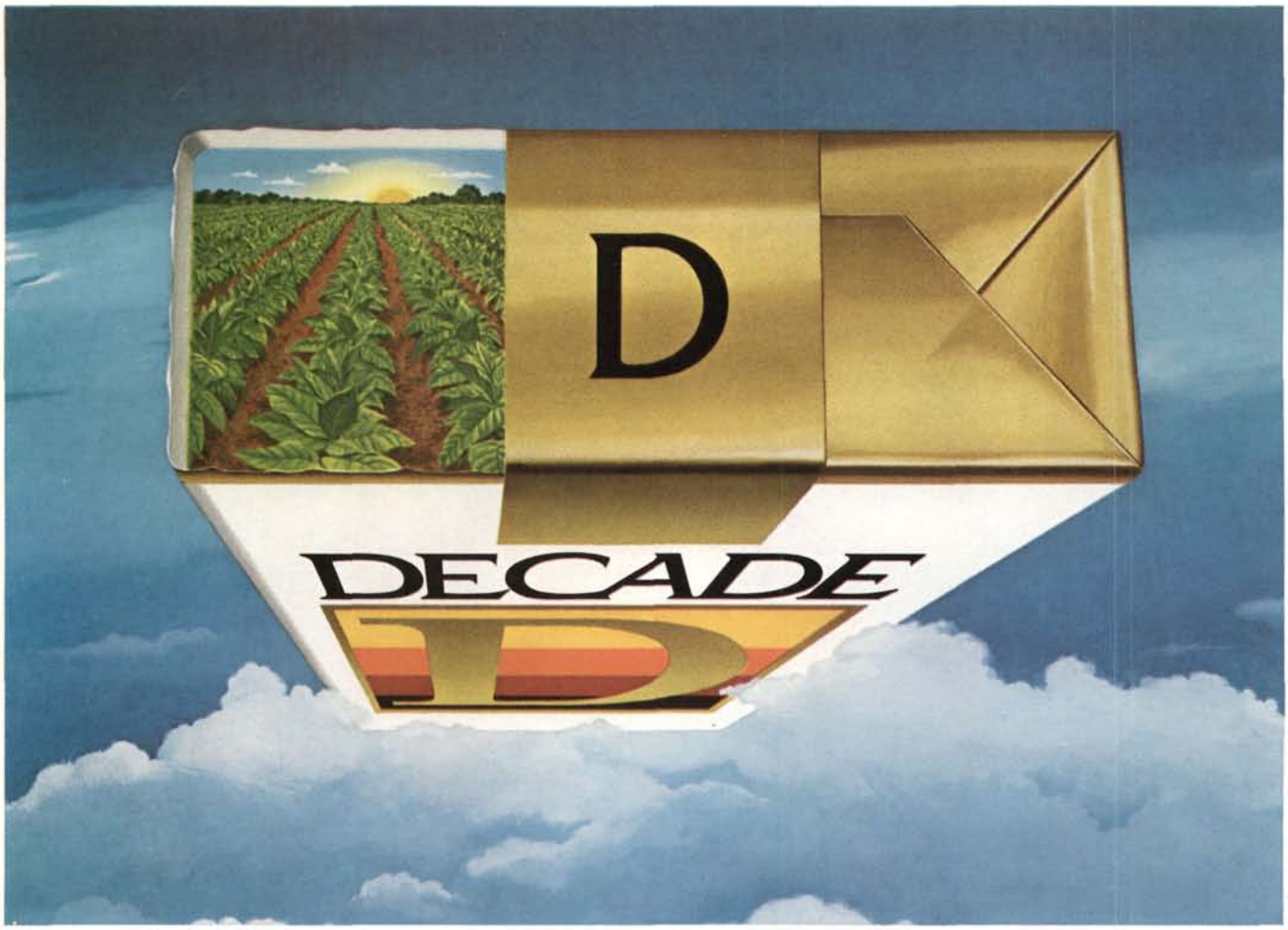

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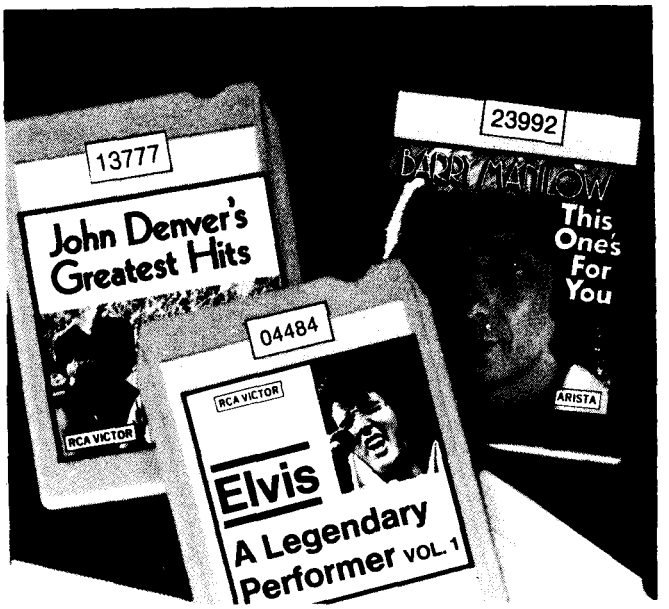

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Letters to the Editor

Longtime Reader

I've read and loved your magazine for 50 of my 63 years! The first really serious reading of your magazine that I can remember was when I was 13.

In this age of pornographic literature and cheap sensationalism, it's so nice to know we still have one beautiful magazine being published. My seven children were brought up with the *Post* and are all avid readers.

We all look forward to every issue. Best of luck from one of your "older" customers.

Jeanne C. McDonough
Gilford Park, New Jersey

Rhodesia

Prime Minister Ian Smith's Rhodesian story in the May/June *Post* was like a breath of fresh air after all the nauseous garbage our hypocritical politicians and our biased news media have been handing us. If Jimmy Carter is so hell-bent on pushing the human rights issue, why doesn't he direct his righteous wrath at Cambodia, Vietnam, Uganda, Cuba, Russia, China, or a score of other tyrannical regimes, instead of picking on the only two really civilized countries in Africa? If he isn't able to distinguish between friends and foes, he had better quit and go back to his peanut farm.

As for the other Western powers, when the Security Council of the United Nations passed a resolution condemning Rhodesia's plan for a biracial government simply because it didn't include foreign-based, Soviet-backed terrorists, not one of the delegates from these supposedly civilized countries had the guts to stand up and say no.

Wilbur J. Dowd
Madison, Connecticut

The Magnificent Agnes

I was thrilled with your tribute to the movies in your August issue. This is an art form America can be proud of developing, especially during the 1930s and '40s. Also, as a fan of Agnes Moorehead, I was very pleased your editors chose her as the "all time" Best Supporting Actress.

I always enjoyed her as television's Endora, but I felt many did not realize her excellent character portrayals in such films as *The Magnificent Ambersons* (as the nagging but sad aunt), the French friend of Greer Garson in *Mrs. Parkington*, and, in one of my favorites, as the hardworking farm wife of Edward G. Robinson and the loving mama of Margaret O'Brien in *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*.

Besides films, her radio performances were wonderful, and who could forget Miss Moorehead in *Suspense*'s "Sorry, Wrong Number!"

Once again, thanks to your fine magazine and to its choice of Agnes Moorehead. She was indeed a beautiful and brilliant actress who, though gone now, has not been forgotten by all.

Ross A. Kesinger
Riverside, California

Mis-Wooed

In regards to your caption on page 58 of the July/August *Post*, "In *Going My Way* Bing platonically wooed Ingrid Bergman,"

Ingrid Bergman was not in *Going My Way*. She appeared with Bing in *The Bells of St. Mary's* a year later in which Bing repeated his role of Father O'Malley.

Ann Reich
Park Ridge, Illinois

Elizabeth Taylor

I applaud your editors' choice of Elizabeth Taylor as all-time best actress. Her career deserves this recognition for her incomparable combination of beauty and artistry in so many wonderful performances.

Patrick Wing
La Palma, California

Changing Roles

"A Housewife's Right to Life" was a misnomer for the article by Celia Gilbert which appeared in the May/June issue. I would not criticize its content—a highly personal narrative about a sensitive woman's struggle to engage in creative writing. But the article does not address itself to the lot of the "real" housewife. For example, "real" housewives do not have au pair girls to bail them out of the tedious drudgeries of the day and "real" housewives and their families cannot indulge in the luxury of a year abroad to help them face and recover from tragedy.

As a sociologist I've found it interesting that most discussions which begin by implying that women at home are leading lives which border on nonexistence then go on to describe the work of women who are employed in creative, fulfilling occupations. These painted portraits do not mirror reality. The biggest percentage of employed women have jobs which might be described as boring and tedious. Who's to say that sitting eight hours a day at a desk typing orders or spending eight hours a day on your feet at a cashier's desk is any more fulfilling than staying at home? Check the Department of Labor's 1975 Handbook of Women Workers. The two largest employment groups for women were clerical workers and service workers, which included more than half of all women employed.

There is a need for national discussion about the roles of women in our society. Such a need was not addressed by your article.

Dorothy Monroe
Lenexa, Kansas

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Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula

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THE DIFFERENCE

If hours, efforts, or brains are not what separate the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income then what is?

I learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had $200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, I was told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, I began to realize that what I was being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

THE BEGINNING

I began to apply the principles and methods I had been shown. The results were amazing. I couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact it seemed too easy.

But then I met an elderly lady (83 years old) who, although not very smart, has made $117,000 using the same formula.

I then figured my beginning wasn't luck.

For three and one half years, I worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that I had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As I did this, my assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that I didn't have to work any longer.

MORE LEISURE

I guess I am bragging now, but I did start spending a lot of time in our back yard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing.

Then one day a friend asked me how he could do what I had done.

So I began to outline the formula that I had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached me, I had written almost a complete volume on the easy way for him to copy my results.

EASY TO READ

I wrote this in simple, straight-forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time my friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas I had been giving him.) Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

I not only showed him how to buy without cash, but by the time the deal was complete, he had $5,000 cash in his pocket to boot.

I also showed him how to buy a $26,000 property for $75 down.

Millionaire Mark O. Haroldsen, his wife, Lois, and their children at home on their two and one half acre estate:
"I've found," says Haroldsen, "that most people just need a very specific road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done. Millionaires are not smarter, they just know the wealth formula."

ANYONE CAN

You can do exactly what I did, or my close friends have done; in fact, you may well do it better. (I began doing this in my spare time only.)

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—Jerry Donaho, Valdez, Alaska

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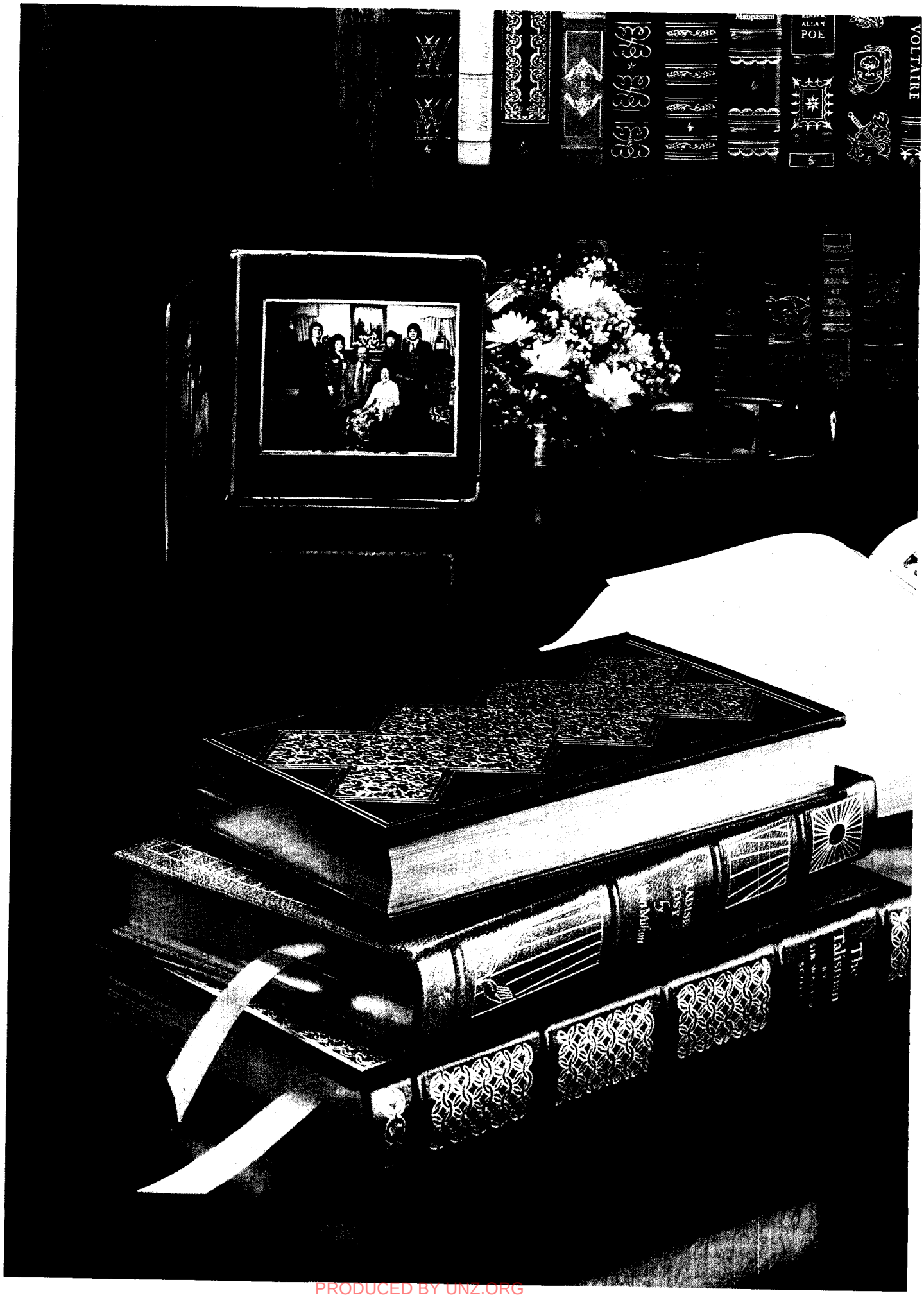

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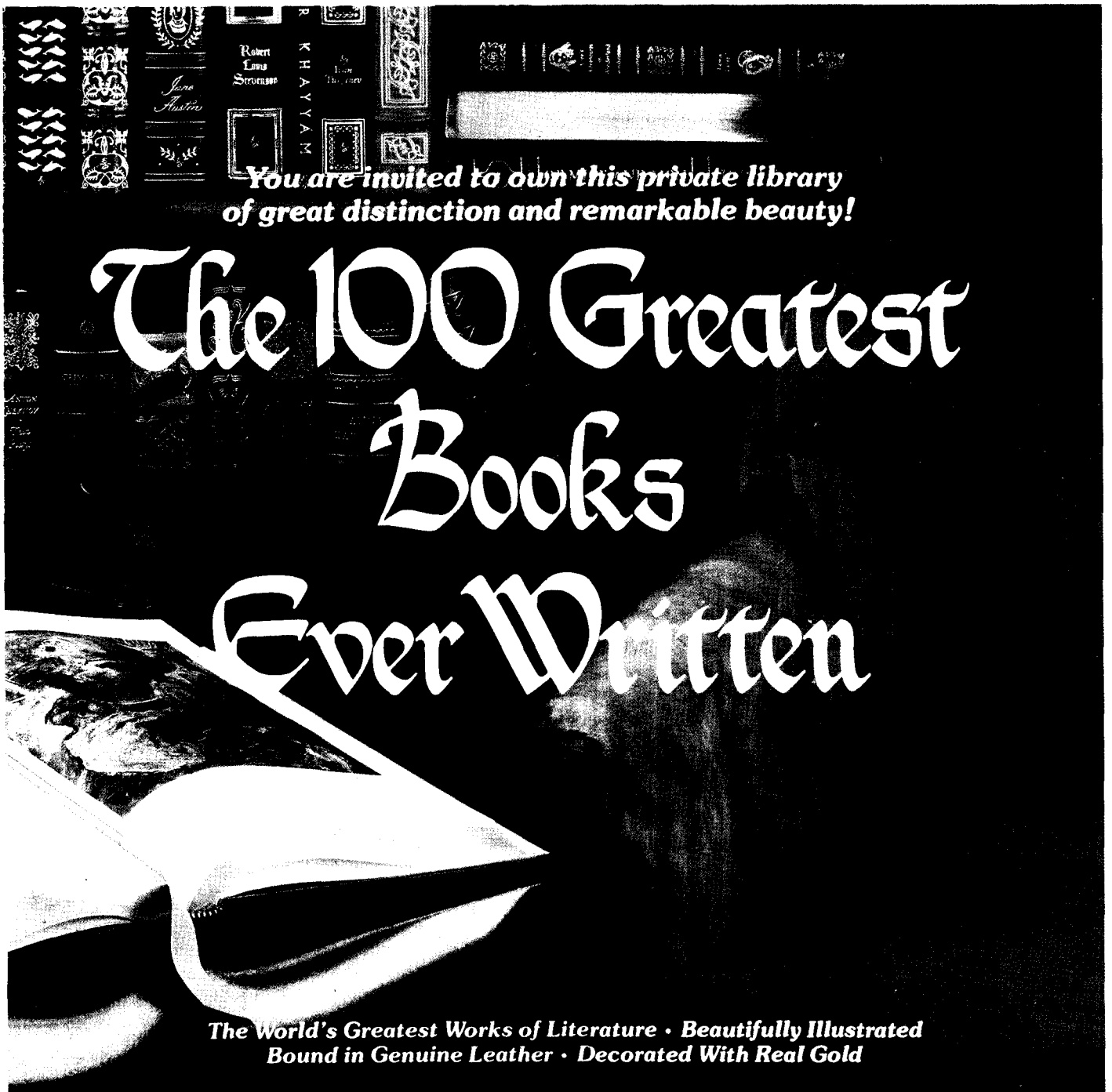

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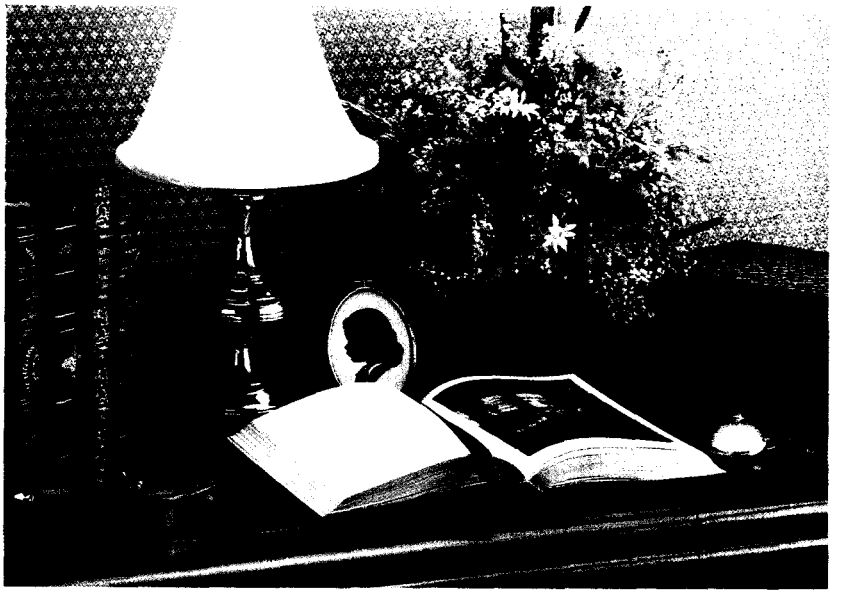

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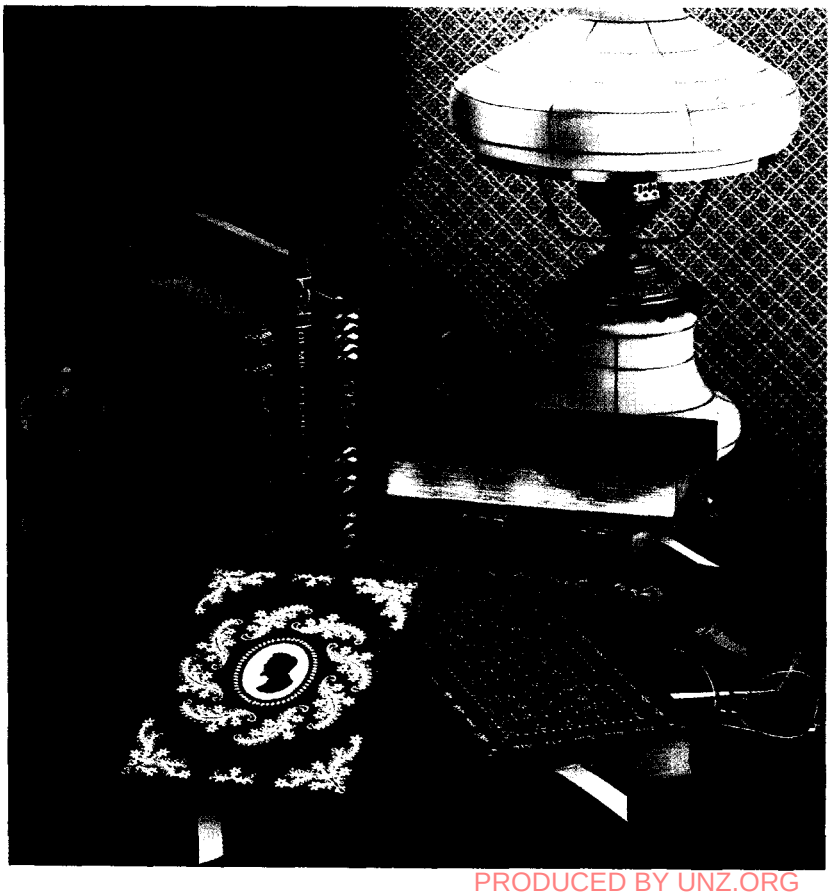

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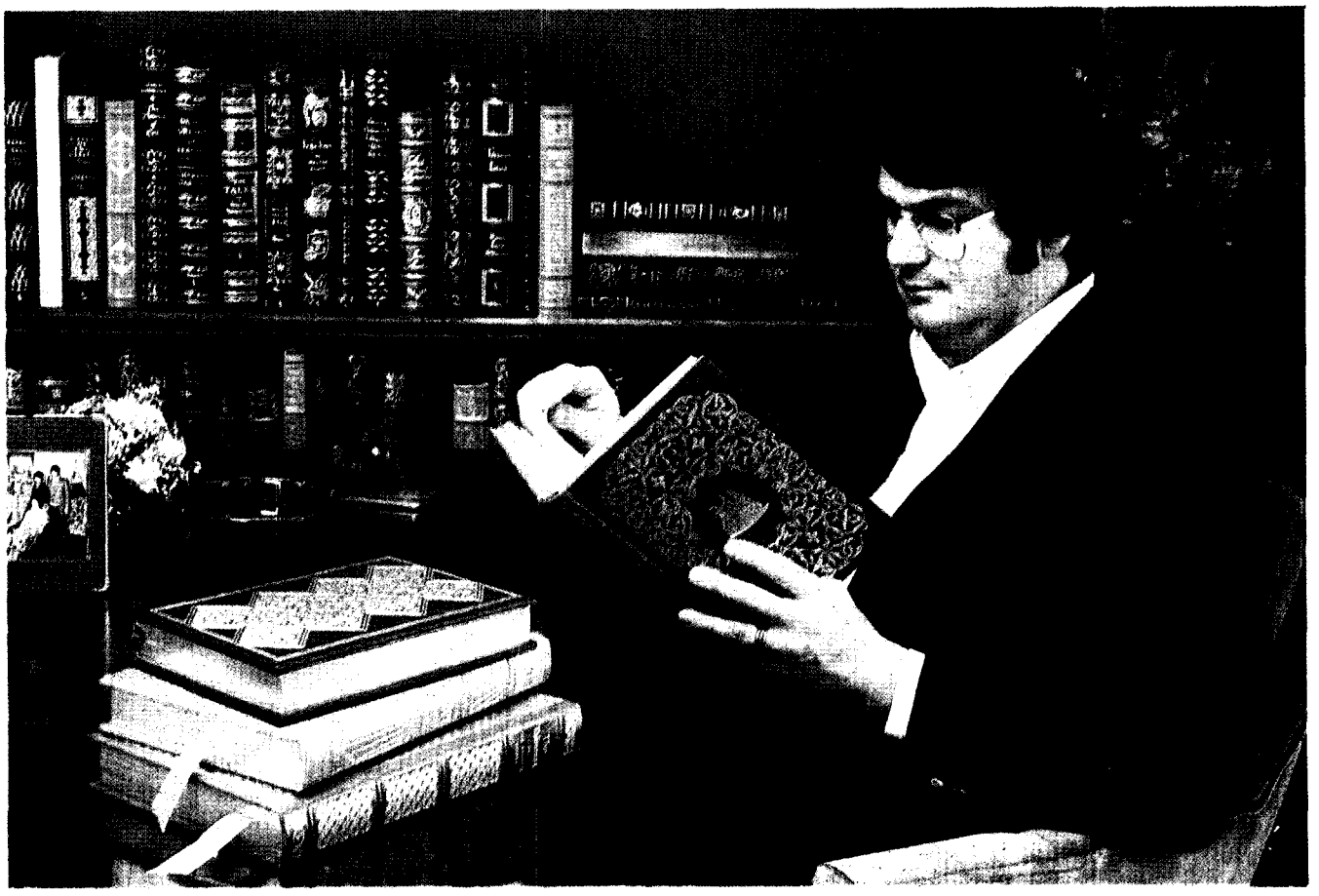

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RELIGION

ESCAPING THE "WHITE GHETTO"

DePauw University students spent a back-breaking but eye-opening Winter Term extending a helping hand in Guatemala.

by Tom Keating

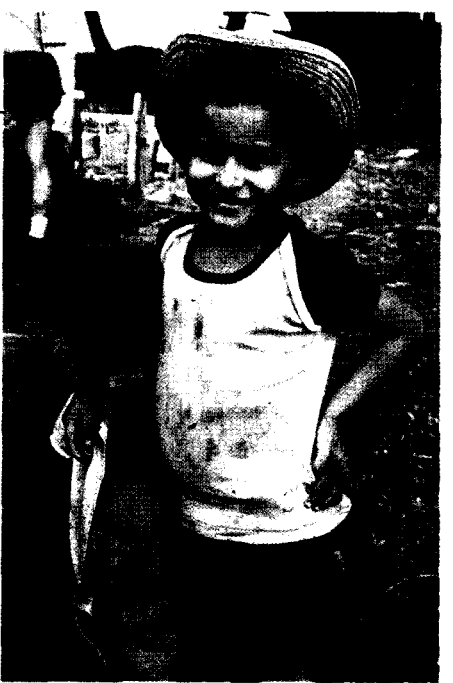
Most young people who know Fred Lamar are quick to tell you he is not what they expected in the way of a Methodist minister.

Likewise, Lamar has been more than a little surprised—but also pleased—with his congregation, the 2,350 students at DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana.

These students, by and large, are people against whom the 40ish chaplain says he has been prejudiced most of his life. That is, until he really got to know them. Now he sees his main mission as helping them escape from what he calls the "dangers of the white ghetto."

Which, in fact, was his main purpose in taking 72 eager undergraduates and a handful of adult volunteers on a three-week expedition to the jungles of Guatemala in January.

Lamar arrived at DePauw three years ago with misgivings. He took the job as university chaplain with the understanding that he had a free hand to translate Christian principles into action. Or "to shake kids up," as he put it.



Dr. Perry Wainman of Greencastle, Indiana, was one of several professionals to volunteer their time and skill. Students paid $435 each for the chance to help adults and children who needed dental care at St. Stephen's Mission.

Starting in the spring of 1975, Lamar began hanging around the campus haunts, drinking coffee and shooting a decent game of pool while looking for recruits for weekend projects into the slums of Indianapolis.

"I had always preached against the sins of the rich," Lamar said. "I discovered many of these kids—to their parents' credit—didn't have the slightest idea of what it was like to be even mildly hungry or scared. Few college students anywhere do. In a very real sense, you could say most of them were 'culturally deprived.' "

Though not of DePauw origin, this illustrative campus tale of what some consider "thrift" and "deprivation" is passed on by Lamar: "A college coed was very proud of the fact she had taken a vacation to the Riviera and it hadn't cost her daddy a cent. She had saved the entire cost of the trip out of her allowance!" recounted Lamar.

To which he quickly added, "To my surprise, however, I also found in students here, who may have previously looked at their lives this way, a deep social conscience."

DePauw has had a special educational experience called Winter Term since 1970. During the month of January each year, students can devise a work project on campus or off. Such projects have involved everything from singing in a nightclub to working in the White House.

The chaplain seized on the Winter Term idea to expand his weekend missionary work, building, fortunately, on other positive off-campus project trips headed by people like Methodist layman/DePauw professor Clinton Gass, who had taken other generations of DePauw students into places like Utila, off the coast of Belize.

In January of 1976, Lamar took 28 students to a swamp area of Louisiana that had just been devastated by a hurricane. His strategy was simple. He turned the students loose on back-breaking cleanup and repair chores and let them absorb the satisfaction and unique joy of assisting people in

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trouble while at the same time learning of problems they never knew existed.

With the groundwork of a successful program established, he took 36 DePauw students, a nurse, a doctor, and an engineer to Guatemala in 1977, and with them built a 28- by 34-foot concrete block medical dispensary at a remote Episcopal missionary station.

All of this, however, was merely a preliminary for his 1978 adventure.

"I put the word out that this year we were going back to Guatemala and do some really hard work," Lamar said. "I stressed the difficulties we would encounter and then announced there would be a 7 a.m. signup at the chaplain's office on the campus. The first 40 to arrive would get to go. I woke up at 6 a.m. to the noise of a horrible storm. I looked out the window at the thunder, lightning, and driving rain. I remembered it was signup day, so I rushed to the office, where I found 25 water-soaked kids in sleeping bags, waiting to register. We had 50 signed up by 8 a.m., so I decided to nearly double the original venture. We took 72 students."

At this point, Lamar used his persuasive skills to recruit a physician from the Mayo Clinic, an engineer from the University of Missouri at Rolla, two nurses from Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, and a doctor, James Johnson, and a dentist, Perry Wainman, both from Greencastle. All these highly paid professionals worked free of charge for the duration of the trip. This fact in itself made a rather deep impression on the student volunteers.

In terms of missionary results, the students raised $10,000, with which they purchased a $5,000 pickup truck and $5,000 worth of medicine for the Guatemalans. They also built three churches that can be used as community centers and constructed a minister's home. Most remarkable is the record of supplying medical attention to about 1,800 patients and pulling or treating nearly 800 teeth.

They did all this in two weeks and paid $435 apiece for the pleasure.

"A typical Wednesday schedule for one of our DePauw nursing students went like this," Lamar related. "Up at 5:30 a.m., breakfast at 6 a.m., a half-mile walk with a 30-pound backpack to the boat dock, a 16-mile ride across Lake Izabal in Mariscos Province, out of the dugout canoe for another mile hike with backpack into the jungle, set up a clinic in a church in the clearing, help pull yellow teeth out of ugly gums filled with pus and blood, pass out 20 rounds of worm pills to 50 kids who need them, work until dark, eat with a village family, fall asleep on the floor of the village church, and then travel to another location for more of the same the next day.

"This was so unlike anything many of these students had ever done that many of them didn't want to leave," Lamar said. "The feeling of accomplishment is a heady one."

But, while he is gratified these efforts helped the Guatemalans, Lamar points out the real purpose of the trip lies elsewhere in less tangible and visible measurements.

"This primarily was an educational project," he explained. "I wanted the kids to get more out of it than the people they helped.

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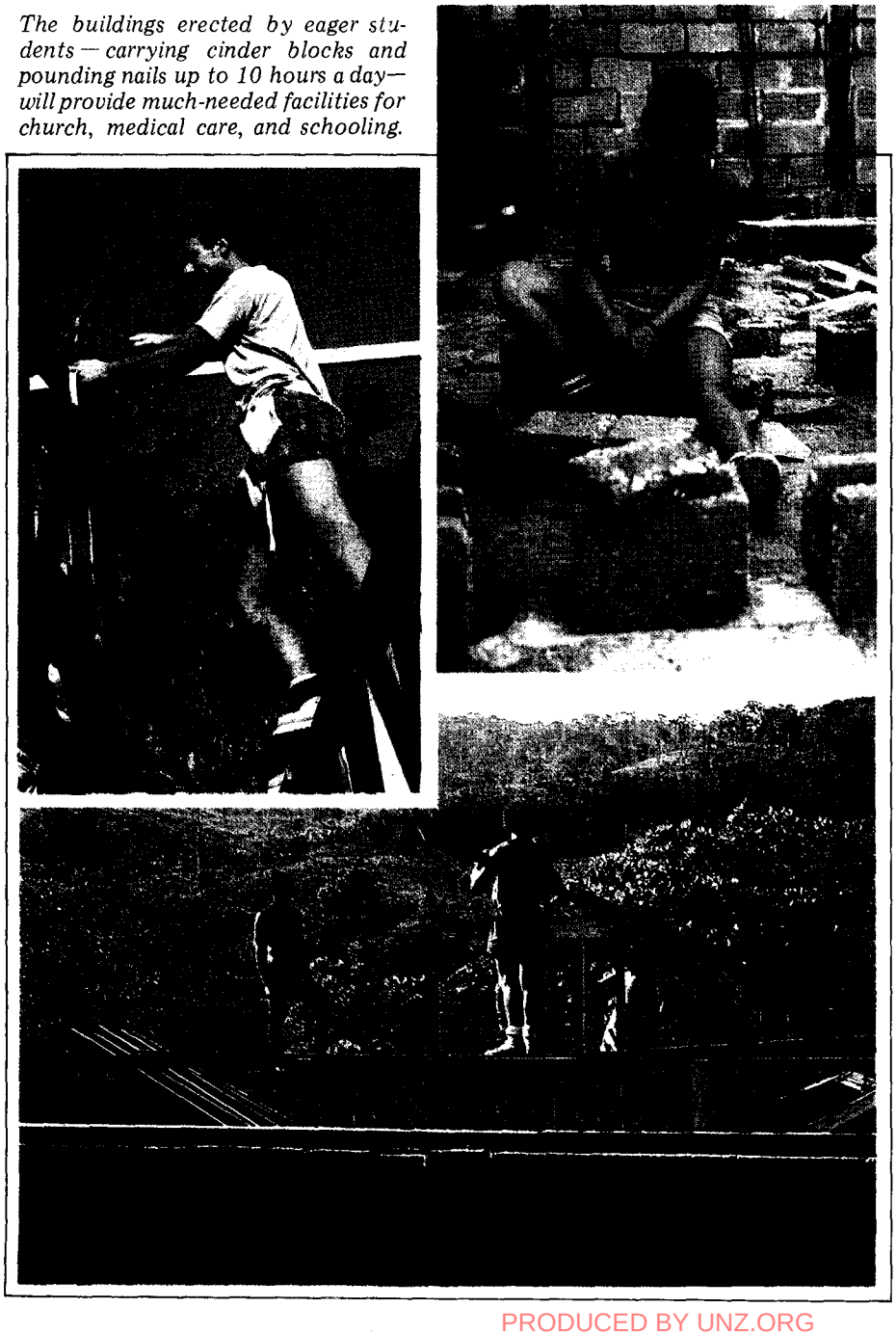
The buildings erected by eager students — carrying cinder blocks and pounding nails up to 10 hours a day — will provide much-needed facilities for church, medical care, and schooling.



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Using a Lawyer May Be Dangerous to your Wealth

I'm a lawyer myself—and I may be cutting my own throat—but I'm going to tell you the truth:

The bulk of what most lawyers do could be done by someone who had never seen the inside of a law school—and usually is.

Lawyer's *secretaries* do most of the work on wills, divorces (as well as annulments and legal separations), bankruptcies and creditor plans, simple contracts, real estate deals (buying, selling, and leasing), run-of-the-mill personal injury cases, adoptions, filing home steads, insurance claims, minor criminal cases . . . and the list goes on and on.

And what do these Legal Secretaries do? They follow directions and fill in the blanks on forms. That's all. It's as simple as that.

That's why I think you may be ready to try being your *own* lawyer—and save a 'ton' of money.

But before you decide, answer these two questions: (1) Can you follow simple directions—no more complicated than assembling a Christmas toy or reading a cook book? (2) Do you have the few cents necessary to buy the correct forms at a Legal Stationery Store?

If your answer to both of those questions is "yes," you're *ready*. Well, *almost* ready. There are just two more things you should know:

(1) You don't necessarily have to have "the few cents necessary to buy the correct form at a Legal Stationery Store." Because I'll tell you how and where to get many of these forms *free*.

(2) You'll need a book. It's called "Do Your Own Legal Work." (And you *can* do your own legal work—no matter which State you live in!)

The book took more than a year to write. Based on what I've actually been earning in my law practice, that represents more than $100,000 worth of advice.

I mention that, not to brag, but so you'll know that I'm not some kid, fresh out of law school, and hungry for a few bucks. Along that line, you should know that I've been practicing for 13 years, and I've written the book about the legal problems I work with, day in and day out.

Some other things you might want to know: I've published technical legal articles that explain the law—to lawyers. I've served as a research assistant to a Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

What will it cost you to "hire" a lawyer with those qualifications? Ten dollars. Just about what I—and lots of other lawyers—would charge you for 10 *minutes* of legal advice.

Why so cheap? Because I hope to sell a million copies—or at least enough so I can take some time off and enjoy life with my family.

That's what's in it for me.

And here's just a sample of what's in it for *you* (including complete directions and sample forms you can practice with):

How to find and use forms . . . page 7

How to draft your own will . . . page 36

How to handle your own criminal case . . . page 72

How to settle your own accident or personal injury case . . . page 82

How to handle an adoption . . . page 99

How to dissolve your marriage . . . page 113

How to solve debt problems—from consumer-credit counseling to bankruptcy . . . page 127

How to draft a contract . . . page 209

How to handle real estate transactions . . . page 216

How you can use a Law Library—free—to avoid probate! . . . save taxes! . . . form a corporation! . . . and handle hundreds of other matters! . . . page 25

Now I'm not saying that you're never going to need a lawyer. I *am* saying that if you do need to see one, you'll be *ready* and be able to handle a lot of the simple, clerical work yourself. You'll save *his* time.

Here's an example of how my book will cut down on those precious minutes: For an attorney to draw up a simple contract might cost you $400 if he had to start from scratch. It could cost you $30 if he had to take only a half hour to review the work you'd already done—and *can* do, using my book.

Lawyers get $60 for husband-wife wills; I'll show you how to do your own in less than an hour. Lawyers charge $450 for a simple divorce which may take less than two hours of their time. Lawyers get between $3,000 and $4,500 for obtaining a $9,000 personal injury settlement. I'll show you how to do as well, or better, by yourself. Lawyers get $150 for an adoption, but their secretaries do the work—and so can you.

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The answer to whether or not they did lies only in their minds."

What is in those minds, it turned out, is more than just jungle tales.

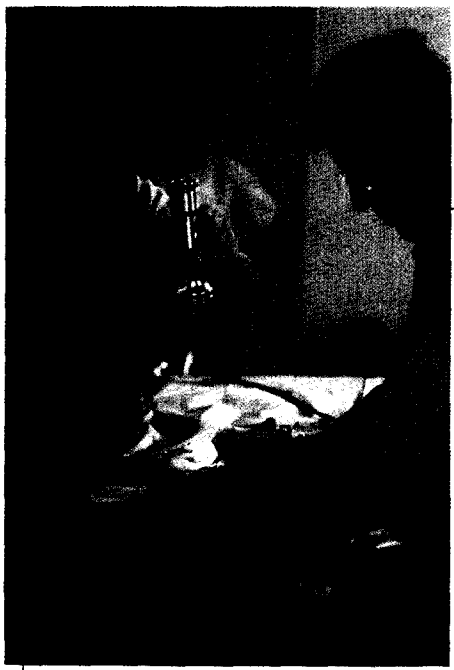
Jeff Logan, a bearded senior from Lombard, Illinois, was one of three students who drove the new Chevy pickup 2,500 miles from Indiana to Guatemala. Leaving Christmas Day, the trio arrived without incident on New Year's Eve.

"I came to DePauw planning to be a doctor," Jeff said. "After our trip to Louisiana three years ago, I decided to enter the missionary field. The trips to Guatemala the past two years helped cement that decision. I plan to go to a seminary, but not to become a minister. I want to work in the administration end of the missions as a lay person. I can see a great need in this area.

"I've thought a lot about what benefits have come about as a result of the Guatemala trips," he added. "The buildings we built and the medical work we performed are important, but I'm convinced the real benefit is a long-range one—a heightened social awareness in all the students that will surface at a later date. If we are going to be the nation's leaders someday, like everyone tells us, then the effect of what was seen and understood in Guatemala will be reflected in many important ways in the future."

In some cases, to their surprise, the students discovered much about themselves and larger subjects. Dialogues opened up that never would have surfaced in normal campus surroundings. The reduction of social activity to the basics brought about a discussion of the basics: whether there was a God and what He was all about and how to approach Him—not subjects to squeeze in between fraternity meetings, homework, and a basketball game.

Life, with its uncertain currents and puzzling, tugging tides, was slowed to a manageable flow. A need seemed to arise to examine just why it was each person was doing something altruistic when that hadn't been a particular characteristic of their young life.



Students and doctors treated diseases caused by malnutrition and poor sanitary conditions in outlying villages, where 50% of the children die before age 5. "I don't think I'll ever look at things the same way again," reflects Peggy Joyce, who doesn't expect to return to a mission but does hope to regain the feeling of helping others.

Then, too, some students thought the more religious among them came on too strong and with just a tad of hypocrisy.

"There were those on the trip who were atheists and agnostics," said Frank Grasso, a junior psychology major from Long Island, New York. "They thought it ridiculous when we sang Christian songs at night sometimes. There was some intense exchange of views about this, and it made everyone examine his motives in a different light.

"The reason I signed up for the trip last year was just so I could say I traveled out of the country," Grasso continued. "This year I was elected a project officer and I went because it was a challenge to handle responsibility. I think I developed my business and organizational skills a great deal."

In this explanation, Grasso neglected to mention any personal motivation toward helping people, yet out of his experience has come a desire to become a minister.

"Yes, I decided on that after my first trip to the mission," he admitted. "I had never thought of the ministry before. I had always leaned toward entering business. But, doing the work with Chaplain Lamar, assisting people . . . well, you know, it just meant something to me. It stirred something in me I didn't know was there."

Audrey Henderson, a long-haired, bright-faced sophomore nursing student from Orange, California, maybe said best what some of her fellow travelers were still rummaging through their minds to articulate.

"I discovered for the first time what life is like with all the fake stuff eliminated," she explained. "Everyone saw you at your worst—muddy, dirty, covered with mosquito bites, and dead tired. A lot of things that fill so much of your time at college just didn't count for anything down there.

"Part of me is still back there," she said. "I'm enthusiastic about what I did, but yet I see the limitations of it. I thought I would be able to do more, but I didn't make a dent. That hurt.

"I know more surely that one person can't change the world. But now I know how it feels to try. I'll never forget that."

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It didn't start with Watergate

At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the discordant Watergate affair. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"

Victor Lasky asked himself the same question. A newsman of forty years' experience, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skeletons. So he opened the door.

What he found shocked even that old pro. All the dirt from four dirty Democrat regimes . . . from FDR and Truman through JFK and Lyndon. Scandals half forgotten (and carefully *not* recalled during Watergate); and other scandals suppressed until now.

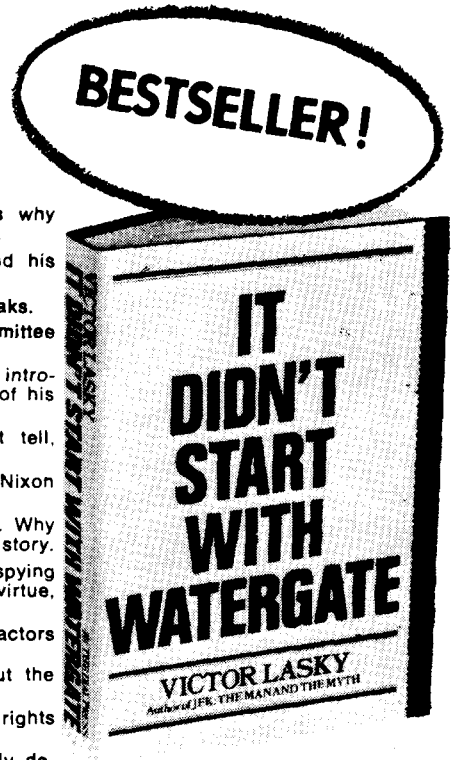
Lasky never loses sight of the two overriding truths:

- These Democrat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scandals (many of them far more serious).

No, it didn't start with Watergate. And now we finally have an honest book on the subject. Now the accusers stand accused.

A HYMN TO DEMOCRAT AND MEDIA HYPOCRISY (in America today, the two are synonymous)

- Democrat legacy we never hear about: the anti-Semitic and racial slurs of FDR, Truman, JFK, LBJ and RFK.
- Marilyn Monroe, Jack and Bobby: a revealing glimpse into her diary. Missing police records of her death.
- Five liberals admit leftwing bias in the media.
- Did leading Democrats and some newsmen know in advance that Watergate would happen?
- Secret Service agents worry: will the Russians try to "plant a broad" in JFK's bedroom?
- New York newspaper prints the stolen medical records of a DA up for reelection—and righteously condemns the Ellsberg break-in.
- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
- High Kennedy official speculates: was JFK's murder "some kind of terrible retribution?"
- Democrat operator boasts of his dirty tricks—and gets hired by big-name Democrats.
- Harry Truman gets his start—courtesy of fake ballots.
- Former *Newsweek* editor candidly admits why we never heard about JFK's foul language.
- What LBJ did to Goldwater in '64—behind his back.
- Ervin declines to check his own staff for leaks.
- Radical backgrounds of key Ervin Committee aides.
- How a correspondent knew marijuana was introduced to JFK in the White House by one of his girl friends.
- What Hubert Humphrey knew, but didn't tell, about LBJ's eavesdropping.
- One newsman sneaks help to JFK in the Nixon debates.
- The biggest political crime of the century. Why the *New York Herald-Tribune* quashed the story.
- Righteous John Doar devises a domestic spying program for that other monument to civic virtue, Ramsey Clark.
- The link between New York paving contractors and John Lindsay.
- What J. Edgar Hoover said privately about the 1960 Presidential election.
- The shocking abuse of Otto Otepka's civil rights that went unpunished—and unreported.
- Humphrey demurs when investigators finally decide to question him about irregular campaign finances. The astounding reaction of Sam Ervin.
- Archibald Cox tips his hand: of ten top aides, nine are super-Democrats.
- The liberal who witnessed JFK compound a felony, and laughed.
- Wiretapping under Honest Harry Truman.
- Covering up for Lyndon: the Jenkins affair.
- FDR checks up on Eleanor.
- Martin Luther King Jr.'s scandalous private life.
- 10 rules of investigative procedure ignored or broken by the Ervin Committee.
- JFK's impeachable offense.
- The bond between Chairman Rodino and the AFL-CIO.
- Hamilton Fish Sr. tells what it was like to be an anti-New Deal Congressman under FDR.
- Why the Ervin Committee refused to investigate pre-1972 scandals (except those allegedly involving Nixon).
- JFK confidant admits Kennedy wiretapping to Lasky.
- Spy squads at the Democrat conventions—directed by LBJ.
- The Senators on the Ervin Committee: where were they during the Bobby Baker investigation?
- The day Jack Anderson got caught—redhanded.
- J. Edgar Hoover on wiretapping in Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department.
- Devastating Republican counsel report from the Ervin Committee: suppressed.
- Victor Reuther's chilling memo to RFK on how to crush conservative leaders and groups—ignored by the media.
- Leading liberals hatch a wiretap scheme: the whole story.
- How FDR used the Presidency to enrich his sons.
- How Senator Sam saved the day when a Gulf Oil employee claimed questionable connections with all but one member of the Ervin Committee.
- Media bugging: how common?
- When Presidents lie—on matters far more serious than Watergate.
- Were the major impeachment charges trumped-up?



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WHAT IS AMERICA?

Is our system of overgovernment stifling a market economy and jeopardizing our free society?

by Milton Friedman

What I have to say has to do with the question of whether America is what it was—whether America is the land of opportunity which produced over the past 200 years the greatest freedom and prosperity for the widest range of people that the world has ever seen, whether it still is the land in which people of many races, many beliefs, many origins, are free to cooperate together to achieve their separate objectives while at the same time retaining a diversity of values and opinions. Is that still America?

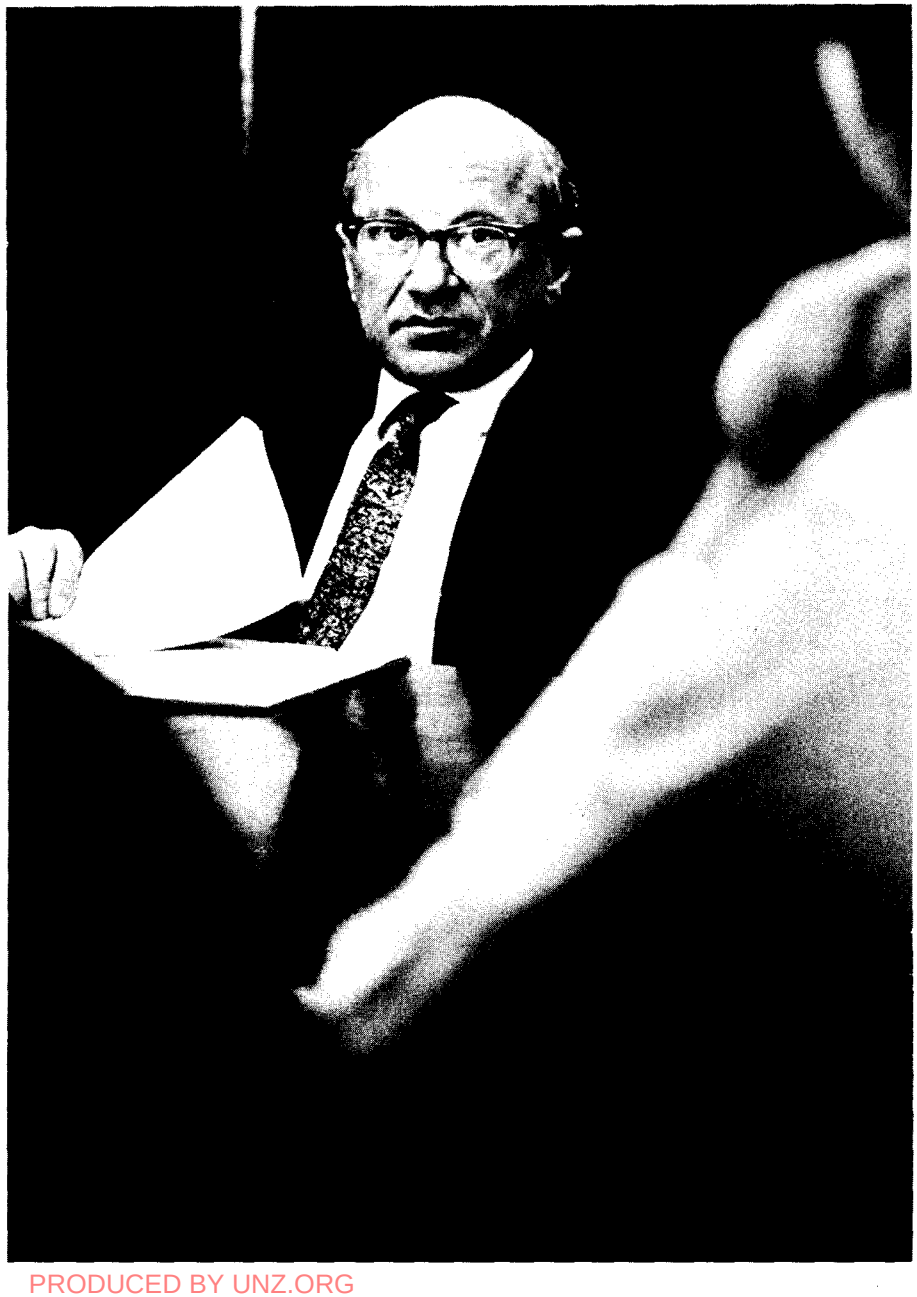
Or is America what it has seemed to be becoming these past few decades? Is America not what it has been, not the land of promise of the past 200 years, but is it instead a land of growing bureaucracy and diminishing freedom? Is it a land of squabbling groups seeking to control the political levers of power, of divisive tendencies that are producing not merely variety, not merely diversity, but open conflict? Is it becoming a land of ethnic separatism rather than the land of the melting pot?

I believe the choice is still open to us, that we can still decide, you and I and our fellow citizens, in which of these two directions we want to go—whether we want to return to the path that made this the great land of opportunity for millions of people, or whether instead we want to continue down the road toward a destruction of both liberty and prosperity.

I believe very deeply that we are nearing the point of no return. We still have the choice, but if we continue much longer along the road that we have been going we no longer shall have the choice. We shall degenerate into a society which will lose that spark of creativity, that spark of independence, of freedom, that we have all loved in our country.

If you look at the achievements of the United States, I think the most dramatic example is in agriculture. If you go back to the founding of this country in 1776, something like 80 to 90 percent of the people were on farms. It took eight to nine people working full-time—12, 16 hours a day—to feed themselves and their families and perhaps one other person. Today, fewer than 5 percent of the American people are on farms. One person today can feed himself and his family and 19 others and their families, and also have a great deal left to export abroad. That is really—in a nutshell—the miracle of America.

If you ask what made that possible, the modern tendency would



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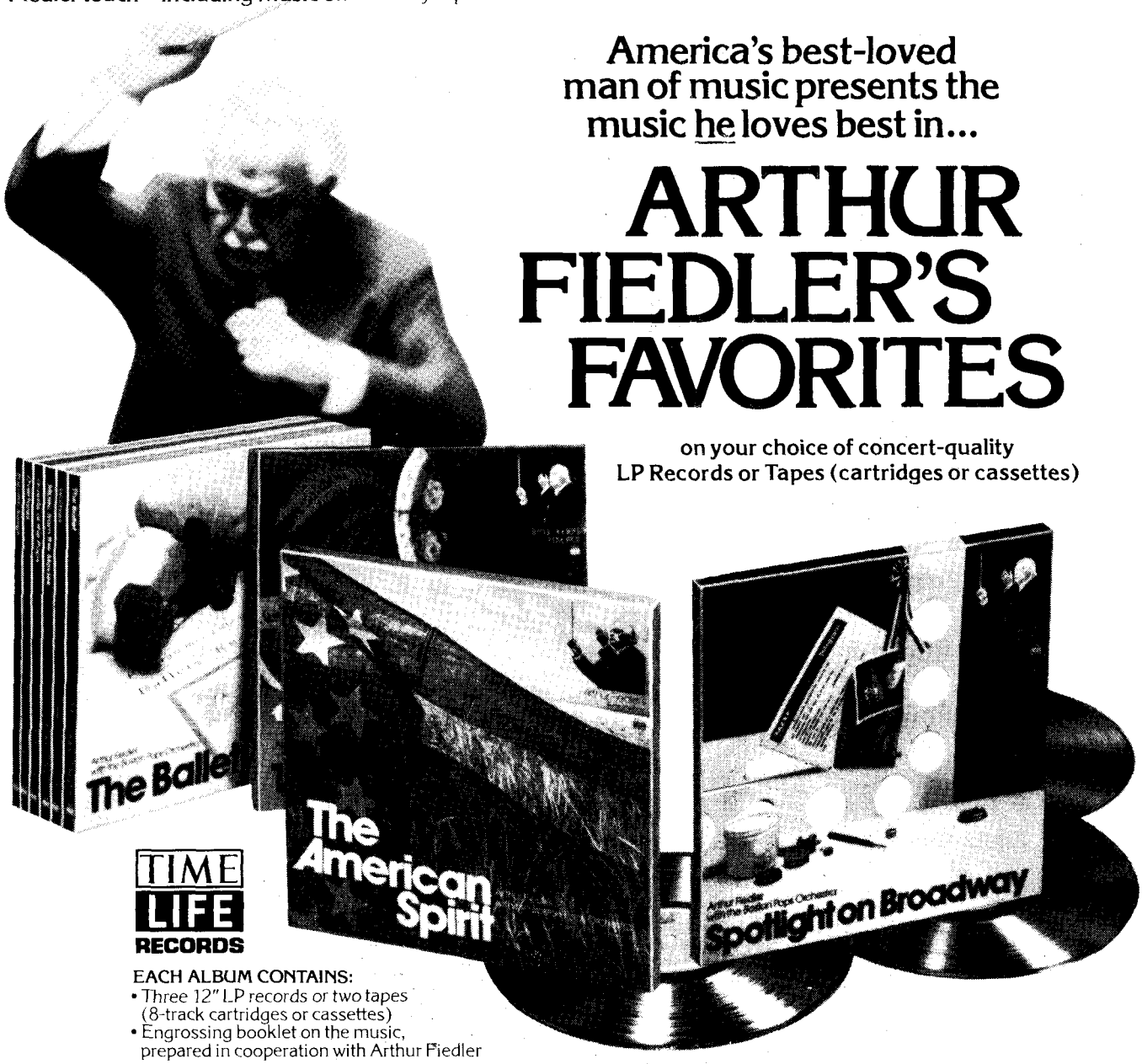

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be to say, "Well it must have been that there was a pretty smart and all-sighted government that was directing people what to do, that organized people's resources." But you and I know that the countries in the world where they have that kind of government organizing their agriculture still have 40 to 50 percent of the people on farms and indeed are relying on us to feed them.

And you know and I know that certainly for the first 150 and more years of this country's existence government played a negligible role in this process.

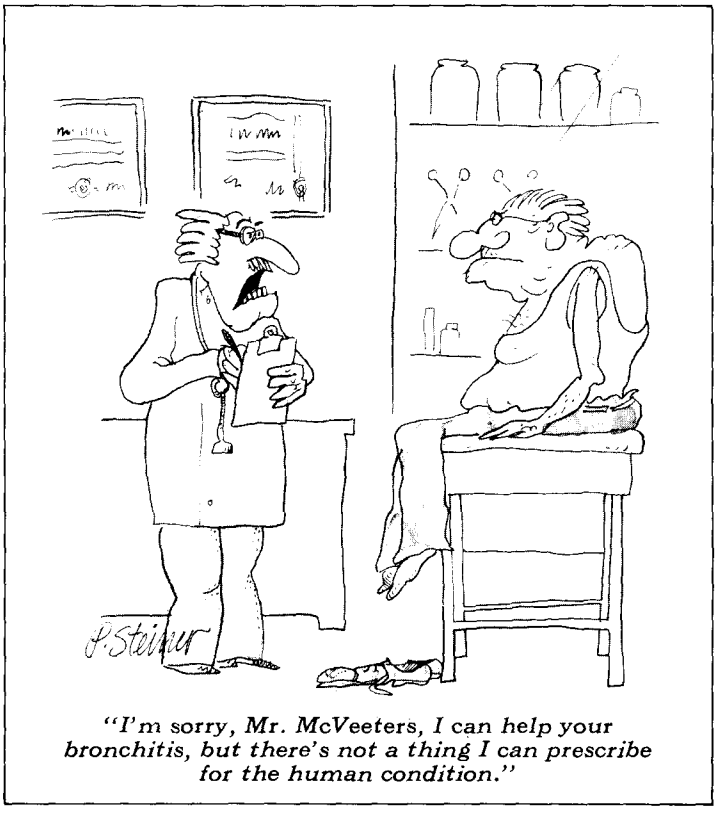
That's the most dramatic and obvious exemplification of this miracle that was America, but you can look at it in a more general way. Here, over the 19th century, into the 20th century, this country welcomed millions and millions of immigrants. What brought them here? It was the hope of a better life for themselves and their children, and in the main they succeeded. What was the source of this great achievement? Well, as has already been implicit in what I have said, the first and most important source was a set of values, a set of institutions, that left people free to pursue their own interests according to their own lights.

What is the basic problem of the United States today? The problem is that government interference is threatening to strangle the true source of our achievement. Let me take as one example the feature I have already spoken of, free immigration.

I have always been amused by a kind of paradox. Suppose you go around and ask people: "The United States, as you know, before 1914 had completely free immigration; anybody could get on a boat and come to these shores—was that a good thing or a bad thing?" You will find hardly a soul who will say it was a bad thing. But then suppose I say to the same people: "But now what about today? Do you think we should have free immigration?" "Oh no," they'll say, "we couldn't possibly have free immigration today."

What's the difference? Well, there is a sense in which that answer is right. There is a sense in which free immigration as we had it before 1914 is not possible today. Why not? Because it is one thing to have free immigration to jobs, it is another thing to have free immigration to welfare.

Free immigration before 1914 benefited everybody. The people who came benefited. The people who were here benefited because the new immigrants provided additional resources, provided additional possibilities, for the people already here.



"I'm sorry, Mr. McVeeters, I can help your bronchitis, but there's not a thing I can prescribe for the human condition."

On the other hand, if each person is entitled to a prorated share of a pot—to take the extreme example—or even to a low level of the pot, then free immigration would mean a reduction of everybody to the same uniform level. Of course, I'm exaggerating. It wouldn't go quite that far, but it would go in that direction.

Look, for example, at the obvious, immediate, practical case of illegal Mexican immigration. That Mexican immigration over the border is a good thing. It's a good thing for the illegal immigrants, it's a good thing for the citizens of the U.S., but it's only good so long as it's illegal.

That's an interesting paradox to think about. Make it legal and it's no good. Why? Because so long as it's illegal the people who come in do not qualify for welfare, they don't qualify for social security, they don't qualify for all the other myriads of benefits that we pour out from our left pocket into our right pocket. So as long as they don't qualify, they migrate to jobs. They take jobs that most residents of this country are unwilling to take. They provide employers with workers of a kind they cannot get otherwise—they're hard workers, they're good workers—and they are clearly better off.

Illegal immigration is fascinating because it shows not only the main point I am trying to bring out now: how interconnected are the various aspects of freedom, how interconnected is the problem of governmental arrangements for welfare and governmental arrangements for immigration and other things. It also shows a very different point that's kind of a digression—how bad laws make socially advantageous acts illegal and therefore lead to an undermining of morality in general.

For the U.S. to get back on the track of ever-greater opportunity we, the public at large, need a fuller understanding of the real nature of freedom, economic and political, and the interrelationship between the two. We need to have a greater understanding of the kind of system, the kind of principles that have fostered this great achievement of the past 200 years. We need to understand how a free market enables millions of people to cooperate peacefully together.

I know no better way to bring this out than with a simple example by Leonard Read, who once

Continued on page 104

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An All-American Tradition

Here's a cookbook that's entirely different from any you now may own . . . a beautiful book that you'll be *very* proud to add to your cookbook library!

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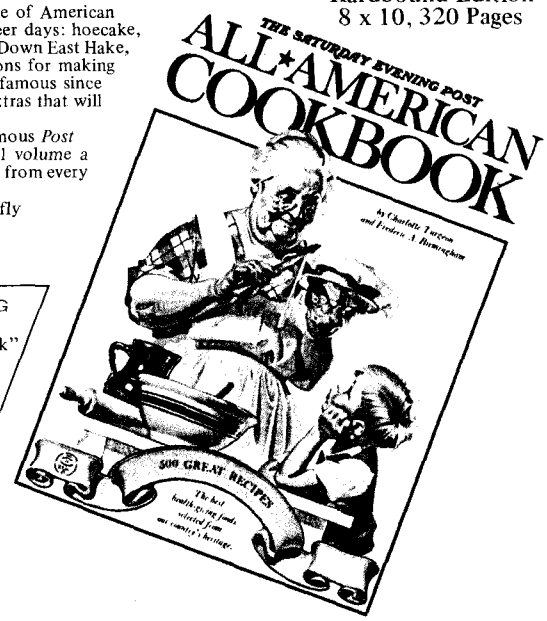

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THE PATIENT AT PEACOCKS HALL

I had a poisoned woman on my hands—and no one would believe that I, her doctor, hadn't tried to murder her.

by Margery Allingham

Illustrated by Larry Kritcher

My name is Ann Fowler. I am a doctor—chief assistant to old Dr. Percy Ludlow—in Mapleford, England. My work keeps me fully occupied and gives me little time to think about Dr. John Linnett, for which I am thankful. John and I had been engaged, but the war kept us apart. I learned only by reading it in the papers that he had married the movie actress, Francia Forde. I was not bitter; I just wanted to forget the whole thing.

One day I got an odd request from Peter Gastineau, one of my patients. He wanted me to order an ambulance and go with him in it to London that Saturday to fetch down a sick friend of his, a Mme. Louise Maurice. At first I was unwilling, but he pleaded with me until I agreed to go. I arranged to meet him in London instead of riding with him in the ambulance, because I had other things to do that day.

As I jotted down the woman's address, I noticed a piece of blue paper in Gastineau's desk. It was not until later that I realized it was the instruction sheet for a bottle of Dormital—a dangerous drug—that had disappeared from my medical bag a few days earlier.

When I got to Madame Maurice's home that Saturday, she was gone. The ambulance had taken her away an hour before I got there.

Gastineau was waiting for me when I came home late that night. He insisted that I examine his friend immediately. I drove him home and looked at Madame Maurice. She was asleep, breathing heavily, and the room smelled strongly of alcohol.

She looked familiar. I was jolted when I studied her face. The woman lying on the bed was Francia Forde.

Part II

I had never studied her photographs consciously and I had never seen her films, but now that I was confronted by her I knew it was Francia Forde as surely as if I had lived with her half my life. In one way I suppose I had. It was one of those revelations which are at once terrifying and shaming. I saw just how much and how minutely I must have thought about her, and just how avidly my subconscious mind must have seized on every little trick and detail of her face.

It was some seconds before I realized that I was being watched from the other side of the bed, and I wondered if I could have given myself away. But Gastineau couldn't have known anything about my private life, whatever the explanation of Francia Forde's appearance in his house might be. That was one thing of which I was certain.

I returned to my job with relief, remembering that it was nothing to do with me who the woman was or why she was there. All I had to decide was what was wrong with her. That was not very difficult. She showed no inclination to wake, but she was by no means unconscious, and when I shook her gently she flung away from me with an incoherent word.

"Was she like this when you collected her this afternoon?" I inquired.

"Not so sleepy." He sounded doubtful, and I wondered whether he could really be so stupid as he appeared.

"Well," I said, "she's been taking a considerable amount of some sort of sedative, which you will probably find among her luggage if you look; and to put it bluntly, she has also had a great deal of alcohol."

"I can hardly believe it," he said, coming round the bed and walking down the wide room with me. "It doesn't seem possible. She's a very fine actress, you know." He shot a little quizzing glance at me on the last word or two.

"Really?" I sounded uninterested. "Well, I'm afraid I can't help her any more. Take away any alcohol or any drugs you may find. Give her bismuth or

It was some seconds before I realized I was being watched, and I wondered if I'd given myself away.

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something of the sort in the morning, and if she is very excitable, one ounce, and no more, of whisky at eleven. By tomorrow night you should know whether the trouble is—er—chronic or not."

To my discomfort, I heard him laugh very softly. "You're very businesslike."

"I'm also very tired. Perhaps you'll forgive me if I get away now." I moved toward the door and he came after me.

"When will you come again?"

"You may not need me any more," I said cheerfully. "There's nothing very wrong with her now. This may not be a regular thing. But if it is, you'll need rather different advice from any I could give you. Good night, Mr. Gastineau. . . . No, don't come down. I can find my way out."

He hobbled to the stairhead with me and looked down as I descended. I heard his murmur just above me, and the words were so extraordinary that I thought I must have mistaken them.

"Courage," I thought I heard him say half to himself and half to me. "That was the only thing I doubted."

I glanced up sharply, but he was simply smiling and nodding.

"Good night, doctor. It was very good of you. Thank you. Good night."

I did not realize that I was so shaken by the whole business until I got out into the air. As my hands gripped the steering wheel I found they were trembling. This alarmed me as much as anything, for my life is based on the premise that I am a sensible, unshockable sort of person. As soon as I got the car going it occurred to me very forcibly that if Gastineau's Madame Maurice was really Francia Forde—I admitted there was a strong chance I had made a crazy mistake here—there was something very odd indeed about her arrival in Mapleford, and the sooner I made a graceful escape from the affair the better.

I was reflecting on the most practical way of arranging this when I was pulled up by someone who walked out into the road and waved a flashlight at me. I trod hard on the brakes before I realized that I was just outside Miss Luffkin's house.

There she was, wrapped up like a bundle of laundry, her thin, excited face peering out at me from under a sou'wester tied on with a scarf.

"Oh, doctor, it is you." I was aware of her eyes noting that I was hatless and had a silk suit on under my ulster. "I've been so worried about those poor people down at Peacocks. I saw the ambulance go by. Is someone very bad, doctor?"

"Nothing serious," I said with forced heartiness. "Just an old friend of Mr. Gastineau's come to convalesce."

"Oh, I see; a friend." Her disappointment was so obvious that it was funny. She clung to the door of the car, eager for just a scrap more gossip. "You're out very late, doctor."

"Yes, I am, aren't I?" I shouted above the engine I was revving. "But so are you. Good night."

I shot away into the darkness, hoping I had not been too abrupt and should pay for it. In ten minutes I was home, and I put up the car and walked into the kitchen. If Rhoda was sometimes a thorn in my flesh, there was nothing like that about her now. She was the one person in the whole world whom I knew to be unshakably on my side. As always, whenever I needed a really sober-minded confidant, she was there.

I told her who I thought was at Peacocks Hall. I can see her now, turning away from the stove, the kettle in one firm red hand. There was no smart comeback, no undue surprise. "Are you sure?"

"No, and I can't believe it. It's too ridiculous. Have you got that photograph you were showing me the other day?"

She got it for me at once and I stood looking at it carefully for some time. I could see where it had been touched up—the line of the jaw sharpened, the eyelashes drawn in. But the other elements were all there. It was not a usual face, not even one of a type. The contours were definite and convincing, the features, line for line, the same.

"Is it?" Rhoda came to stand beside me and put a heavy hand on my shoulder, a possessive gesture she seldom permits herself.

"I think it is," I said slowly. "It's either she or a double. It's not sense, though, Rhoda. How could she be here, calling herself 'Maurice'?"

"He's calling her 'Maurice,' " she corrected me with typical reasonableness. "Besides, it's not so strange as you seem to think. You've not seen the paper today, have you?" She was ferreting under the radio table where she keeps current reading matter as she spoke, and soon came back with a copy of her

Continued on page 94

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THE AEROBIC HUSTLE

Simple, vigorous dancing that takes the place of jogging.

by Ted Kreiter

We men and women of the 20th-century are probably the only beings in the long history of mankind who have found it necessary to intentionally seek out forms of exercise to keep ourselves fit. Though the body needs only a modest level of activity to remain healthy, our growing array of washers, dryers, garage door openers, electric toothbrushes, escalators, ad infinitum, are actually wresting from us the usual, everyday forms of exercise, leaving us to our own poor devices to overcome the inertia of our chronic inactivity.

Back in the early 1960s we were falling like flies. About 55 percent of all deaths in the U.S. were caused by diseases of the cardiovascular system, heart attacks often brought on by overweight and lack of exercise.

Fortunately, according to Dr. Kenneth Cooper, things are improving. It was Cooper's book on aerobic exercise, published in 1968, that has roused many people out of their La-Z-Boys and onto the streets and highways in colorful jogging outfits.

Cooper taught that the body's ability to consume oxygen efficiently in exhaustive efforts of long duration is vital to good health. Thanks to him and other fitness enthusiasts, the U.S. now has about 10 million regular joggers. Death by heart attack has declined by 14 percent.

1. Can you endure a busier than usual day without fatigue?

2. Can you walk briskly for 10 minutes without discomfort?

3. Can you climb three flights of stairs without becoming out-of-breath?

4. Can you lift heavy weights without strain?

5. Can you get out of bed quickly without feeling dizzy or faint?

6. Do you perform at least some sort of physical activity 10 minutes out of every hour?

Just because you don't feel bad, doesn't mean you are a paragon of good health. If you feel a twinge of guilt when answering the above questions you probably need more vigorous exercise.

But there are still millions who don't participate in any vigorous sport and who don't jog either. Many are women who either don't like sports or the competition sports imply or who find jogging insuperably boring. The exercise answer for them may be aerobic dancing, a unique hybrid of pure exercise and chorus line dance steps invented about eight years ago by professional dancer and choreographer Jacki Sorenson.

Back in 1969, Jacki, an Air Force wife, was asked to host a television fitness program at a base in Puerto Rico. Using her knowledge of aerobic exercise obtained from Dr. Cooper's book, she put together a 12-week course that combined exercises with dance steps. To the chagrin of macho joggers everywhere, the women showed more physical improvement than they would have simply running. They had a heck of a lot of fun too.

The course was so enjoyable, in fact, that women kept asking for more, and today Jacki heads Aerobic Dancing, Inc., with studios in 24 states where thousands of women and a few men too are dancing their way to slim, healthier lives.

Aerobic dancing has even received the stamp of approval from The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports which rated it one of the best overall forms of exercise, right up there with tennis and handball. It strengthens the heart, increases muscle endurance, bolsters muscle power, aids balance, and develops body flexibility. Jogging, in comparison, only affects three of these vital areas: the heart, muscle endurance, and balance.

As in other aerobic exercises such as jogging, the purpose of aerobic dancing is to increase calorie burn-off

Continued on following page

Aerobic exercise increases the heart's strength and lowers the resting pulse rate, presumably improving the heart's longevity.

Desirable Results of Aerobic Exericse

1. The heart doesn't need to pump as much oxygen-enriched blood to each cell as before.

2. The lungs take in more air and release more CO_2.

3. The blood vessels become more flexible.

4. Tiny blood vessels multiply so that cells get a better cleansing than they did with exercise previously.

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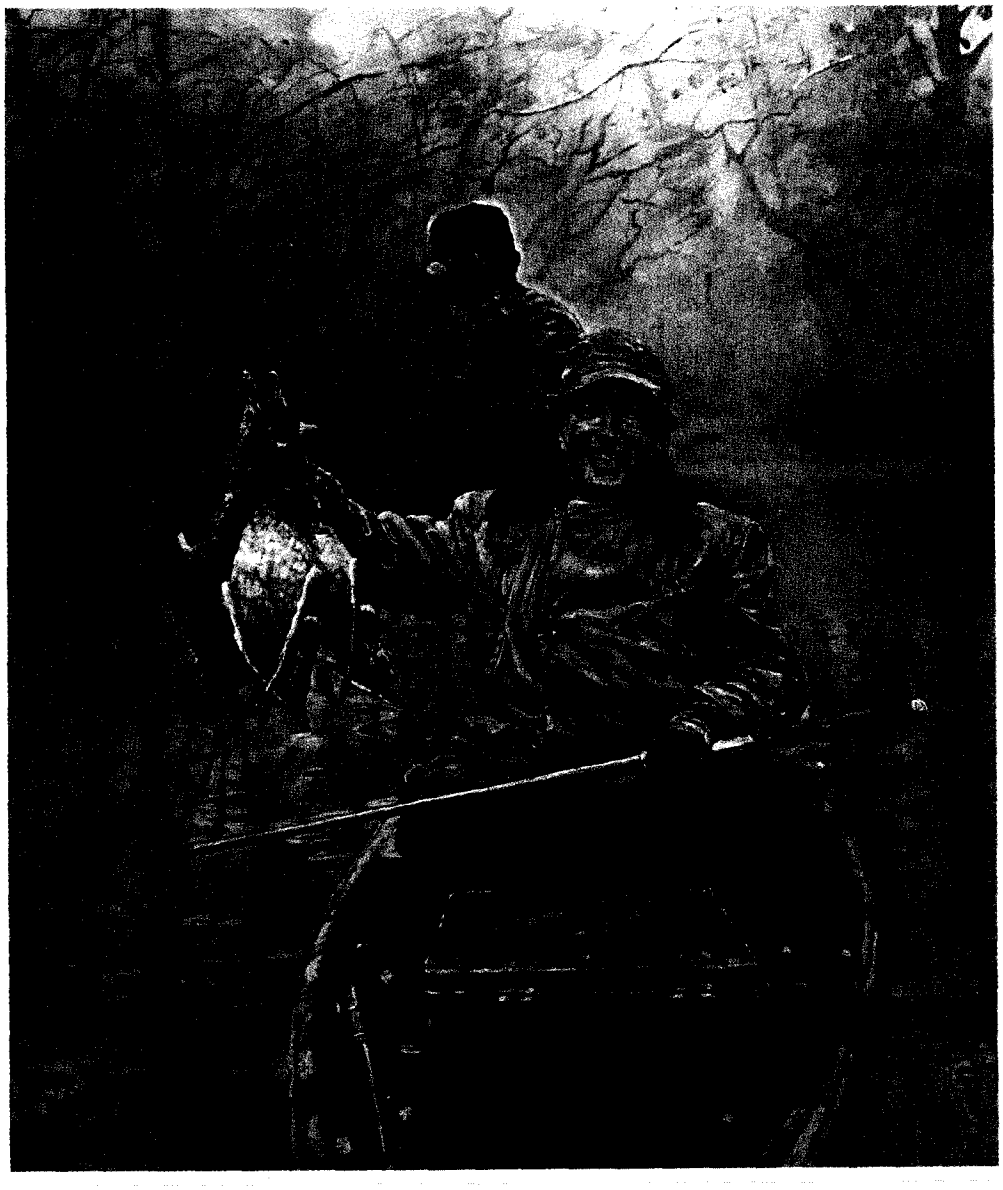
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CONTEST FOR ARTISTS

After over 250 years of publication it's safe to say *The Saturday Evening Post* is a place with enduring traditions. Not the least among these is that of bright, realistic illustration. Frederic Remington, W. H. D. Koerner, Grant Wood, J. C. Leyendecker, and the incomparable Norman Rockwell, legends in their own right, have graced our pages. With that lineage in mind as impetus, we proudly announce the Annual Saturday Evening Post Cover Contest. The superlative work of previous winners: Robert Charles Howe, Jo Sickbert, and Gene Boyer have launched their careers while adding to the prestige of the *Post*. This contest has always been a venue for new talent and we want this contemporary tradition to stand. Illustrators, send us your best effort. Don't delay. The minute an idea strikes, use it. There must be those of you who dare to let others see as you see, who can catch the temper of the times as the *Post* has always done. Give other Americans the chance to see themselves as you see them. Your age, background, or where you call home in this land doesn't matter. If you have the courage, talent, and will, the unique combination that makes an artist, then you cannot be denied. You can be a winner. This is your opportunity. Don't pass up this chance. Make the attempt. Try!

Duck Hunters, by Mike Taylor. Using pastels, Mike took first place honors in the latest contest.



Rules - Prizes to be announced.

1. The Saturday Evening Post Cover Contest is open to all artists except employees of *The Saturday Evening Post* and Curtis Publishing, and its subsidiaries and their families.
2. Entries are limited to one work per contestant. Any two-dimensional medium is acceptable. Three-dimensional mediums will be automatically eliminated. Entries should be painted 16 x 20 inches, or in that proportion, in a vertical format.
3. The form of an entry, due to shipping difficulties in submission and return, should be limited to a photograph of the designated painting, either a Polaroid print, transparency or film in any size up to 8 x 10, or other reproduction not exceeding size of 8 x 10. Each entry must be clearly identified on the back with the title, if any, and name, address, and phone number of the entrant. The judges will ascertain from these reproductions the 10 finalists whose original paintings will be examined, and, after the winners have been selected, shipped back.
4. Each winner must, before receiving prizes, sign a statement that he or she has full rights to the illustration, that he or she grants full rights to the *Post* for the use of the work in publication and advertising, and that the work has never been reproduced in any publication.
5. Entries will be judged by the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*.
6. Winners will be announced in the earliest subsequent issue of the *Post*.
7. Entries must be postmarked no later than December 31, 1978. Entries should be addressed to Saturday Evening Post Cover Contest, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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and raise the heart rate for a sustained period. According to experts on physiology, the body must burn at least 300 calories per day and the heart rate must be pushed above 120 beats per minute for three continuous minutes to create any physical improvement.

The dance classes are geared to perpetual motion. The class begins with a warm-up session. The women, attired in T-shirts, shorts, and sneakers, follow their instructor in a series of stretching and limbering movements to a slow tune such as the Carpenters' "We've Only Just Begun."

Secreted someplace in the warm-up is a barrage of sit-ups for firming the stomach. "If you tell women to do 30 sit-ups, they groan," says Jacki. "But when they do it to music and clap their hands, they don't even realize how many they're doing."

Next, the women move on to a 20-minute series of vigorous dance steps such as the Swing Break—jumping in place and clapping after each jump—and the Hopscotch Jump, a jogging exercise with alternation from the right foot to both feet to the left foot.

Jacki admits some of these dances are "hokey," "but women love them," she says. There's no reason to feel shy or silly in an aerobic dancing class. The telltale mirrors of other dance studios are missing.

After a few Rock Lunges and a Shine-the-Car Jog, the perspiring group begins the cool-down. An abrupt end to the high-level exertion could cause blood to pool in the legs and result in a blackout. As a precaution, the women are required to take their pulse after each dance to make sure they aren't overexercising. A simple formula computed from the maximum advisable heart rate for the student's age group is used.

The physical and psychological dividends from aerobic dancing are evident in the testimonials of many delighted pupils.

"I went from a size 16 to a size 12 as a result of this program," said one woman. "That's not an easy thing to do when you're in your 50s."

Jacki Sorenson, who's about as fit as any woman can get, leads an Aerobic Dance class through the exercises she invented. As a rule, instructors perform with their back to the group.

"I was motivated by aerobic dancing to give up smoking," adds another. "I was smoking two and one-half to three packs a day when I started the program."

Many aerobic dance students return again and again to the structured classes, but it is possible for men and women, young and old, to dance and enjoy healthy aerobic benefits at home, too. All that's required is a suitably spacious dance floor and a watch with a sweeping second hand or, better yet, a stop watch.

Any kind of strenuous dance step will do (square dance, swing steps, polka). The only technical part is checking your heart rate, but it's simple after a little practice. Place your index and second finger over the carotid artery at the side of your neck. Count the number of pulse beats in 10 seconds and multiply by six.

The object of dancing is to raise your pulse to its best working rate. The simple equation for this is: best working rate *equals* maximum rate (*minus*) resting rate (*times*) 60 percent (*plus*) resting rate.

To determine your maximum heart rate, first consider your age. If you are under 31 your maximum rate is approximately 195, according to aerobics experts. If you are 31-40 the number is 185. If you are over 40 your physician should be consulted about the proper rate.

In calculating how much to increase your heart rate while exercising, take your resting pulse (heart rate after you have been sedentary for a while) and subtract it from your maximum rate. Multiply the result by 60 percent. (This could be increased to 70 percent after you've built yourself up.) Take this number and add it again to your resting rate and you will have your best working rate. Be sure to check your pulse at intervals to make sure you are reaching the proper rate but not overdoing it.

Many people who would probably never seriously consider jogging find that dancing suits their exercise needs well. Because of its universal appeal, dancing is adaptable to a multitude of needs. Senior citizens are foxtrotting to better health on the East and West coasts, and a New York physician has used dance in the rehabilitation of cardiac patients. Administered in the appropriate dosages, dancing for aerobic fitness may be just what the doctor prescribed.

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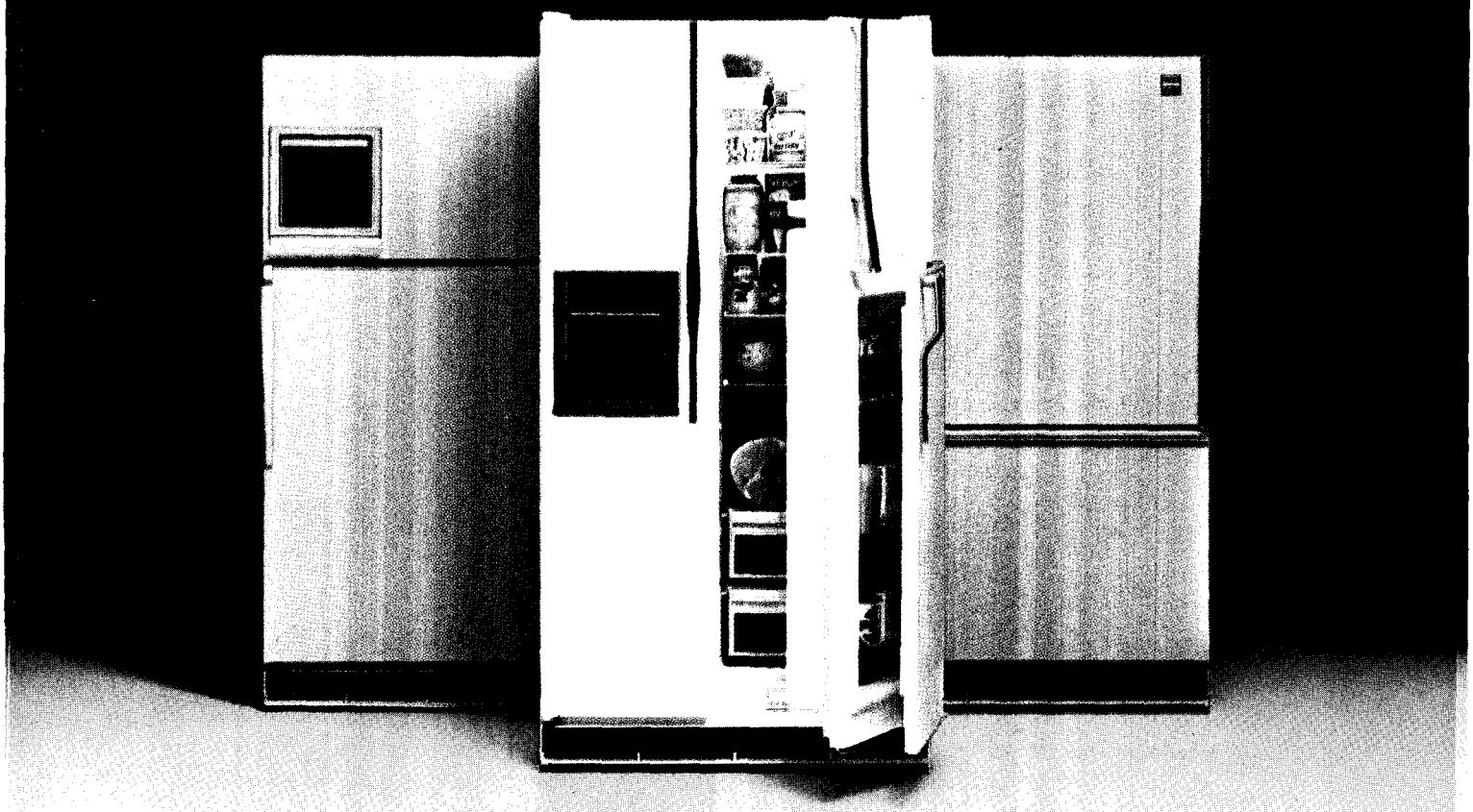
No fingerprints for everyone.



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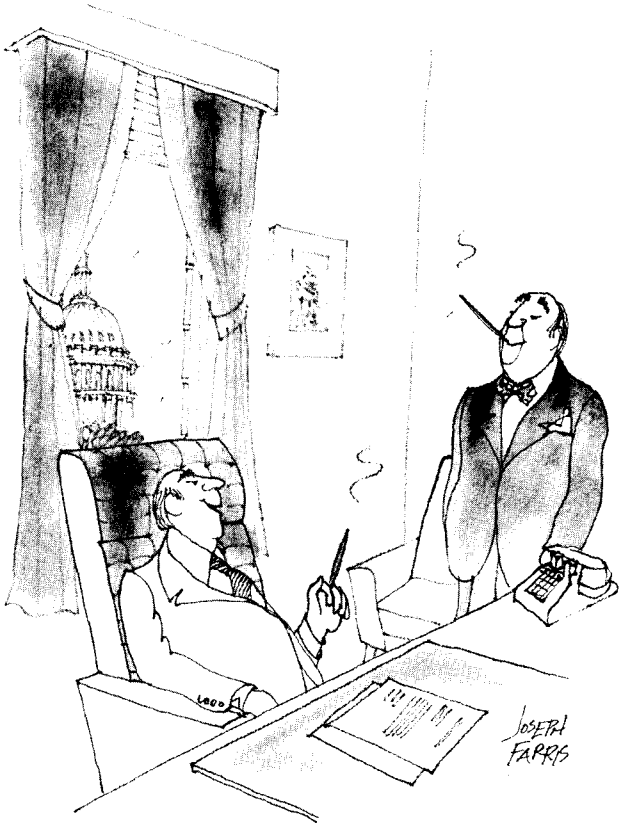
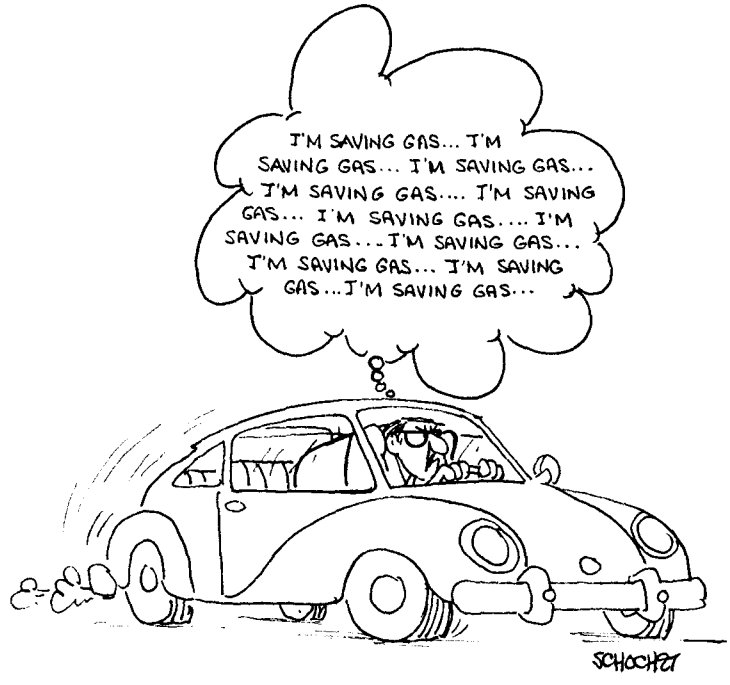


"The way I look at it, it's only money."


I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS.... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS.... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS... I'M SAVING GAS...
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

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BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN
CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
STARKEY FLYTHE, JR., MANAGING EDITOR

Time to Bring the Boys Home

Our armed forces have been in West Germany for a long time. It made sense once. It showed American resolve. NATO's ground forces were probably never a match for the Soviet Bloc. But we had strategic nuclear superiority. Besides, we had only a part of our army there. We could fight in Korea or in Vietnam at the same time. We controlled the oceans; our ability to resupply our forces on Europe's central front was unquestioned. Were those troops in trouble, we could have supported them with overwhelming strategic might.

Things are different today. The Soviets have as many strategic arms as we. We virtually have no army other than that in West Germany. We no longer can control the seas around Europe.

Even so, our 250,000 troops in NATO are demoralized. They are outnumbered by the Soviets, outgunned in weapons. The Warsaw Pact army is motivated and well trained. We also have a couple hundred thousand American civilians in West Germany; many are women and children. Expert estimates vary as to how long our troops in West Germany could last. Some say a few days; some say two weeks. All agree they could be easily rolled over or pushed into the sea. We no longer have a navy that would be capable of supporting them or of bringing them home under fire.

Misguided Efforts

The actions of the current administration are late, misguided, pathetic. All other defense areas have been stripped to beef up the central European front. The most credible weapons aren't developed at all. Although the navy is running out of ships, the urgent shipbuilding program has been sent back for more study, a ruse to save money. In an effort to shore up morale, wives of the most junior enlisted personnel are being sent to Europe, albeit we have difficulty housing and clothing the wives and children already there. Insensitive government officials talk of bringing more young women into the military and have of late even been discussing the possibility of issuing "maternity" uniforms.

In short, our once proud NATO army wallows in the mud. It has lost its credibility as we have lost our resolve. We owe it to our boys to bring them home. Once we have our people back, perhaps we can afford the long, difficult task of rebuilding adequate oceanic defenses so that at least we can defend our continental shores.

Self Defense

We do not make this suggestion lightly. Since NATO was formed under President Truman, our proud American army has been the keystone to world stability. We were not required to fight that war for which our soldiers had planned and were prepared. As our troops withdraw, Western Europe will have to rearm massively and man the ramparts—and that means a West Germany armed to the teeth. It will be dangerous; there can be hardly anything the Russians fear more than an armed Germany.

History is full of examples of armies that stayed too long. It is past time to relieve the watch. We must do it with care, for from now on the world will not be quite as safe a place in which to live.

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CAN 50 MILLION FRENCHMEN BE WRONG?

Why did the French electorate reject the Left? What do they think of Jimmy Carter and Andrew Young?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As the face of French politics has changed, so has the look of Paris. Today "The Last Time I Saw McDonald's" is the haunting theme song, as Toulouse-Lautrecs drown their sorrows in chocolate shakes instead of absinthe.

France has just passed through one of the most important elections of the postwar period. The outcome not only frustrated French leftists, but leftists all over Europe. Immediately after the election R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., interviewed Raymond Aron, the renowned French philosopher and journalist who has spent more than a generation arguing against the European Left. What follows is the text of their conversation, which took place at the offices of the magazine L'Express.

Tyrrell: I take it you are pleased about the government's victory over the Left in the election.

Aron: Yes, I prefer that to the opposite. In a sense it is a success.

Tyrrell: In light of freedom's condition in Eastern Europe I should have thought a large number of voters would have feared for their freedoms when confronted with the prospect of Communists in government.

Aron: Yes and no. First, the Communists have been saying that if they come to power they will respect the traditional freedoms of the French. Second, the Communists would be a minority in any Socialist-Communist government. Third, the majority of French do not believe that the equivalent of the Prague coup is possible in Western Europe, in a country like France. So you meet a very large number of people who are still devoted to the cause of the Left, who are voting for the Left, and who would tell you that Communist participation in the government poses no threat to our freedoms. It was the government which tried to exploit this fear in order to win the election. The government had three main arguments: 1) the Socialist-Communist program is a program of inflation, and it is absurd; 2) the sort of socialist society they want to construct would inevitably go in the direction of the Soviet system; and 3) the socialists are bringing to power the Communists, and even if they are able to expel the Communists after a certain number of months or years, in the interim the Communists would have conquered a part of French society.

Tyrrell: Some economists have said that the intellectual defense of the capitalist system is too complicated to make in a political forum. Is there any truth to this?

Aron: Yes, there is a large amount of truth to it. It is very easy for economists to explain why a minimum wage increases unemployment and hurts the real interests of the workers. But to explain that to people who have no idea how a free economy functions is difficult. You must show that it is not possible to increase the minimum wage without affecting all wages, and that an increase in the minimum wage will make it more difficult for enterprises to hire new workers. It is possible to explain these things quietly to students; it is difficult to explain them in a political meeting to a mass public. Indeed, this is one of the main weaknesses of a free society and a free economy.

Tyrrell: Some very interesting polls came out before the election which showed that, though a majority of people were going to vote for the Left, an even larger majority did not want the Left to win. A still larger number—some 70 percent—said they were very content with their own lives. How do you explain this?

Aron: It was interesting. Consistently there was a majority of people wishing for the victory of the government; just as consistently, according to the polls, there was a majority of people who intended to vote for the Left. But the polls were wrong, or the people changed their minds at the last

Continued on following page

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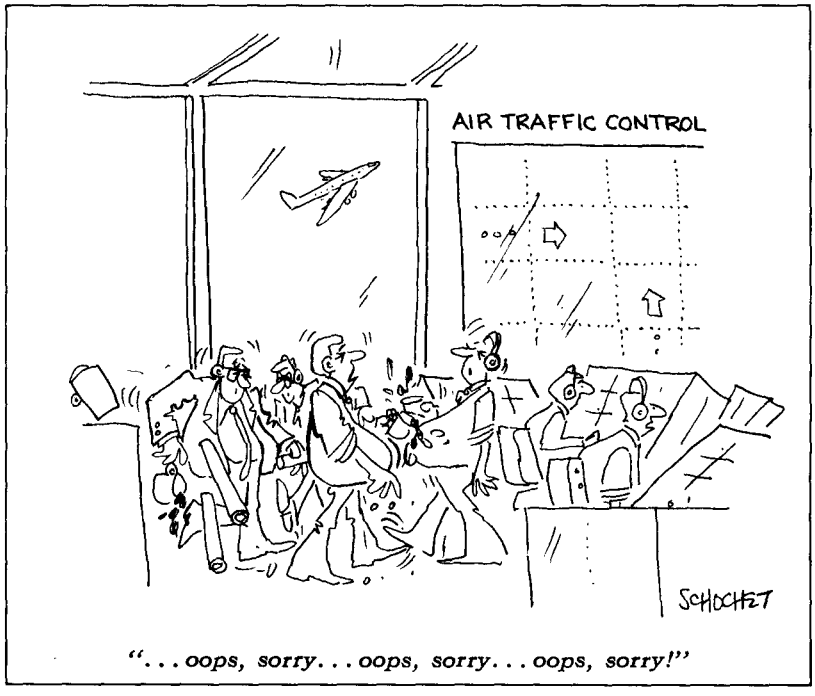
minute. Many people I know told me: "Yes, certainly the program of the Left is bad, is inflationary, and in a certain way I would prefer a government victory. But I would *never*, never vote for men like Giscard or Chirac." Many people vote for the opposition for ideological reasons quite apart from any calculation of the consequences of a victory either for the Left or the Right. Maybe it is the same everywhere: that the motive for voting is largely the way people look at the world, and does not involve abstract consideration of the advantages of this program or that. Even so, the mobile part of the electorate in the United States is larger than in France, where voting is to a large extent the expression of a traditional allegiance to a certain way of life or view of the world.

Tyrrell: Has there been a shift in the ideological views of the French intellectuals in recent years?

Aron: You put to me the question of the so-called new philosophers. There has been so much talk about the new philosophers. Their books are best-sellers, although I don't know how many people really read their books; that is another question. But it is true that at the higher level of the intelligentsia in Paris there is a trend away from the leftism of the previous generation. The success of the philosophers is not an intellectual event of great significance, but it is a political event of real significance.

Tyrrell: Some American intellectuals, some neo-conservatives, will say that the bad economic condition of England has removed social democracy or socialism as a feasible alternative. Has it had that kind of influence in France?

Aron: I'm afraid not enough. British decline is certainly an argument I use from time to time. But the economic decline of Great Britain was caused not only by the Labour Party but also by the Conservative Party. In Great Britain even the socialists are trying to recreate free enterprises able to invest—which is the key problem. But it's easier to say than to do. The enterprises must have the financial means to invest, which implies a margin of profit. The fact remains that after the war the national product of Britain was between 25 and 50 percent above the French national product. And today the French national product is at least 30 percent above the British national product. It may be that within the next years there will be another change, that with the help of the North Sea oil there will be a new prosperity in Britain. Nothing is assured in these matters.



"... oops, sorry... oops, sorry... oops, sorry!"

Tyrrell: As a French writer looking across the Atlantic, are you pleased by what you see in the Carter administration?

Aron: No, I despair, because there is no administration. The condition for the stability of the world is that the United States exist. The United States is still a very powerful country, but a powerful country without a leader and without will does not exist. In France, we can go along without a real government for a few years without changing the destiny of the rest of the world. But when the United States has no administration for a few years, or the administration has no will, or a president has been paralyzed by the Congress (which is more or less the present situation) everybody feels the impact of the void.

Tyrrell: What kind of policy would you have had Carter pursue in Ethiopia, for instance?

Aron: I don't know; possibly the best policy would have been to do what he did: namely, to have abstained. But when he decided to abstain, he should not have then asked Moscow to be moderate. That was silly. If you do not want to intervene for one reason or another—because you believe that Somalia is in the wrong, or because you believe that the conflict is of no importance for the rest of the world—it is a feasible policy to abstain. But it is necessary, if one abstains, at the same time to give the impression of will and decisiveness, not to ask the Soviets to be kind. That is ludicrous, and when a great power is a laughingstock, that is very bad. I do not know what policy is best in Africa, but I do feel that the moderate governments in Africa today suspect that if they are having difficulty nobody will help them. It would be good to be conscious of the problem.

Tyrrell: But surely Andrew Young is providing leadership for the moderate nations in Africa?

Aron: I believe the opposite is true. Young is, of course, against South Africa and Rhodesia. He believes that it is of no importance that certain African governments speak of themselves as pro-Soviet. He is convinced that, in the long run, these governments will be independent from the Cubans or the Soviets. It is a plausible argument, but for the moderates, who feel themselves in a difficult position, it is of no great help. From the outside I see a Young line, a Brzezinski line which is very different, Vance's negotiations which are not very successful, and an unknown Carter.

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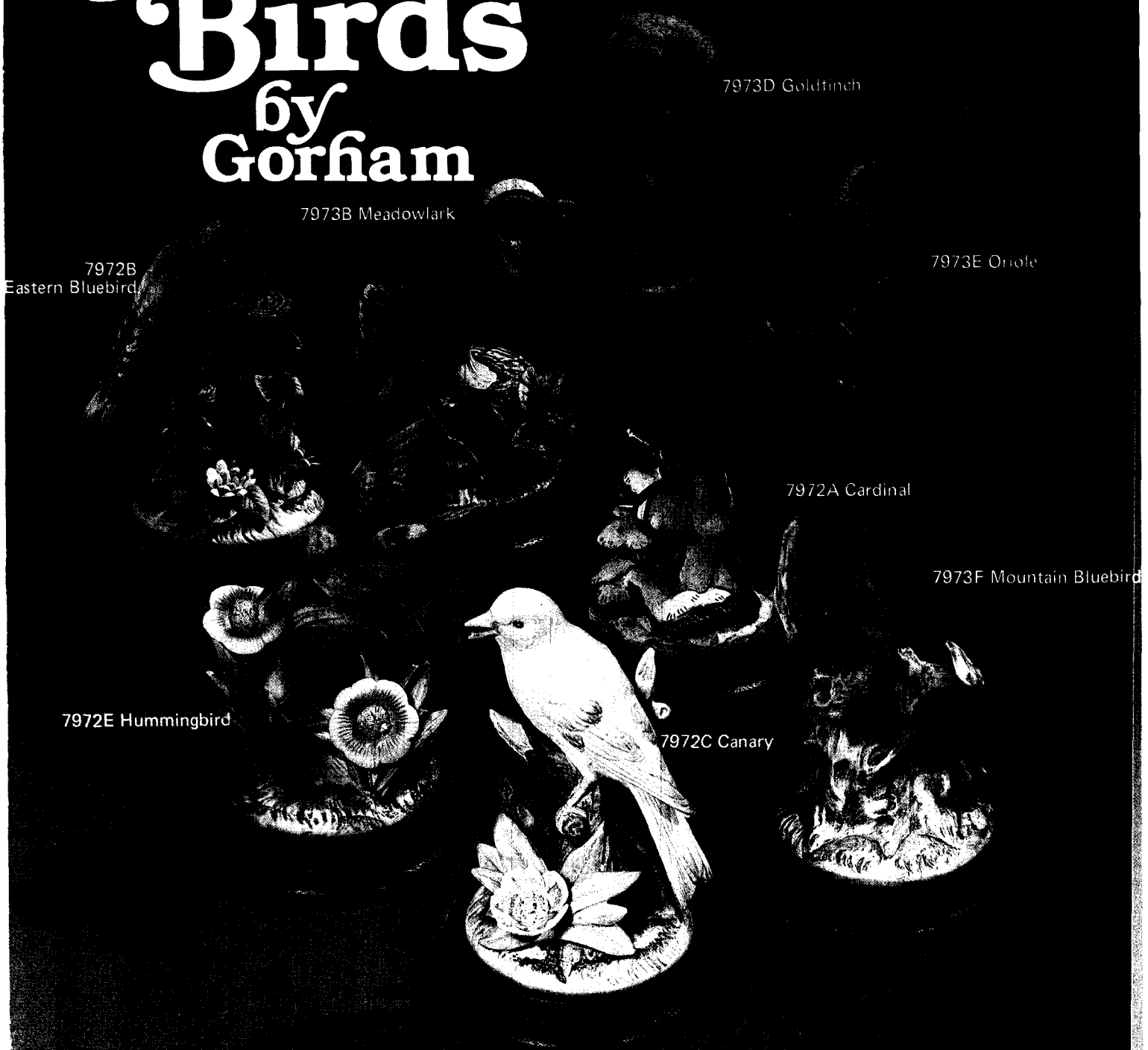
Gallery Birds by Gorham



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MIRACLE ON DODGER MOUND

Baseball's bionic man proves his mettle in a two-year comeback struggle.

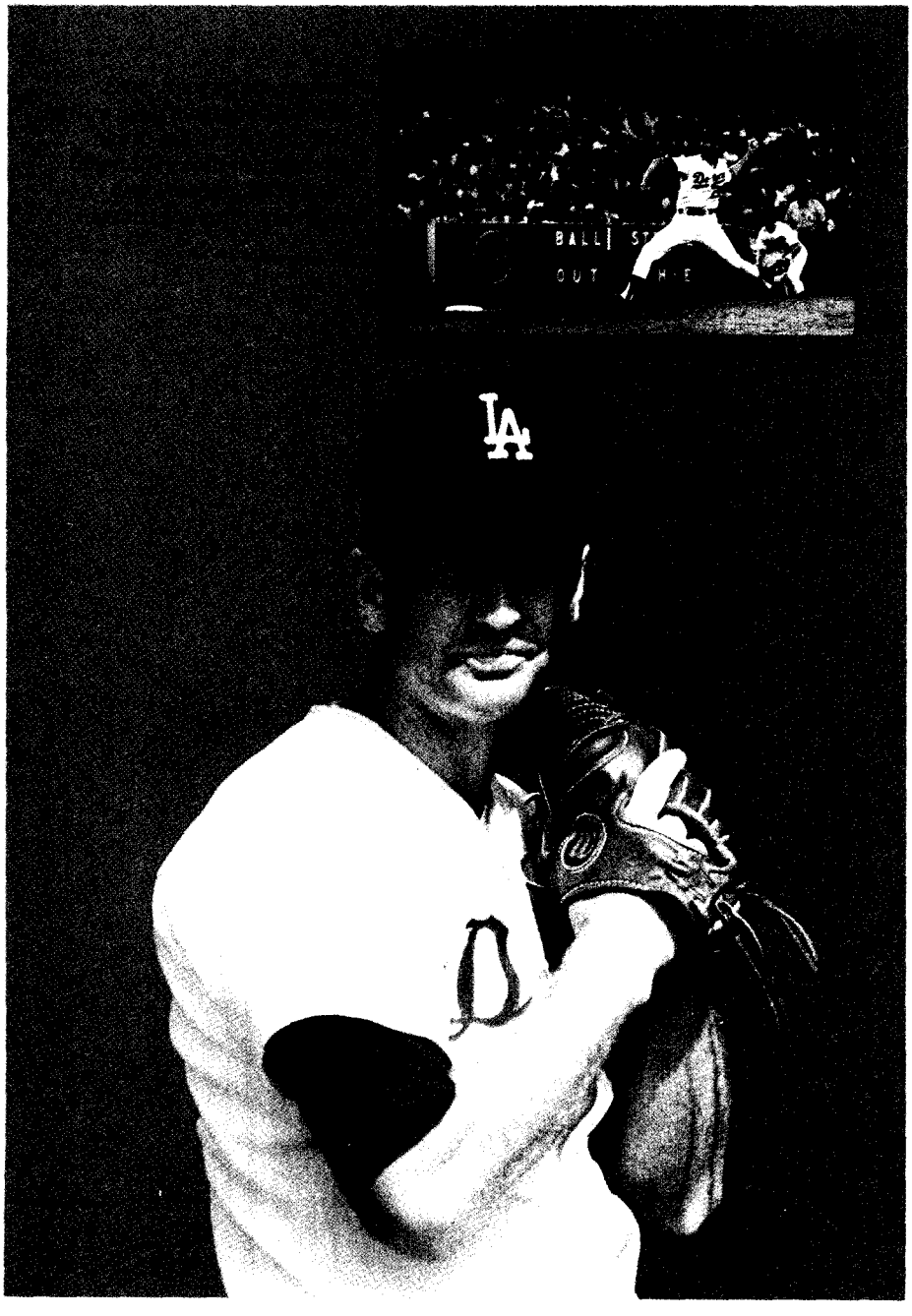
by Bill Benner

The miracle was just as much mental as it was medical. If Tommy John hadn't willed himself to pitch again in the major leagues, he wouldn't have.

It was four years ago this summer that Tommy walked off the mound in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium in a game against Montreal. He told his manager, Walter Alston, to find himself another slinger. The left arm that had carried this remarkable young man to the top of his profession was suddenly useless.

"I threw the pitch and it felt like my arm left my body," John remembers. "Then it snapped back. I threw one more pitch and felt the same sensation, the same pain. I knew then it was something I had never experienced. I called time, walked off the field, and said, 'That's it.'"

But that was far from being it. Tommy John was about to embark on a two-year struggle that proved his mettle was far stronger than his pitching arm could ever be.



What John had done was tear the medial-collateral ligament which holds the elbow together. Two months after the injury, in September of 1974, it became apparent that rest would not heal the rupture.

The Dodgers' team physician, Dr. Frank Jobe, decided upon an unprecedented surgery, gleaned from a method used on polio victims. A tendon was taken from Tommy's right wrist and used to form a new ligament in the injured left elbow. Dr. Jobe told John's wife, Sally, "If that kid ever pitches again, it's going to take more than human work."

It would also take another operation. Scar tissue from the first had blocked the ulnar nerve—"crimped like a garden hose," Tommy explains. The arm went numb from the elbow down. The first two fingers of his left hand curled and formed a claw.

So the doctor took to his craft again. The scar tissue was scraped away and the nerve rerouted. There was a very real possibility the nerve would never function again. Only time—an uneasy time, understandably—could provide the answer.

But although Dr. Jobe told his patient, "You may have to look for another line of work," Tommy retained the uncompromising belief that he would toe the pitcher's rubber again.

"I never doubted . . . never," John emphasizes. "I did go out and look for other means, just as a backup. I never planned to use it, though. I just felt certain I would pitch again.

"Truthfully, I never realized the consequences. I just knew they were going to go in, take the scar off the nerve, reroute the nerve,

Continued on page 32

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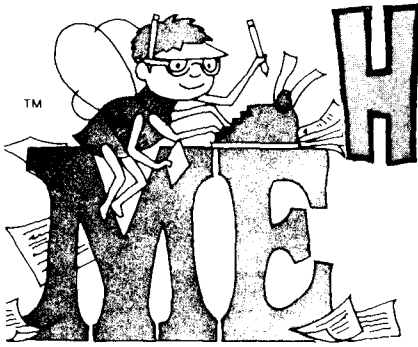

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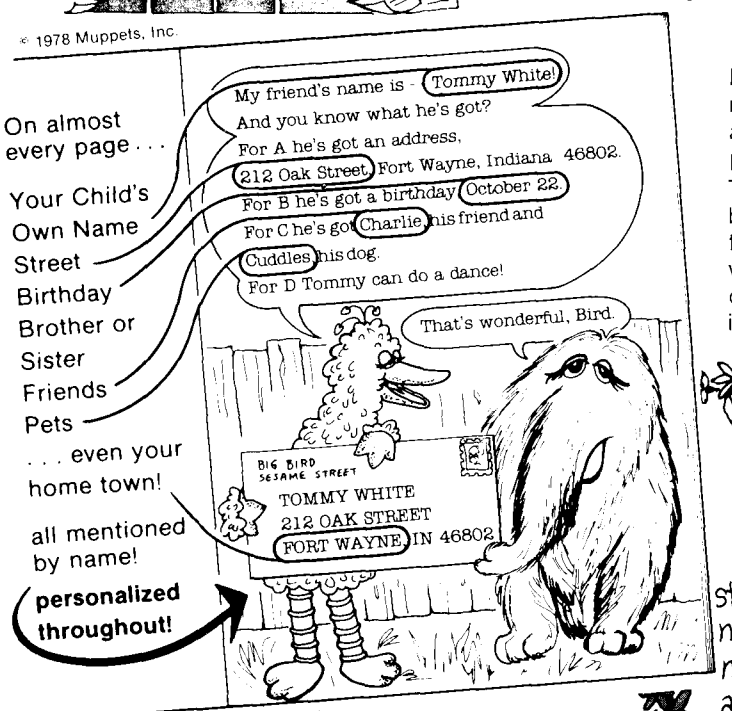
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Your Child's Own Name
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Birthday
Brother or Sister
Friends
Pets
. . . even your home town!
all mentioned by name!
personalized throughout!
My friend's name is - Tommy White!
And you know what he's got?
For A he's got an address,
212 Oak Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46802.
For B he's got a birthday October 22.
For C he's got Charlie his friend and
Cuddles his dog.
For D Tommy can do a dance!
That's wonderful, Bird.
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But I need *you* to help me write it. If you'll just tell me some interesting things about yourself (and get a grown-up to write it down for you), I'll write a 32-page storybook that has *YOU* as the star.

That's right! On almost every page your name will be magically woven into your story. And you'll see the names of your friends and pets, your birthday, where you live — all right there in your very own book! All you have to do is send the information to me. **So here we go . . .**

TELL ME ABOUT YOU

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY, ONE LETTER PER SPACE

tell me your first name _____ ☐ boy ☐ girl

& now your last name _____

street address _____

name of your city _____

name of your state _____ zip _____

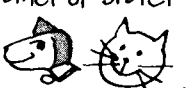
and your birthday __/__/__

now we need the names of three friends or brother or sister

① _____ ☐ boy ☐ girl

② _____ ☐ boy ☐ girl

③ _____ ☐ boy ☐ girl



give me the name of a dog _____

and a cat _____

and now I need a grown-up to fill in the rest—

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GROWN-UP'S NAME (person buying book)

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss

First initial _____ Last name _____

Grown-up's address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if book is to be sent to grown-up's address.

If ordering for more than one child send information on separate sheet.

☐ 1 book $ 5.45 total

☐ 2 books $ 9.90 total **SAVE $1**

☐ 3 books $13.35 total **SAVE $3**

California resident add tax.

CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ CHARGE MASTERCHARGE ☐ BANKAMERICARD ☐

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and things would be better. The thing I didn't know, as the doctor said later, was that the nerve might not come back, that I might be that way forever. When I found that out, it was a little scary.

"Dr. Jobe told me that the nerve would regenerate at the rate of an inch per month. That's a long time."

John filled those long days quaffing vitamins, running. working silly putty through his fingers, taking showers to aid circulation, waiting for some sign that the nerve was alive. Gradually, the feeling in his arm began to return.

He spent the 1975 season scouting opposition pitchers after telling Dodger bosses, "I'll do anything I can do to help the team win." In the meantime, he was doing everything—and then some—to help along this most unlikely of comebacks.

The odds were so long against Tommy that few shared his confidence. One, of course, was Sally, the girl he'd met and married while at college at Indiana State, back in his hometown of Terre Haute.

At first, Sally had not wanted to go out with Tommy, but the university's president himself arranged a date.

Now they were married, and she was helping him by playing catch and by taking over the chore of running the house, which by then included daughter Tami.

The only other believers were then Dodger coach, now manager Tommy Lasorda, and Dodger scout Ben Wade.

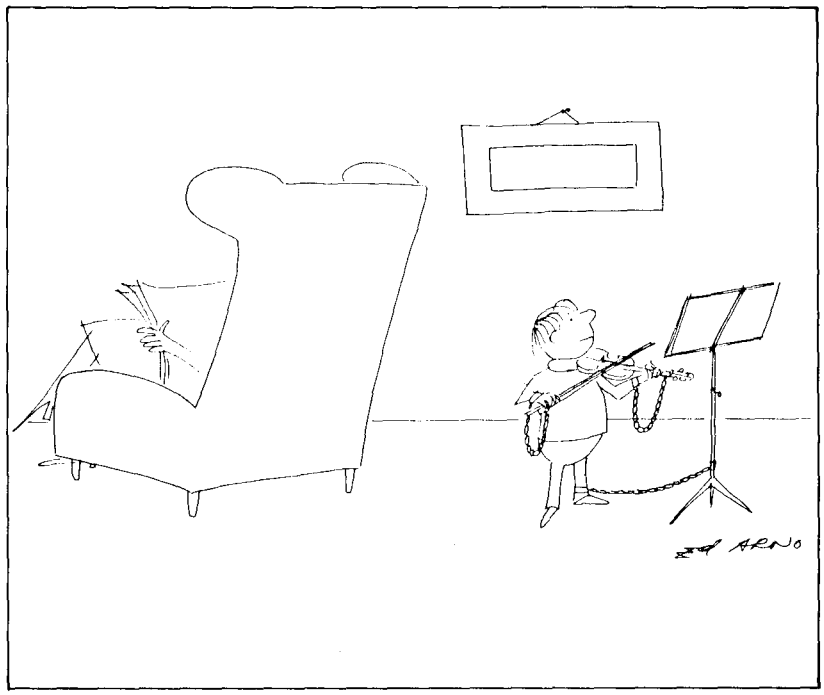
Tommy spent all his time throwing to anyone kind enough to throw back. When no one was available, he'd throw against a wall. He lifted weights, he swam, and then he threw some more. Hour after hour, day after day.

"I kept visualizing what it would be like when I came back to pitch for the Dodgers," he recalls. "Sure, there were days when things didn't go right, when my arm hurt a little bit. But I just kept throwing, thinking that I was doing all that so that in a year I could be back in the big leagues throwing for the Dodgers."

And, in a year, he was back.

In 1976, Tommy John went to spring training and mouths began to drop open. He won 10 games that year and pitched 207 innings. He was everyone's choice for every baseball award signifying courage and a comeback.

Then, in 1977, Tommy was the ace on the Los Angeles pitching staff that claimed the National League pennant. He won 20, lost just 7, and was runner-up in the Cy Young balloting for the league's best pitcher.



"It took me half a season to relearn my skills," says John. "I knew what I was supposed to do but I just couldn't do it. I had to relearn the things it takes to get batters out—changing speeds, pitching to locations, making sure that when you don't want a ball to be hit, it won't be hit.

"That was the tough part. But in the last half of '76, I felt like I threw the ball as well as I ever had."

Which was bad news for enemy batters. Representative of popular sentiment was Cincinnati's Pete Rose, who cracked, "I know they had to graft a new arm on Tommy John, but did they have to give him Sandy Koufax's?"

John became baseball's Bionic Man and people talked as if the arm weren't real.

"A lot of people think I unstrap my arm after I pitch and oil it up," Tommy smiles. "But it makes me feel good to know they realize what I've accomplished in my struggle to come back."

Lasorda, one of the few faithful, goes even further. "Tommy John ought to be an example for everybody in this country," he told the Washington *Post*. "The doctors said he'd never pitch again; but because of faith in God, a lot of hope, and a lot of desire, you see Tommy John out there pitching better than ever.

"He's a tremendous family man, a tremendous Christian, a tremendous person. It is an honor for me to have such an outstanding human being on the team."

Tommy takes great pride in serving as an example. "I think what I've done the average guy can relate to. Maybe somewhere down the line someone who reads of my comeback will think, 'Hey, this guy did it. Maybe I can too.' "

The lead-by-example theory also is a central theme of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, in which John is actively involved. "I speak whenever I can for the FCA," he remarks. "That is when I can really communicate with the young people.

"To tell some people you're a Christian they think you're not human. But when you go out with the kids, work with them, sweat with them, make mistakes, look foolish—they can relate to you. They realize you're the same as everyone else."

There's not much doubt that this guy they call "T. J." is everybody's kind of guy. It seems that anyone who doesn't like him doesn't know him and therefore doesn't count. There simply are no detractors.

And it's been like that for all of his 35 years. You almost wonder if, back on May 22, 1943, when he

Continued on page 110

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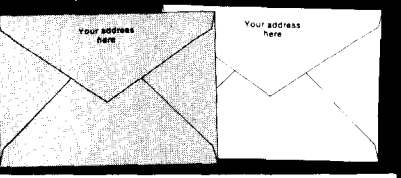

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SPORTS: A JOY TO THE SPIRIT

A former Miss America tells how the path through the male citadel of big-time sports leads to the most rewarding of all, the Special Olympics.

by Phyllis George

From satin hair ribbons to a Texas ten-gallon to a crown to an occasional helmet—I've worn many hats in my careers to date, but the best may be just around the corner.

My sports career was launched with great hesitation and a bad case of jitters on December 28, 1974, at the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Arizona. Now that some of the excitement has died down over my invasion of the male sports reporters' special turf and I have earned a somewhat dubious title for my feminine trailblazing (one article called me "The First Lady of the Locker Room"), I can look back and laugh at those frightening days of my on-the-job training.

How well I remember my first encounter with an audience. I was the picture of confidence until someone put the microphone in my hand. My tongue shriveled and dried up; I began feeling queasy, and I actually said aloud, to no one in particular, "What on earth am I doing here?" When I heard my own voice, it triggered me back to reality, and I started talking nonstop.

What my family calls "my gift of gab" proved to be an asset during those early days, especially in the one-on-one interview situations with the superstars. These great athletes never condescended to me because I was a woman. They never thought of me as "just a pretty face." They knew I had a job to do, and as a result, there are some CBS films (which I screen from time to time and of which I am very proud) with the likes of O.J. Simpson, Reggie Jackson, Joe Namath, Dave Cowens, Isiah Robertson, Muhammad Ali, Roger Staubach, Jimmy Connors, and so many others. I consider these films among my most treasured possessions.

These human dynamos taught me the meaning of training, discipline, persistence, and sportsmanship. I interviewed them in their homes, with their families, and on the training fields.

The lesson in discipline was particularly valuable since the "NFL Today" schedule was a bit grueling. We'd be up at 9 a.m. for re-

Phyllis (left, with Brent Musberger) had childhood dreams of becoming a skater, pianist, or Texas governor. Being a TV interviewer has its advantages, however, such as meeting Special Olympics participant Jimmy Price (above).

Wearing an oversized jersey belonging to quarterback Billy Kilmer, Phyllis jogs around the track with Washington Redskins' Coach George Allen.

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hearsals, script run-throughs, makeup, and hair care. At 12:30 we'd start the pregame live telecast. At 1:30 we'd do a pregame regional telecast. Then we'd double-back and do the halftime for the 12:30 game, and follow with the halftime for the 1:30 game. At 4 p.m. we'd do the pregame for California, and the postgame for all the other earlier telecasts. In front of us we had life-size monitors and a huge scoreboard showing the results of every game being played so that Brent Musberger and Irv Cross, my good friends and valued associates, and I could "pick up" the scores and weave them into our commentaries. It was seven hours of straight tension that could have been panic—except we found ways to lessen the pressure. We thought up gags and tricks to leaven the statistics with humor. After three years together we were all so proud in 1977 to win an Emmy for the show.

People ask me which was my most memorable interview. I have many.

I soon learned that being a woman had its advantages. It appears that my interviews were something a little different, giving a player a status lift, a one-upmanship over his teammates. Like when the marvelous O.J. Simpson kept us waiting for 30 minutes for an interview, something of a rarity with that usually very courteous gentleman. I kept my cool though, and afterwards I was glad I did. I learned confidentially from a Buffalo friend that the reason O.J. had been late was that he spent so much extra time combing his hair and grooming himself for the talk with me!

Joe Namath was—well, tough. Actually he was my first assignment in the sports media, and it was enough to scare me out of broadcasting and back to Denton, Texas. He was known as the scourge of interviewers, the toughest nut to crack in the sports world. And he lived up to his billing with me. To begin with, he was two and a half hours late. He was cordial but cold. We had hoped for 30 minutes with him; we got five. I was literally in tears as he walked out on us and went off to practice. It looked as though we had blown the whole show.

But my associate, Louis Schmidt, knew better. Namath was with the Jets then, and somehow or other—perhaps either a very positive or very negative reaction to being interviewed by a woman—Joe gave a pithy and forthright evaluation of a very poor Jets team and an ever poorer performance by himself. The outcome was a candid CBS feature that was one of the most popular and well received sports clips produced that year. Brief as it was, scores of letters poured into CBS asking if Joe and Phyllis were "an item" (is that the way he treats his favorite girl? I wondered to myself) since there was such wonderful rapport between these two "beautiful people." Could it be that they were dating? No, indeed. Joe was sulking and I was crying, but we were not dating.

When I went to Dallas to interview Cowboy quarterback Roger Staubach, one of the questions I had in mind to ask him was about his "straight" image. In the presence of his very attractive young wife and children, I put it off until the end of the interview. When I finally mustered the nerve to ask, he replied, "Phyllis, I'm sick and tired of this stereotypical image. Nobody even thinks I have sex. I know you interviewed Joe Namath a few weeks ago and let me tell you that I enjoy sex every bit as much as Joe does. The only difference is that I have one love, my wife Mary Ann."

That was quite a statement from someone with the reputation of Jolly Roger. Perhaps he would never have said the same thing to a Brent Musberger or Irv Cross, but he said it to me, and this was just one in a long line of instances when these rough, tough football players were not afraid to show a little sensitivity to a nation of sports fans.

The equally rugged Chuck Bednarik, the Philadelphia hall of famer, was unique in his reaction to our interview. After we talked, surrounded by his wife and five children, he grabbed me in his massive arms and, to the music of a blaring record player, galloped me through a breathtaking polka that had the rafters shaking!

How have I prepared myself for this anything-can-happen-and-usually-does lifestyle of a sports interviewer?

There's no doubt in my mind that growing up in a sports-minded state like Texas instilled in me an appreciation for competition and for the men and women who dedicate themselves to the rigors of athletic discipline. My natural

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inclination is toward all sports—jogging, tennis, horseback riding, skiing, surfing, football, baseball, soccer, you name it. According to my family, not long after I was able to walk and talk I was running, jumping, hanging from trees, and rough-and-tumbling around in all kinds of weather. And believe me, Texas has lots of weather.

My mother tells me I was "Daddy's little girl" and because of that she would whisk me into the tub just before he was due home, scrub me till I looked as new as a copper penny, then deck me out in a ruffled dress, satin hair ribbons, black patent Mary Janes, and make me all-girl again. To this day, the dichotomy of "tomboy" and "femme fatale" colors my personality, my way of life, and even my wardrobe. When I'm not in the California uniform of jeans and shirt for nonoccasions, I'll be in daytime dresses for lunches and interviews, and in the evening I love to look glamorous. It seems I can't break that early Texas training.

Training is as important in sports as in life. All of us have seen that sports can unite a world divided by political strife—our modern Olympic games are testimony to the fact. In his *Odyssey* Homer wrote: "There is no greater glory for man as long as he lives than that which he wins by his own hands and feet."

Dubbing themselves the "Mod Squad of Sports," Phyllis George, Irv Cross, and Brent Musberger relax against the backdrop of their popular show "NFL Today." The sportscast won an Emmy in 1977.

I'm not sure that winning the Miss America title in 1971 fits anywhere into that lofty Homeric concept. But at least my piano playing (Chopin) did help me to victory on that night of "instant fame." And instant shame—as my crown slipped off my head and fell to the floor, just as the cameras zoomed in for a close-up of melted mascara streaming down my cheeks.

I do wish Homer had said something like "no greater glory for man or woman as long as they live than that which they win by their hands, feet, and mouth." Then I'd be in the running for some of that greater glory stuff.

Whatever its value, my gift for gab has served me well since that memorable Fiesta Bowl night in Arizona. Three years and over a million and a half miles later I'm ready to try on a new career "hat." Recently, I signed a contract with CBS which will cover different facets of the entertainment field. I'll be involved in specials, movies of the week, guest appearances as a singer, dancer, and actress, and of course I'll do selected sports programs.

The project closest to my heartbeat right now is Time-Life's "People" show on CBS Monday nights. This is *not* a magazine-of-the-air as some people have called it. It's *video verité*. It's truly a translation of a magazine onto video. It's fast-paced, entertaining information not only about celebrities who make news, but about ordinary people doing extraordinary things that are moving, touching, informative, funny. It's about people in Pennsylvania, Missouri, New Jersey, as well as the megalopolises of New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. It's not only about the chic people. It's a viewer's look at what's new, what's now—new trends, new beginnings, new breakthroughs—and is about history and tradition, too. My producer, Charlotte Schiff Jones, is putting me in the middle of what's happening everywhere in America. I'm participating with people, not merely starring as host of the show. I'll be working with people in their settings, their homes, on location—it's not a static studio set. It's exciting and different, this *video verité*—as it happens, where it happens.

On a future "People" show I hope to cover one of the most remarkable sports events in the world, the competition closest to my heart, the International Special Olympics.

In July, Eunice Kennedy Shriver asked me to chair the Community Affairs Department of the Special Olympics, the world's largest and most unique program of sports training and competition for the mentally retarded.

My first involvement with this extraordinary 10-year-old nonprofit Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation was in 1975, when I covered an international meet in Michigan and did a CBS Sports Special with Pat Summerall. I met Ethel Kennedy and worked with a remarkable 12-year-old named Ingrid. What I saw through Ingrid's eyes was a new kind of joy, a joy experienced just in having the opportunity of participating in the Special Olympics. I have never been more touched in my life. I saw more of that same indomitable courage last summer when I worked and talked with scores of the 2,600 contestants, ages 6 to 80, who gathered at UCLA for the California Special Olympics meet. To all of them, the striving counted more than victory. Just having succeeded in qualifying for the competition was success enough for them.

Nowhere in sports, not even in the modern Olympics, can you see more gallantry than you can at these games. The world owes Eunice Shriver a debt for turning the taboos of mental retardation into a landmark sports training and competition program, making it plain that a physical or mental handicap has no bearing on the condition of the human spirit.

I'm proud to be a small part of the Special Olympics program and a part of the sports world at large. As an athlete myself, I know that exercise helps my body feel better and perform better. I've learned it in my lifetime—sports are a joy to the spirit! ☒

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ROBERTSON WEATHERS "HOLLYWOODGATE" ENCOUNTER

The movie capital's Oscar-winning maverick settles into a reluctant new role as the industry's resident crusader.

by Patricia Baum

For more than 20 years, his ruggedly handsome face has won him a generous share of women fans as well as glamorous screen roles. Back in the '60s, having been hand-picked amid great fanfare by John Kennedy himself, he played the hero of *PT 109*. Much more recently, he starred as a businessman consumed by love for his murdered wife in the Brian de Palma hit thriller *Obsession*.

Yet Cliff Robertson has never been just another Hollywood pretty boy. His roles have ranged far beyond the macho-romantic. In *The Best Man* he was a corrupt presidential candidate, dominating the screen, according to one reviewer, with "a ferocious passion." In *Charly* he gave a poignant and Oscar-winning performance as a mental retard. In fact, over the years Cliff Robertson has played virtually every role in the Hollywood book. Unlike most actors, who strive to build attractive screen images, Robertson has sought out constant variety. "I love to mix up my parts like salads," he declares. "Once in a while I must play an unfortunate or a bad guy who really *looks* mean to the last frame. That's what it's all about to me—touching every possible dramatic base."

If onscreen Robertson has escaped typecasting, offscreen he has acquired a rather distinct label. Ever since he made his first film, *Picnic*, in 1956, Hollywood has considered him a maverick. Throughout the long span of his career, Robertson's integrity and idealism have forced him to disagree—and at times even conflict—with the industry establishment. In the early years he continuously went on suspension, rebelling against mediocre films. Since then, he has repeatedly turned down big-budget movies of which he disapproved.

Robertson cheerfully admits to having appeared in a few film "turkeys," but his rule to do two good TV roles for every bad motion picture resulted in many dramatic triumphs.

But he lived up to the label most dramatically in the recent "Hollywoodgate" scandal, which began after he discovered a $10,000 check forged in his name by the president of Columbia Pictures, David Begelman. By breaking movieland's traditional code of silence and speaking out about the forgery, Robertson kicked off an investigation not only into Columbia but into a whole string of questionable film practices. His bold action set off a flurry of press and government probes, and prompted other prominent film figures to come forward with stories of padded budgets and secret payoffs and to demand percentages owed them in contracts.

In unleashing this scandal, Robertson has been accused of casting a dim and unflattering light over the movie capital. Nevertheless, he takes a bright view of the whole affair. He is fully convinced that "rather than damaging Hollywood, all this exposure is strengthening it by giving people in the business more faith and encouragement to do the right thing." And he's clearly pleased with the results. "I knew it would be an uphill fight," he says, "and I think everyone believed that the whole matter would just fade away without bringing any change. But thanks to the impressive role played by our free press in keeping on this, not only has Begelman been indicted and sentenced—put on probation and fined—but major cleaning up has gone on. Independent producers say they're now getting more honest deals."

Robertson, however, did not take easily to this crusading role. He was, understandably, a rather reluctant protagonist when the Begelman affair began. "I was sad that day I learned who cashed the check in my name," he recalls, shaking his head, "and wished I were not involved. I realized that he was one of the most powerful men in Hollywood. But when the

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law authorities seemed to just sit on the matter and Begelman was reinstated at Columbia, I knew that as a decent citizen I had to move. If I didn't, I was all washed up as a person. So I contacted the Washington *Post* to give them my story."

Just how high was the personal price for speaking out? Robertson confides now that for many months he was concerned for his safety and that of his family (actress-wife Dina Merrill and their nine-year-old daughter, Heather). "Because the $10,000 check was obviously just the tip of a whole iceberg, I knew I might not be particularly wanted around," he says bluntly. "I had to take certain precautions, like keeping my little Beechcraft plane under surveillance and not staying at my usual hotel when I was in Los Angeles. While I was making a film in England, the FBI checked on me and told me to keep a low profile and report anything unusual. On the other hand, I didn't get paranoid, but tried to lead a normal life. I figured if anything did happen it would not be in any obvious way like someone shooting, but in some tricky way I couldn't possibly anticipate. So I was rather fatalistic about it all."

Robertson put more than his safety in jeopardy. When the scandal began, Hollywood insiders were nearly unanimous in predicting he had sacrificed his film career. Robertson admits that his involvement struck a strong blow—but not a fatal one. "I've always been a fortunate actor and had plenty of work," he explains. "But for several weeks the phone stopped ringing and I went through a dry spell. I knew this would happen. Hollywood traditionally waits to see which way the wind is blowing. When people realized that all the corruption could not simply be swept under the rug and that blackballing me would have little effect, the offers started coming in again."

By now his career is back in full swing. Robertson recently made a television film, "Overboard," in Tahiti, and is in the midst of both starring in and directing a movie based on the Ohio boyhood of Maxwell Anderson—*Morning, Winter, and Night*. In fact, he has so many other projects on the fire that he was forced to turn down the lead in Dino de Laurentis' *Hurricane*.

For all the wear and tear of this "cataclysmic year," Robertson seems, remarkably, none the worse. The handsome features—the thick thatch of brown hair, animated blue eyes, and boyish grin—are marvelously intact. His affable and even voice has not turned bitter. His stride is as brisk as ever. And he has a definite aura of peace about him, as if satisfied with his course of action.

If his cool handling of such a hot issue seems surprising, to Robertson it is not. "For ridiculous little things, I have a very short fuse," he explains with a chuckle. "I can blow up standing in a stuffy phone booth talking to an operator who isn't too bright or hasn't had much sleep. But the important matters, the real crises, don't faze me. This has been proved in my past."

In fact, in his past he has had many other close encounters with Hollywood. They began right after Robertson completed *Picnic*, more than 20 years ago, and found himself in an untenable situation. "I didn't read the small print in the contract," he says, as if scolding himself for the oversight. "I didn't know I was obligated to do more films for Columbia. The contract turned out to be a yoke around my neck because the movies they offered were so shallow and mediocre."

Continued on page 89

Happy moments are simple moments for Robertson. The night he won the Academy Award for Charly, *he celebrated not with his Hollywood peers but with a group of Filipinos (above), on location for* Too Late the Hero. *Wife Dina Merrill (at top) enjoys a social lifestyle, but Robertson prefers hiking and flying his vintage airplane.*

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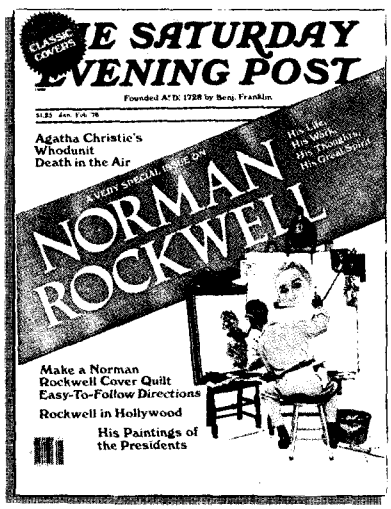
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COUNTERFEITING

Treasury officials fear the age-old practice of printing and circulating "funny money" may be on the upswing in the U.S.

by Frank Van Riper

Shortly before it went on the market, a Xerox copier that could reproduce colors had a very interested—and very confidential—customer: the Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Technicians from the Bureau, the federal agency that prints the nation's paper money, were allowed advance laboratory access to the machine to determine whether it could effectively counterfeit U.S. currency and securities.

To the Bureau's dismay, the copier produced disturbingly genuine-looking copies that approximated the "feel" of real money and financial instruments and that reproduced, up to a point, the three-dimensional look of fine engraving.

But for all its sophistication, the machine was not able to faithfully mimic the color of U.S. currency. It also posed other technical problems that led the Bureau to conclude with relief that the machine did not present a serious threat to the integrity of the nation's money supply.

The vigor with which the Bureau investigated the copying machine points up the federal government's continuing concern over what may be the world's second oldest profession: counterfeiting. If recent trends in the United States continue, the government's concern may be well justified.

Counterfeiting, the fraudulent reproduction or alteration of U.S. currency, has been a problem in this country since colonial times. In fact, the practice grew so widespread during the Civil War era that one-third of the money in circulation was presumed bogus.

Today, the average American probably could live his whole life and not see, much less be stuck by, funny money. But advances in printing methods like the color copier, as well as other strides in photo-offset printing and lithography, have made federal officials worry that counterfeiting may again be on the rise.

Treasury Department figures show that last year $4.9 million in counterfeit money was successfully passed onto an unsuspecting public—a whopping 44 percent increase over the previous year and more than double the amount of bogus currency successfully passed in 1974. Besides the $4.9 million that was passed, $39.2 million in counterfeit money was seized before it made it to the street.

The $20 bill, with President Andrew Jackson on the front, the White House on the back, is the most frequently faked U.S. note. Anything smaller, federal officials say, would not be worth the criminal's effort to manufacture and pass. This is because a counterfeiter often will sell his work to an intermediary for a fraction of its supposed face value and leave to the intermediary the job of plac-

The magnified counterfeit bill (below left), printed by the photo-offset method, lacks definition. Note the density at the hairline.

The direct intaglio printing method assures sharpness in the genuine dollar (below right). A screen effect is obvious in the background.

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ing the money in circulation.

Interestingly, more and more counterfeit 50s and 100s are turning up, indicating that inflation may be eating into the counterfeiter's profits.

The more sophisticated counterfeiter produces his bills either by engraving individual plates or, more likely, photographing genuine money and reproducing the image onto paper via photo-offset printing or lithography. Federal sources concede privately, however, that crude, yet surprisingly passable, counterfeits also are being made in home counterfeiting plants. Often, all that's required is a steady hand, a razor blade, and a roll of cellophane tape.

So seriously does the Treasury Department take the renewed threat of counterfeiting, particularly the ability of high-resolution photographic processes to copy U.S. currency as never before, that government scientists have developed an invisible chemical "signature" that soon will be impregnated onto new higher denomination bills so that their genuineness may be confirmed electronically.

Director Seymour Berry of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing told Congress this year (1978) that, when the secret chemical signature was implanted onto a one-dollar bill, that then was sent to the National Bureau of Standards for analysis: "It took them four months before they could define an ingredient."

Berry added that in the near future Federal Reserve Banks across the country will receive special equipment to "read" the bills automatically and at high speed. He said he could see a time when merchants might be able to use a small computer—no larger than a pocket calculator—to screen their currency for the telltale signature.

To be sure, Americans are justified in feeling that the money in their wallets is genuine. Protected by intricate machine-made loops, whorls, and crosshatching, and adorned by hand-engraved portraits that are works of art, U.S. dollars are among the world's most difficult currencies to fake. In addition, they are protected by the Treasury Department's vigorous enforcement arm, the U.S. Secret Service.

To date, no individual, no foreign government, ever has undermined the American dollar through counterfeiting.

But it wasn't always that way.

In colonial times, so-called Continental Currency was so frequently and successfully faked that it gave rise to the expression "not worth a continental." The coins of the period also were duplicated, though more often they were shaved to remove some of their silver or gold.

Since colonial coinage was not uniformly round, this was comparatively easy to do. Later, coin edges were reeded to prevent such alteration—a practice that continues today on all U.S. coins save the penny and nickel.

The upsurge in counterfeiting in the 1860s that affected an estimated third of the currency in circulation doubtless was due to the fact that some 1,600 state banks across the country designed and printed their own money. This confusing situation gave the counterfeiter the perfect backdrop against which to work. The nation finally went to a uniform currency in 1863.

Over the next 50 years—from the late 19th into the early 20th centuries—the old-time counterfeiter came into his own. Men like "Jim the Penman" and William Brockway, "King of the Counterfeiters," made life miserable for law enforcement officials with their artfully done fakes.

Only once, though, was the Treasury ever forced to recall an entire issue of currency because the fakes circulating with them

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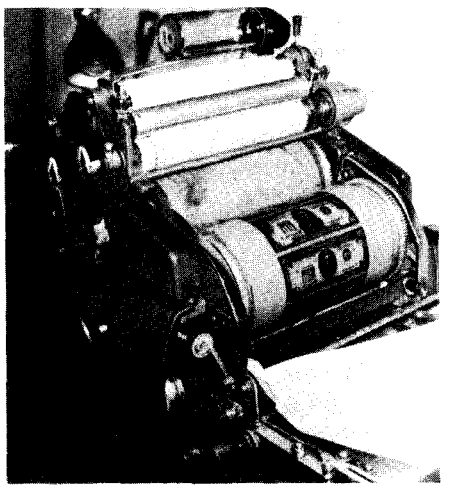
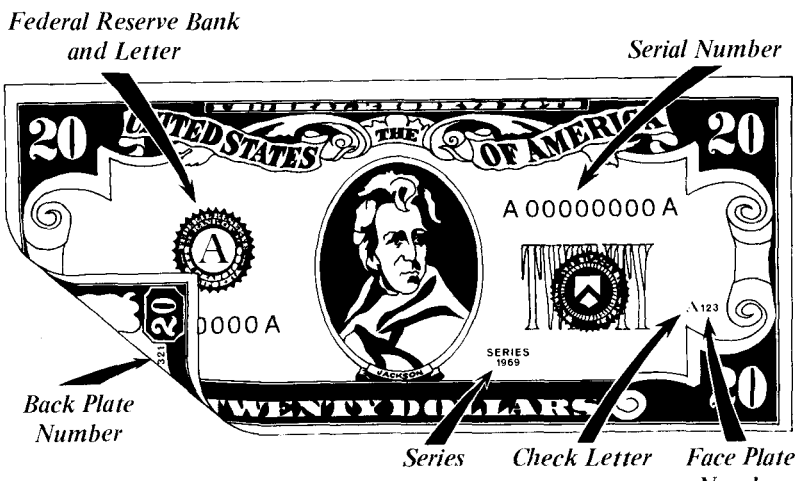


This offset press (above) was seized by government agents during a recent raid. Bogus $20 bills are inspected at Secret Service headquarters in Washington (right). Of particular interest are the Federal Reserve Seal and the Treasury Department Seal. Points around each should be razor sharp.



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were too good. It was in 1897 and involved four men and a then-new process called photoengraving. When several of the bogus notes—$100 bills—came under suspicion in a sub-Treasury station in Philadelphia, some officials thought the bills were genuine. The Secret Service, however, thought the notes looked too thick and placed one in hot water. In minutes, the front of the note separated from the back. Shortly afterward, the Treasury Department recalled $26 million in $100 bills. The four counterfeiters (Baldwin S. Bredell, Arthur Taylor, William M. Jacobs, and William Kendig) wound up in federal prison—as well as in Treasury Department history.

The old-time counterfeiters probably came closest to duplicating the painstaking process by which genuine U.S. currency is made. And even then, their efforts were but a pale shadow of the real thing. Genuine U.S. currency is produced by the intaglio process of engraving in which a design is cut or engraved below the surface of a metal plate to produce a printed impression in relief. The intricate designs on each U.S. note are made by a geometric lathe; the presidential portraits, scrollwork, and other designs, by teams of master engravers.

The varying depth and width of fine engraving, if done right, gives the finished product a crisp, almost three-dimensional, look. Since most counterfeiting today is done photographically, with no attempt at engraving, the results often are tellingly flat and lifeless.

But with photographic art what it is today, the results also can be surprisingly good, particularly if the counterfeiter is willing to labor over his work. On one visit to Secret Service headquarters, I was shown two counterfeit 20s that I swore were genuine. The engraving appeared genuine and the bills even contained the red and blue threads found in all genuine U.S. currency paper. "Whoever produced this bill pressed the threads into the paper," said my guide.

More often than not, a counterfeiter will not even try to duplicate these threads, which obviously are there to thwart successful duplication and which paper manufacturers are forbidden by federal law to place in any of their products except the 100 percent rag paper that is sold to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for currency production.

Instead, a counterfeiter often will "age" his money in an attempt to obscure the crudeness of his work. This has been done by staining bills in coffee or tea, crumpling them repeatedly, or even rubbing the bills in dirt, coffee grounds, or cigar ash.

Over the years, the Secret Service has encountered numerous methods of counterfeiting: some sophisticated, some laughably amateurish. All, however, are criminal.

Perhaps the crudest form of counterfeiting is the "raised note" process, generally used to turn one-dollar bills into "20s." It involves razoring out the denomination numbers in the four corners of the single and carefully taping in their place the denomination numbers taken from at least two genuine 20s. Creating a bogus 20 this way obviously means mutilating some real 20s but the torn bills still are negotiable as long as more than half of each remains intact. In theory then, anyone with two 20s and a dollar bill could go into business as a counterfeiter. But there is no theory about the penalty if the money is passed. It's the same for someone operating with Scotch tape and a razor blade as for someone with a full-blown printing press: up to 15 years in jail and a $10,000 fine.

If you find yourself holding a counterfeit bill, you are out of luck. Banks are required to seize them whenever they appear; and the Secret Service will seize not only a counterfeit, but any equipment they believe was used in its manufacture.

So strict is the Service about improper reproductions of U.S. currency that it has confronted photographers who have photographed bills to test the resolving powers of their lenses and seized all negatives, plates, and prints.

Once, in fact, agents even impounded the stocks of a novelty manufacturer who had imprinted Richard Nixon's face on an obviously phony three-dollar bill and pasted the bills on coffee mugs.

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MINUTES FOR A MIRACLE

Should newborn babies be isolated in hospital nurseries? Advocates of maternal-infant bonding urge immediate contact between parents and child.

by Tunie Munson-Benson

"All of a sudden you were here in our world. Not like the babies who enter yowling, you slid softly and silently to us. After the doctor cleared your nose and mouth, you looked wonderingly about. The doctor placed you on top of me. You lay quietly, but your face turned to mine and our eyes connected. Yours were pools of life, some of the imagined 'Moomin' creature in them.

"I glanced at your lovely body and smoothed fingers over your arms and legs and chest. I hoped to tell you with my hands that you were safe, that we were your parents, that love was here with you. I felt dazed by the wonder of the most beautiful human being I had ever seen. You kept looking at me, then, when he held you, at your father. He cried. I didn't see his tears. We were each drinking in the sight of you.

"Your father stayed with us daily. We took turns cuddling you and feeling your skin against ours. The colostrum and milk came easily and plentifully. In our hospital room, you slept in a 'windowed' bed. At the slightest stirring to tell us you were awake, one of us would take you in our arms. We were able to hold you whenever you called or welcomed touching or loving. We became a family in that room."

Reading the recollection—whispered to my baby and recorded later—I see the emotional counterpart to the scientist's reserved description of maternal-infant bonding. For me, to recollect the bonding experience is to remember a time when our absorption in each other, our profound and private joy as a family, had the power to suspend and enrich each moment.

Had we not reserved our right for such intimacy, we would have parted as most families do. My husband would have waited impatiently for visiting privileges, hours away. Our baby—probed, scrubbed, jostled—might have lain overwhelmed in a glass cubicle for hours of observation. And, resisting sleep, I would have lain alone . . . apart from the only adult who had fully shared the miraculous event and denied the other presence for whom we had both waited, worked, and prayed.

Most parents have yet to go beyond the revolution in the delivery room to another one—the experience of bonding. In hospitals, it still seldom follows childbirth. Yet the results of studies are confirming that early and extended contact of mother and father with their newborn can have a powerful impact on the "bond" of these parents to their children.

Pressured by patients, but impressed, too, with the findings, a small number of practitioners are including bonding in family-centered care. Some theorize that long-term effects of bonding may spell cultural changes for us all.

The data prompts Dr. Marshall Klaus, bonding's leading exponent, to make seemingly radical pronouncements; to a large audience of professionals and parents at a recent conference, the doctor suggested, "It's time we 'close' hospital nurseries during the day unless the mother is sick or the baby is sick. Babies belong to their fathers and mothers and they don't belong to doctors and

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nurses." The medical experts as well as the parents gave him a standing ovation.

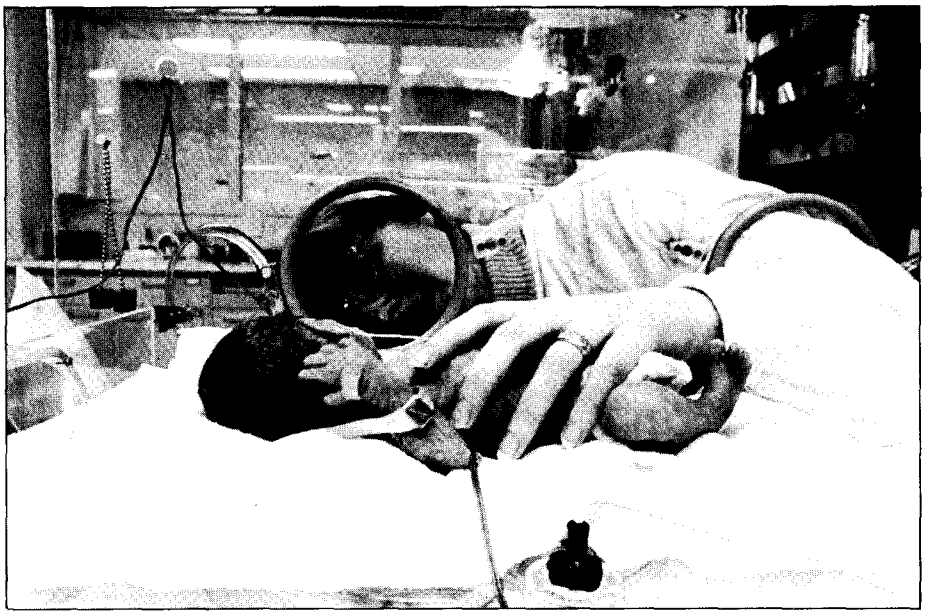
In their book, *Maternal-Infant Bonding*, Klaus and Dr. John Kennell note that early on, they acknowledged data from animal studies hinting at a parent-to-infant bonding process. Separated from their offspring in the early hours after birth, various mammals reject their babies, even inflict physical injury, when reunited later.

Alarmed by the higher incidence of rejection of premature human babies, the neonatologists first studied the effects of separation on parents and their "preemies" in intensive care units. They later observed full-term newborns and parents.

Recent discoveries, Klaus asserts, will have "the most major effect on the nurseries of our country."

He cites, for example, Peter de Chateau's findings about Swedish middle-class mothers and babies. Results suggest that skin-to-skin contact in the first thirty minutes can alone make a difference in mothering. Time-lapse films of feedings at three months revealed much more fondling by the early contact mothers. They also did more en face gazing—the position in which the mother's eyes and those of the infant meet fully in the same plane.

Bonding could signal a cultural shift in the quality of support fathers willingly give their mates. Shortened or flexible work schedules and more time and energy spent on parenting may expedite male and female sharing of the "world-making" and "child-rearing" spheres.



Sharing closeness and feelings with the infant—a strong start for a family. And what is good for the family may ultimately be best for the entire community.

These randomly chosen women spent significantly more time kissing their infants whereas control-group mothers more often cleaned their babies. As Klaus and Kennell put it, the two groups appeared to focus on "different ends of the baby. One group was busy cleaning up whereas the other was giving love."

A striking discovery was that infants of early contact mothers cried less and smiled and laughed significantly more than did infants of control mothers.

Klaus and his associates have shown that sixteen hours of contact within the first three days of life affect behavior. Mothers with extended contact were more reluctant to leave their infants with someone else in the first month. During the baby's physical examination, they usually stood and watched, and, when the baby cried, showed more soothing behavior. A year later, the same significant differences in behavior existed.

At two years, the children of extended contact mothers benefited from different linguistic behaviors. At five years, their children had significantly higher I.Q.'s and more advanced scores on language tests. Other studies have shown greater resistance to infection and higher weight gains in such groups.

Control-group mothers have not endured unique deprivation. They have received routine hospital care which, in the U.S., typically includes a brief encounter with the baby at birth and, after a 6- to 12-hour separation for observation and "recovery," 20- to 30-minute reunions every 4 hours for feeding.

Based on mounting evidence, Klaus and his colleagues strongly believe there is, indeed, a "sensitive period" in the first minutes and hours after birth which is optimal for the parents' attachment to the baby.

"One thing we've been playing with is to have both father and mother at home put the diapered baby on the mother's and on the father's chest, skin to skin, and let them play with the baby in the morning. Here's something adoptive parents can do as well as natural parents."

Though many parents eventually form a strong attachment to their young, for certain individuals in stressed situations early and extended contact appears to be crucial to later healthy attachment. For them, routine separation undermines later family adjustment.

Many simultaneous interactions occur during the early hours. Important, for instance, is a characteristic touching pattern that

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mothers use in the first encounter. It's a progression that begins with fingertip touching of the baby's extremities and proceeds to "massaging, stroking, and encompassing palm contact of the trunk."

In de Chateau's studies, mothers with early contact fed their babies at night twice as long as did the "controls," yet reported fewer problems with night feeding. These mothers needed government-provided helpers at home for a shorter period of time. As in other studies, early contact mothers willingly breastfed longer, too.

Newborn infants who room-in cry distinctly less and establish a day-night rhythm more quickly than infants in a traditional nursery with multiple caregivers and four-hour feeding schedules. Once home, the baby may be different depending on his or her experience with rooming-in or with nursery care.

Some suggest that bonding provides a mandate for delivering babies at home. But neonatologist Klaus is too aware of the rapidity with which problems can arise during childbirth to agree. (A recent British study, for example, revealed that babies born to both high- and low-risk mothers showed similar kinds and numbers of complications at birth.)

"I feel strongly that deliveries should be in hospitals," says Dr. Klaus, "... but that means hospitals have to make major changes."

Those changes include granting every family early, extended, and private time together to assure better adjustment once that family goes home. Support should come from those closest to the mother—notably the father, but also offspring, other relatives, and friends.

The doctor believes parents deserve a say in what their birth experience will be like. Recently, one of his staff, who wanted a homelike delivery, asked that "expert" intervention come only in case of complications. In a surprising turnabout, it was the head of obstetrics who waited outside the labor room door while the "expectant" father, with a midwife, saw his mate give birth to their baby.

Apparently, it is not merely to lend emotional support that a father should spend time during and after birth with mother and infant. One experiment by John Lind, for example, revealed that father's caregiving in the infant's first three months of life was greatly increased if the father had undressed his infant twice and established eye contact with him or her for at least one hour during the first three days of life.

"Flapjacks. Long on the syrup an' short on the palaver."

The most striking finding comes from a study of parents in three situations—the mother and father each alone with the baby as well as both with the two- to four-day-old infant. The researcher, Ross Parke, found no significant differences between either parent with the infant. In fact, when both parents interacted early, the father clearly played the more active role with increased holding, vocalizing, and touching!

In *Maternal-Infant Bonding*, Klaus and Kennell devote whole chapters to bonding with the premature infant, the baby with congenital malformations, and the newborn who does not survive. They note repeatedly that early events have long-lasting effects and that, more than anyone, parents of "special" babies need and benefit from early contact. Their findings challenge the conventional methods of "sparing" the parents and show that babies benefit, too.

Dr. Klaus also supports early contact for parents of infants delivered by cesarean section. A local anesthesia permits the mother to be awake, to "connect" with the baby's gaze, to touch only minutes after birth.

In the first hour, the newborn is ideally equipped for the important first meeting with the parents. It is during these 45 to 60 minutes after birth that the infant can see, that he or she has visual preferences and will turn the head to the spoken word. Before the infant goes into the normal 3 to 4 hours of deep sleep (and the c-sectioned mother gets the extra rest and support in baby care she needs), these parents, too, deserve the opportunity for early contact. In fact, Klaus and Kennell would guarantee this important and private meeting to all but those needing emergency medical attention.

In the first hour, it's important to delay eye medications (a silver nitrate application is routine in most hospitals). At this time, staffs place a radiant panel over the nude infant. The mother—in privacy—can hold the baby against her bare chest. (A warm blanket placed over the mother and the thoroughly dried newborn constitutes a safe alternative.)

With her baby continuously or for a minimum of five hours a day, the mother—and, ideally, the father—learn about the infant's needs and activity. (As consultant, the nurse offers encouragement and praise.) Observing that separation may have severe immediate and long-term effects on siblings,

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especially those under three, the reseachers also urge including other offspring.

"Doctors have taken over the process of birthing and dying," says Klaus, "... a process that really belongs to the family."

The neonatologist sees the danger in the specialist's tunnel vision and cautions, "Not all groups are listening and talking to each other."

If specialists begin heeding each other's discoveries, centralization of maternity units will not, as some baby factories already do, exclude families or limit choices in the name of efficiency or technology. Instead, practices will reflect recognition of bonding's impact and will incorporate whole families into the experience. Professionals acknowledge the resistance of some R.N.'s and many obstetricians to the necessary changes.

Says one nurse, "Parents are the ones who got the fathers into the delivery room, who insisted on prepared childbirth. We know they'll be the ones to make bonding a reality in our obstetrical units."

Today people have hunches—as Klaus originally had about bonding itself—about what kind of person such contact and attachment might create. Dr. Klaus guesses that these human beings may be "very independent, self-sufficient, have a very nice feeling" about themselves. On the other hand, such a change may influence personal values . . . such persons "may not want to compete for all A's so [they] can go to Yale University."

Says Klaus, "The best guess is that the close contact and the warmth develop in the infant a feeling that he is truly loved."

For many who would inevitably "bond" in other ways, the early experience is, nonetheless, an emotionally satisfying one. For those in situations which threaten the natural attachment process, these fleeting but unforgettable moments may spell the difference between attachment to the child or rejection.

Families are demanding changes because they're discovering that to experience bonding they need no magic wands or medical Merlins to empower them, but the deceptively simple and profoundly influential early moments together. ☒

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12. **Dracula** (Orson Welles stars in Bram Stoker's Famous tale.)
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14. **Lights Out** ("Cat Wife" & "Chicken Heart")
15. **John Garfield** ("Pride of the Marines" & "Blood on the Sun.")
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GREENER ACRES

Legendary glamour girl and successful businesswoman Eva Gabor happily opts for the pastoral life where tennis and gardening take priority and no makeup or shoes are allowed.

by Holly Miller

Photography by Peter C. Borsari

Accompanied by sisters Zsa Zsa and Magda, Eva is seen here on her fifth wedding day with husband Frank Jameson. As businesswomen the glamourous Gabors have successfully marketed cosmetics, wigs, and jewelry.

She looks like a scrumptious French pastry, delicate and airy, with hair reminiscent of a dollop of whipped cream. But everyone knows, darlingk, Eva Gabor is 100 percent Hungarian.

Her age is a well-kept secret; however, a few words of her whispery, goulashed English convince the listener that years have nothing to do with glamour, so who's counting birthdays? When Eva lifted the Ermine Curtain that separated Budapest from Hollywood 38 years ago, a love affair developed between the United States and the five-foot-two-inch European beauty which would far outlast her frequent and much-publicized marital entwinements. If her stateside appearance whetted America's appetite for glamour, more was on the way in the curvaceous forms of older sisters Sari (Zsa Zsa) and Magda and mother Jolie.

"I never worry about age," says Eva. "Look at my mother. She is one of the most beautiful women in the world. To me, glamour is not perfection of beauty. Real beauties like Garbo and Dietrich—and they are not chickens—stand for something. They are incredible because they have achieved something and are very special."

The emphasis American society places on youth distresses the Hungarian star. She mourns the fact that actors continue to be cast as leading men long after actresses of the same vintage are relegated to "character" roles.

"It makes me so mad. It's the only sickness America has so far as I'm concerned. I adore the United States, and I wouldn't live anywhere else, but in Europe if an actress is loved when she's 20 she can still be on stage with a following when she's 85. In America very few are able to do this. It's too bad, because it takes so long to learn the business."

Her own choice of the most glamorous woman in the world is Sophia Loren, 44.

"She's divine! She's genuine, outspoken, and has something to say. She stands for something, you know? She's a heck of a lady."

Often asked to share her personal beauty secrets, Gabor obliges happily. However, persons expecting a list of exotic extracts, mysterious masks, oils, and unctions are in for a surprise. Soap and water are her mainstay, and her favorite prescription for glamour is based on a mental, not physical regimen.

"A lot of work and pressure keep me going. It's very difficult for me to conceive of being bored or not having something to do every hour on the hour. If I had nothing to do, I would fall apart. I have so many interests—hundreds of them—I can't even touch half of them. I think this really is my biggest beauty secret."

Contrary to her image, her concerns extend far beyond jewelry, haute couture, and caviar. Often described as the most down-to-earth and serious of the Gabors, she once complained that her opinions were welcome as long as they were shallow. Actually, she is a voracious reader who devours whodunits while on the road and studies the Bible during quiet moments at home.

"I am very, very religious, but I don't talk about it. Those kinds of things are private. I also have a great interest in politics, what is happening to our young people, and the environment. I particularly care about the ocean, so full of poisons that cause the fish and lovely animals to become—what is the word—extinct."

Best known for her television role in "Green Acres," she bears little resemblance to the character of Lisa, the glamorously garbed city girl who consistently bumbled the rural lifestyle thrust upon her by husband Oliver (Eddie Albert).

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"I love to be casual! At home I don't put on any makeup for days. I just brush my hair straight back. I have a wardrobe I wouldn't give up for anything. Jeans would be too elegant. I wear a toga, a kind of cotton nothing, and no shoes. The less the better when I run around the house."

Such an about-face is a welcome change from the on-camera perfection her fans expect. More than many celebrities, Gabor's livelihood depends upon her appearance. Creating an aura of glamour is time-consuming, and the necessary trappings are expensive.

"Being a portrait is often no fun. A portrait can't relax, put its feet on the table, and eat a hot dog with the mustard dripping from one end as it should. I worry about the glamour business. It's my bread and butter."

A more informal way of life was adopted when Eva met and married husband number five, Frank Jameson, a California businessman. The couple was wed in September 1973. Ironically, Zsa Zsa caught the bridal bouquet.

"I've learned a great deal from my husband. Before I married him I thought the whole world revolved around acting. Now, through him I've learned there's a whole big, big world outside, full of interesting people whom I used to call civilians . . . you know, people other than actors. They have a great deal to offer, and you can learn so much from them. I've met the Shah of Iran, the president, senators, congressmen, and emperors. If I haven't been learning from them and getting broader in my thinking, I would be quite a stupid lady."

The success of their marriage seems to be based on mutual admiration and carefully scheduled togetherness. Among Gabor's many commitments is the board chairmanship of her super-successful wig company. She takes the position seriously and travels all over the world in its behalf. Her husband is equally busy in his role as chairman of the board of the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge.

"I think it's extremely good for married people not to live together continuously, especially if they are strong people and have strong interests. I've always believed you have to do your thing. My husband's secretary and my secretary put their books together and plan appointments together. When he has to go somewhere for a week I also schedule a trip. Then the next week we have together."

The time they share at home is often spent poolside or supervising their elaborate stretches of gardens. They grow all their own vegetables and enjoy musing over seed catalogs while planning colorful plots of exotic flowers.

"We are landscape artists. We have a gardener, but we design the gardens ourselves. I don't know the names of all the flowers, but I order them from a book. That's how I know I'll get a whole purple border in one flower bed. Then I scatter a few wild flowers in between, and it becomes like a Renoir painting."

Although obviously content with this poshly pastoral life and with the mate who shares it, Eva is still regarded as one of the foremost experts on men in general and on glamorous men in particular. Of the current crop of Hollywood heartthrobs, who rates highest in her opinion?

"That is difficult to say. Cary Grant has such charisma; Paul Newman is looking divine; Redford is good, of course. Ah, but from the new ones," she purrs, "Travolta is terrific."

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THE BOG PEOPLE

Sacrificed to the goddess of fertility, they slept for 2,000 years beneath a counterpane of peat, protected, preserved by Mother Earth.

by P.V. Glob

Editor's Note: *This is the fascinating tale of an important archeological dig stumbled upon by two Danish peat cutters in which the dark veil of the past is pulled back, and we learn something of what life was like among men over 200 centuries ago.*

An early spring day—May 8, 1950. Evening was gathering over Tollund Fen in Bjaeldskov Dal. Momentarily, the sun burst in, bright and yet subdued, through a gate in blue thunderclouds in the west, bringing everything mysteriously to life. The dead man, too, deep down in the umber-brown peat, seemed to have come alive. He lay on his damp bed as though asleep. His face wore a gentle expression. It was as though the dead man's soul had for a moment returned from another world, through the gate in the western sky.

The dead man who lay there was 2,000 years old. A few hours earlier he had been brought out from the sheltering peat by two men who, their spring sowing completed, had now to think of the cold winter days to come, and were occupied in cutting peat for the tile stove and kitchen range.

As they worked, they suddenly saw in the peat layer a face so fresh that they could only suppose they had stumbled on a recent murder. They notified the police at Silkeborg, who came at once to the site. The police, however, also invited representatives of the local museum to accompany them, for well-preserved remains of Iron Age men were not unknown in Central Jutland. At the site the true context of the discovery was soon evident. A telephone call was put through straightaway to Aarhus University, where at that moment I was lecturing to a group of students on archeological problems. Some hours later—that same evening—I stood with my students, bent over the startling discovery,

(Clockwise) This Bronze Age fertility goddess represented the Earth Mother. Tollund Man (2,000 years old) has the best preserved head of any Iron Age man unearthed from the peat; after spending a brief time as husband of the fertility goddess, he met the final demand of his religion—ritual sacrifice and burial in the bog. The 1,500-year-old hand of Graubelle Man—whose age, like that of Tollund Man, has been confirmed by carbon 14 testing—has such defined skin patterns that clear fingerprints can be obtained. Finally, two symbols of the same thing: the torque or neck-ring of the goddess and that of a victim, the Borre Fen Man, all offered as tribute.

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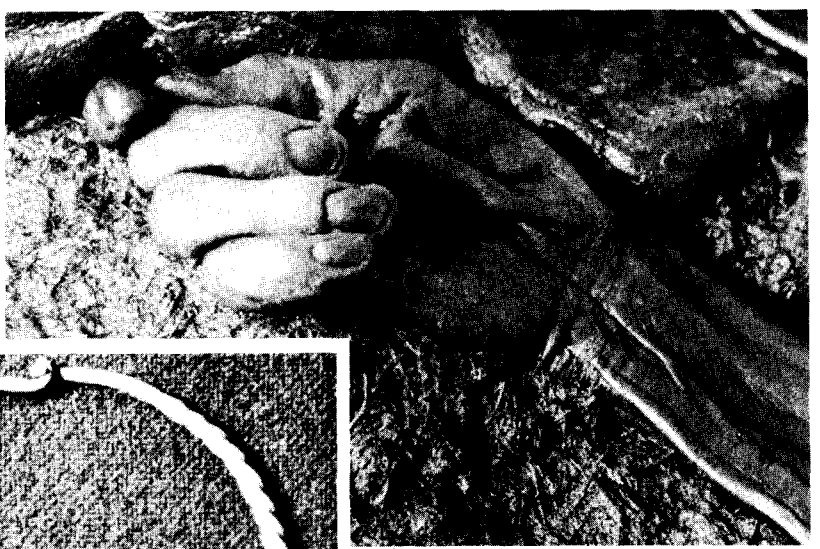
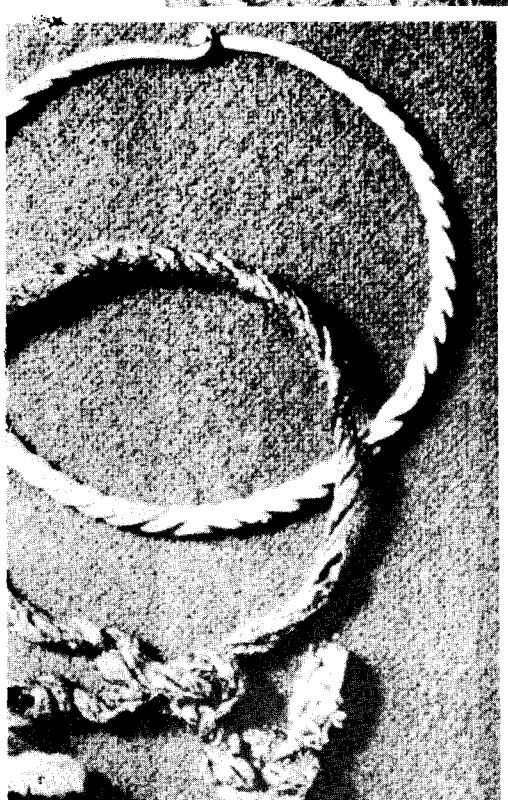
face to face with an Iron Age man who, two millennia before, had been deposited in the bog as a sacrifice to the powers that ruled men's destinies.

The man lay on his right side in a natural attitude of sleep. The head was to the west, with the face turned to the south; the legs were to the east. He lay fifty yards out from firm ground, not far above the clean sand floor of the bog, and had been covered by eight or nine feet of peat, now dug away.

On his head he wore a pointed skin cap fastened securely under the chin by a hide thong. Round his waist there was a smooth hide belt. Otherwise he was naked. His hair was cropped so short as to be almost entirely hidden by his cap. He was clean-shaven, but there was very short stubble on the chin and upper lip.

The air of gentle tranquillity





about the man was shattered when a small lump of peat was removed from beside his head. This disclosed a rope, made of two leather thongs twisted together, which encircled the neck in a noose drawn tight into the throat and then coiled like a snake over the shoulder and down across the back. After this discovery the wrinkled forehead and set mouth seemed to take on a look of affliction. . . .

Death is the inescapable lot of man, and it comes in many guises. Among the Iron Age people from the peat bogs we have seen the signs of death in its grimmest forms. Young and old, men and women, met their ends by decapitation, strangulation, cutting of the throat, hanging, and drowning. Very probably they suffered torture, mutilation, and dismemberment before they died. Yet these are the ones the bogs have preserved as individuals down to our own day, while all their relatives and contemporaries from the eight centuries of the Iron Age have totally vanished or at the most only survive as skeletons in their graves.

We cannot view as one uniform phenomenon the many bog people from this long span of time, for during it great changes came about in religious beliefs and ideas of law, and both must be borne in mind if we are to find an explanation of these extraordinary discoveries. How great the changes were may be judged, among other things, from the general shift in burial rite from cremation to inhumation.

Cremation, appearing in the north as early as the Stone Age, 2,000 years before Christ, becoming supreme in the Early Bronze Age and running on through the Celtic Iron Age, is bound up with the belief that the soul is freed from the body with the help of fire and flies to a distant land of the dead where it is reborn.

A cremation in a mound at Alestrup, south of Borre Fen in Himmerland, suggests that the survivors, in their concern for the dead, sought to assist this celestial flight. Mixed with the bones of a young person were the burnt bones of the cut-off wings of at least six jackdaws and two crows, as well as two crows' feet. We cannot doubt the intention behind the laying of so many wings on the pyre along with the body. Twelve small and four large wings were to bear the soul to the land of the dead.

By contrast, in the era of cremation, sacrificial offerings were connected with marsh and water. Thousands of pottery vessels of this period, containing offerings of food—legs of meat, steaks of animal flesh, gruel made from corn and seed—are found deposited in bogs just as the human bodies are. They are offerings by the Iron Age peasants to ensure a good harvest

Continued on page 140

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CHILD GENIUSES

Heads turned and eyes opened wide as parents, teachers, and friends saw the seed of genius in these children grow to towering heights.

by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp

NELSON ROCKEFELLER
born July 8, 1908
Mount Desert Island, Maine

Mrs. Rockefeller kept a neat file of the letters which her children wrote to her when she had to be away from them and among these were occasional examples of their school work and other mementoes. On one small sheet of paper was a reminder from her second son, which she had countersigned.

J. A. Morris, *Nelson Rockefeller: A Biography*

If I don't miss one day of school this year I get one $1.00
[signed] Nelson Rockefeller
[countersigned] A.A. Rockefeller

(Age unknown)

HELEN KELLER
born June 27, 1880
Tuscumbia, Alabama

Miss Sullivan began to teach Helen Keller on March 3, 1887. [Four months later] while she was on a short visit away from home, she wrote to her mother. Two words are almost illegible, and the angular print slants in every direction.

Huntsville, Alabama,
July 12, 1887
Helen will write mother letter papa did give helen medicine mildred will sit in swing mildred did kiss helen teacher did give helen peach george is sick in bed george arm is hurt anna did give helen lemonade dog did stand up.

conductor did punch ticket papa did give helen drink of water in car

carlotta did give helen flowers anna will buy helen pretty new hat helen will hug and kiss mother helen will come home grandmother does love helen

good-by

(Age 7)

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
born April 9, 1899
Oak Park, Ill.

This story, published in the February 1916 issue of [Oak Park High School's literary magazine] Tabula, shows his early concern with nature and violence . . . that he had formed the basis of his style, even as a junior in high school, and had chosen his subject matter of violence and manliness before his World War I experiences. [It] deals with the raw material Hemingway lived with each summer. This story contains dialogue which is not forced and has brisk and lucid narrative.

C. Montgomery, *Hemingway in Michigan*

Judgment of Manitou

Dick Haywood buttoned the collar of his mackinaw up about his ears, took down his rifle from the deer horns above the fireplace of the cabin, and pulled on his heavy fur mittens. "I'll go and run that line toward Loon River, Pierre," he said. "Holy quill pigs, but it's cold." He glanced at the thermometer. "Forty-two below! Well, so long, Pierre." Pierre merely grunted, as, twisting on his snowshoes, Dick started out over the crust with the swinging snowshoe stride of the traveler of the barren grounds.

In the doorway of the cabin Pierre stood looking after Dick as he swung along. He grinned evilly to himself, "De tief will tink it a blame sight cooler when he swing-in by one leg in the air like Wahboy, the rabbit; he would steal my money, would he!" Pierre slammed the heavy door shut, threw some wood on the fire and crawled into his bunk.

As Dick Haywood strode along he talked to himself as to the travelers of the "silent places." "Wonder why Pierre is so grouchy just because he lost that money? Bet he just misplaced it somewhere. All he does now is to grunt like a surly pig and every once in a while I catch him leering at me behind my back. If he thinks I stole his money why don't he say so and have it out with me! Why, he used to be so cheerful and jolly; when we agreed at Missainabal to be partners and trap up here in the Ungave district, I thought he'd be a jolly good companion, but now he hasn't spoken to me for the last week, except to grunt or swear in that Cree lingo."

It was a cold day, but it was the dry, invigorating cold of the northland and Dick enjoyed the crisp air. He was a good traveler on snowshoes and rapidly covered the first five miles of the trap line, but somehow he felt that something was following him and he glanced around several times only to be disappointed each time. "I guess it's only the kootzie-ootzie," he muttered to himself, for in the North whenever men do not understand a thing they blame it on the "little bad god of the Cree." Suddenly, as Dick entered a growth of spruce, he was jerked off his feet, high into the air. When his head had cleared from the bang it had received by striking the icy crust, he saw that he

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was suspended in the air by a rope which was attached to a spruce tree, which had been bent over to form the spring for a snare, such as is used to capture rabbits. His fingers barely touched the crust, and as he struggled and the cord grew tighter on his leg he saw what he had sensed to be following him. Slowly out of the woods trotted a band of gaunt, white, hungry timber wolves, and squatted on their haunches in a circle around him.

Back in the cabin Pierre as he lay in his bunk was awakened by a gnawing sound overhead, and idly looking up at the rafter he saw a red squirrel busily gnawing away at the leather of his lost wallet. He thought of the trap he had set for Dick, and springing from his bunk he seized his rifle, and coatless and gloveless ran madly out along the trail. After a gasping, breathless, choking run he came upon the spruce grove. Two ravens left off picking at the shapeless something that had once been Dick Haywood, and flapped lazily into a neighboring spruce. All over the bloody snow were the tracks of My-in-gau, the timber wolf.

As he took a step forward Pierre felt the clanking grip of the toothed bear trap, that Dick had come to tend, close on his feet. He fell forward, and as he lay on the snow he said, "It is the judgment of Manitou; I will save My-in-gau, the wolf, the trouble."

And he reached for the rifle.

(Age 16)

T. S. ELIOT
born Sept. 26, 1888
St. Louis, Mo.

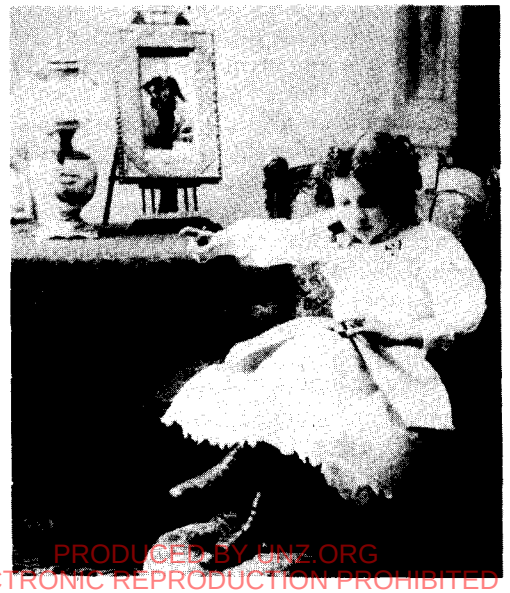
At the age of nine or ten, he told me, he wrote "a few little verses about the sadness of having to start school again every Monday morning." He gave them to his mother and hoped they had not been preserved. At about fourteen he wrote "some very gloomy quatrains in the form of the Rubaiyat" *which had "captured my imagination." These he showed to no one and likewise presumed had been previously destroyed.*

Valerie Eliot, ed.,
Poems Written in Early Youth

"Song" was done as a school exercise when Eliot was attending Smith Academy (which his grandfather had founded) in St. Louis in 1905. It is his earliest known surviving poem.

Song

If space and time, as sages say,
  Are things that cannot be,
The fly that lives a single day
  Has lived as long as we.
But let us live while yet we may,
  While love and life are free,
For time is time, and runs away,
  Though sages disagree.
The flowers I sent thee when
    the dew
  Was trembling on the vine
Were withered ere the wild bee
    flew
  To suck the eglantine.
But let us haste to pluck anew



(Counterclockwise) Edna St. Vincent Millay (here age 13) was an avid reader of St. Nicholas Magazine. *In 1920, 21-year-old Hemingway left home to become a reporter for the Toronto* Star. *Nelson Rockefeller, age 13 (right front), was undaunted by the bustle of Fifth Avenue. With the help of her teacher, Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller began to explore the world of books. From earliest memory, Behan (top) and his Irish family were active in revolutionary causes against Britain.*

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Nor mourn to see them pine,
And though the flowers of life
be few
Yet let them be divine.
[Written underneath in Tom's hand: "Doggerel License No. 3,271,574"]
(Age 16)

JOHNNY CARSON
born October 23, 1925
Corning, Iowa

This is from the 1943 edition of Milestone, *yearbook of Norfolk High School, Norfolk, Nebraska.*

I, *John Carson*, being of sound mind and body (this statement is likely to be challenged by my draft board and the high school faculty), deem it advisable to give you the lowlights of 1942 and 1943.

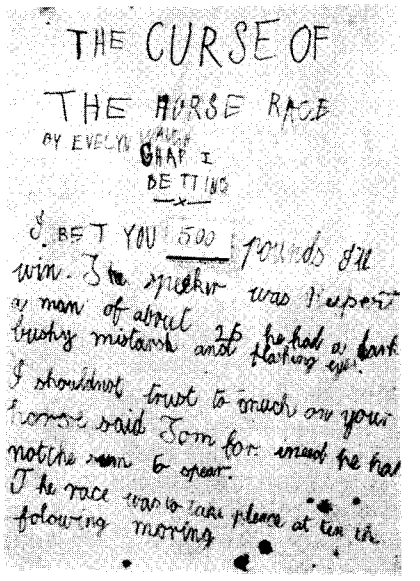
I can visualize 20 years from now when you sit down by the radio (listening to Roosevelt), with the old 1943 *Milestone* in your trembling hands, and as you glance over those remembrances, you will say to your son—"I wish I could get hold of that *?% ')¢/ *Milestone* staff." And then your little son will look at the *Milestone* and say meekly—"Hey, does this stink!"

Be that as it may, I have hereunto set my hand to the task of giving you a month by month, drip by drip, account of Norfolk High School activity during the year. If you like this account, tell my friends. (My friends include my mother, and others who have asked that their names be withheld.)

NOVEMBER was the month when everyone got the bird, and I certainly got it!

This month made all the students very war conscious, with blackouts, etc. In fact, this was one of the few months the students were even awake! All the students enjoyed the blackouts very much. They liked them so well, four unidentified senior boys attempted to put the power plant out of commission.

JANUARY. A new year brings new classes, new tests, new faces, but the same old teacher! (The only way I'll get out of school now is to be drafted.) This is the month everyone progresses a half-year and becomes a little smarter—I tried explaining to the faculty at any rate!


THE CURSE OF
THE HORSE RACE
BY EVELYN
CHAP I
BETTING
I BET YOU 500 pounds I'll
win. The speaker was a expert
a man of about 25 he had a
trusty mistake and flaring eye.
I shouldnot trust to much on your
horse said Tom for indeed he had
notthe ruen b spear.
The race was to take place at ten th
following morning

(Above) A cartoon Hitler drew (age 11) of one of his high school teachers conveys his contempt for those in authority. (Right) At age 7 Evelyn Waugh wrote a 500-word novel called The Curse of the Horse Race.

FEBRUARY. Month of Washington's birthday. If Washington (who never told a lie) could hear some of the excuses the kids hand Mr. Gerdes every morning, he would turn over in his grave and get up and run for a third term—and probably say, "What, Roosevelt still in?"

APRIL is the time of year when everyone begins to feel stronger, and to recuperate after the winter season. You could tell the teachers were getting stronger. They seemed to throw you out of class harder than ever.

Junior-Senior field day was held this month, and the boys enjoyed playing such childish games as drop the body, ring around the graveyard, etc. (Any bodies left over 30 days became property of the park!)

MAY. The school year is about to come to a close (and so is this stuff). As you sit reading this gift to the literary world, you will remember Sup't. Burkhardt's praise on the book in his message. Of course, this has nothing to do with the fact that no one had yet seen the book, including the superintendent!

Having been recognized as the epitome of success during my four years (so far) in Norfolk High School, I have been asked to jot down some of my secrets of getting along with the teachers. I oblige with the following:

1. Always hand in daily papers.
2. Laugh at the teacher's jokes.
3. Do an abundance of extra-credit work.
4. Laugh at the teacher's jokes.
5. Never chew gum during classes.
6. Laugh at the teacher's jokes.

(Numbers 1, 3, and 5 may be omitted and no appreciable difference will be noticed!)

Below is a list of the graduating Seniors of '43 who, during the course of the four years they have been confined here, never cheated in a test, never received a ninth period, and never perpetrated dastardly deeds in their minds concerning the bodily welfare of the faculty. . . . . .
(Age 18)

BRENDAN BEHAN
born Feb. 9, 1923
Dublin, Ireland

As a child he read everything he could lay his hands on. He had a passionate appetite for books. One day his father found him up in bed reading the back of a train ticket which he had picked up off the floor. He could sing ballads for hours. . . . By the time he was nine, he was writing letters to his friends in verse. One day as a result of a joke he played on her, he got Teresa [Byrne] into trouble with the nuns, and wrote her a

Continued on page 92

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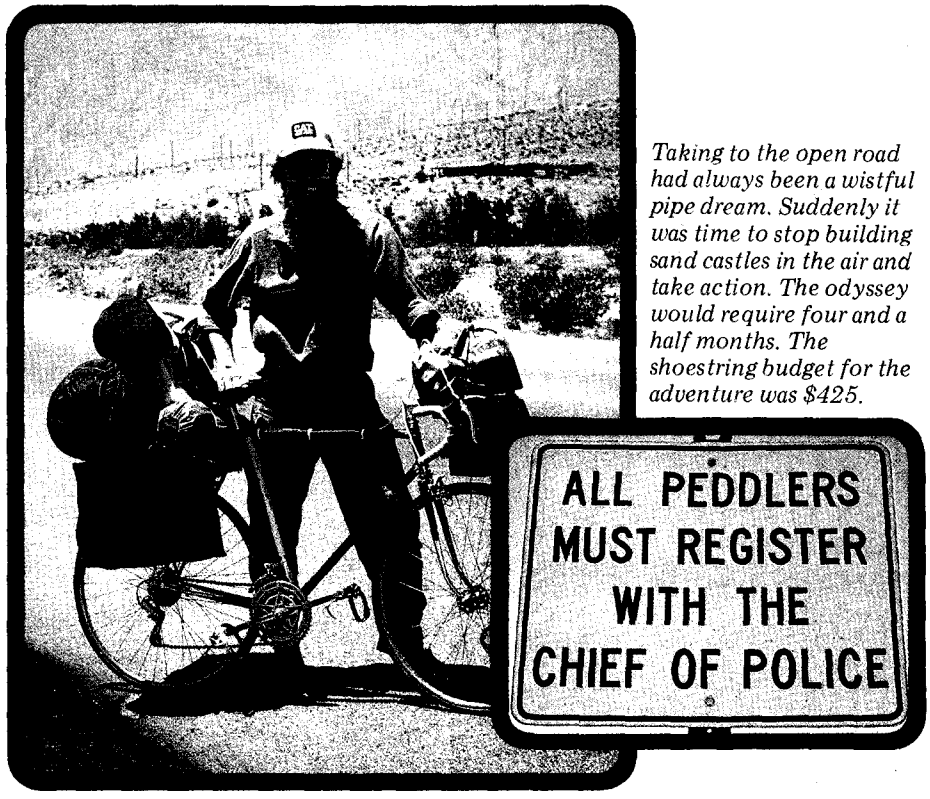
CROSSING AMERICA ON A BICYCLE

No rigid routes or schedules, just a sense of wonder at the beauty and freedom found in taking time.

Text and Photography by Sinclair Buckstaff, Jr.



Taking to the open road had always been a wistful pipe dream. Suddenly it was time to stop building sand castles in the air and take action. The odyssey would require four and a half months. The shoestring budget for the adventure was $425.

Navajo Indian Reservation, Arizona,
Wednesday, June 8, 1977.

I advanced on the middle-aged Indian and asked him my usual question about what the road was like ahead.

He looked off in the distance, ran his hand through his hair, rubbed his jaw, and mulled it over for a while before answering. Then he looked at me and with a sage nod of his head said, "It's paved." . . .

Sometimes I'll be completely engrossed in some totally unrelated activity when the thought will creep up on me quietly and sneak in through the back door of my mind. The screen door doesn't even slam. An image will suddenly flash across my mind's eye and I'll smile, "I rode all the way across the country on a bicycle."

What I did isn't really all that unusual in this day of the Bikecentennial and millions of dedicated bicycle riders spread across the country. But no one can ever take away from me what I have and retain from that odyssey. Now when I hear of or meet others doing similar things I know what they are suffering and exulting through. I can imagine myself in their shoes. The thrill is now a vicarious one, but I have been there too. And I'm richer for it. Such an endeavor provides a great opportunity to get to know oneself, to appreciate without illusions one's abilities as well as shortcomings. To know oneself and to be comfortable in that knowledge is wealth. To plumb the depths of one's reserves and to find oneself lacking or brimming over, it really doesn't matter which, is to experience life and to know it more sweetly.

Garden City, Kansas,
Sunday, July 10, 1977.

I leaned the bike up against the thick trunk of a shade tree, kicked off my shoes, and sprawled in the grass. It felt so good to lie there in the park in the shade and relax. I closed my eyes, listened to the birds calling back and forth, listened to the leaves rustle in the breeze, and breathed deeply the sweet smell of grass in summertime. I drifted off until pangs of hunger brought me around to thoughts of lunch. I hauled out the fruit I had purchased at the grocery store: apples, oranges, grapes, cherries, bananas, raisins, and dates. I cut them into my stainless steel bowl, topped them with honey and cinnamon, and then, chopsticks in hand, set about enjoying my repast.

Nearby, on a park bench, sat four old men I imagined to be World War I veterans—fine, upstanding members of the community, all—talking about whatever it is that old men put out to pasture here in America's heartland talk about. "Probably all members of the American Legion, the VFW, and a Masonic group or two," I thought; "perfect grist for Norman Rockwell's mill." I wondered about them, their lives, and their achievements; and I imagined they wondered the same about me. They had watched me with disguised curiosity ever since I had gotten to the park, but that didn't surprise me much. I was used to being stared at by now and I have to admit I do look a little unusual riding my heavily laden bicycle and sporting a bright yellow baseball cap and a bright red full beard. All the way from Los Angeles I have received similar stares from other interested onlookers, but now their curious stares were undisguised. I guess it was the chopsticks that did it. . . .

A friend of mine once said to me as we sat talking, "You don't have a motorcycle until you have

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…ildlike sense
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… in earnest the
…ycle ride I had

…1977

… towns that are
… of America; lit-
… one main drag that
… cruise on Friday and
… nights in winter and
… in summer, where men
… marry young and raise
… because that is the natural
… events and alternatives
… considered. Fashion and
… may be dictated by the
… cities, but America's life-
… flows in the little town.

… I made the firm decision
… across the country, I imme-
…ely set my mind to overcom-
… the obstacles I expected to en-
…ter. The thought of not suc-
…ing never entered my mind. I
…centrated so much on what
…necessary to succeed that I didn't think of not succeeding.

At the time I made my decision I didn't even own a bicycle, my last one having just been stolen, and so the first order of business was to get a bicycle. A used bicycle would suit me just as well as a new bicycle, as I planned to dismantle and rebuild it completely before I left so as to familiarize myself with the working parts. I settled on a French-manufactured Motobecane bicycle and in time I found one to my liking and purchased it.

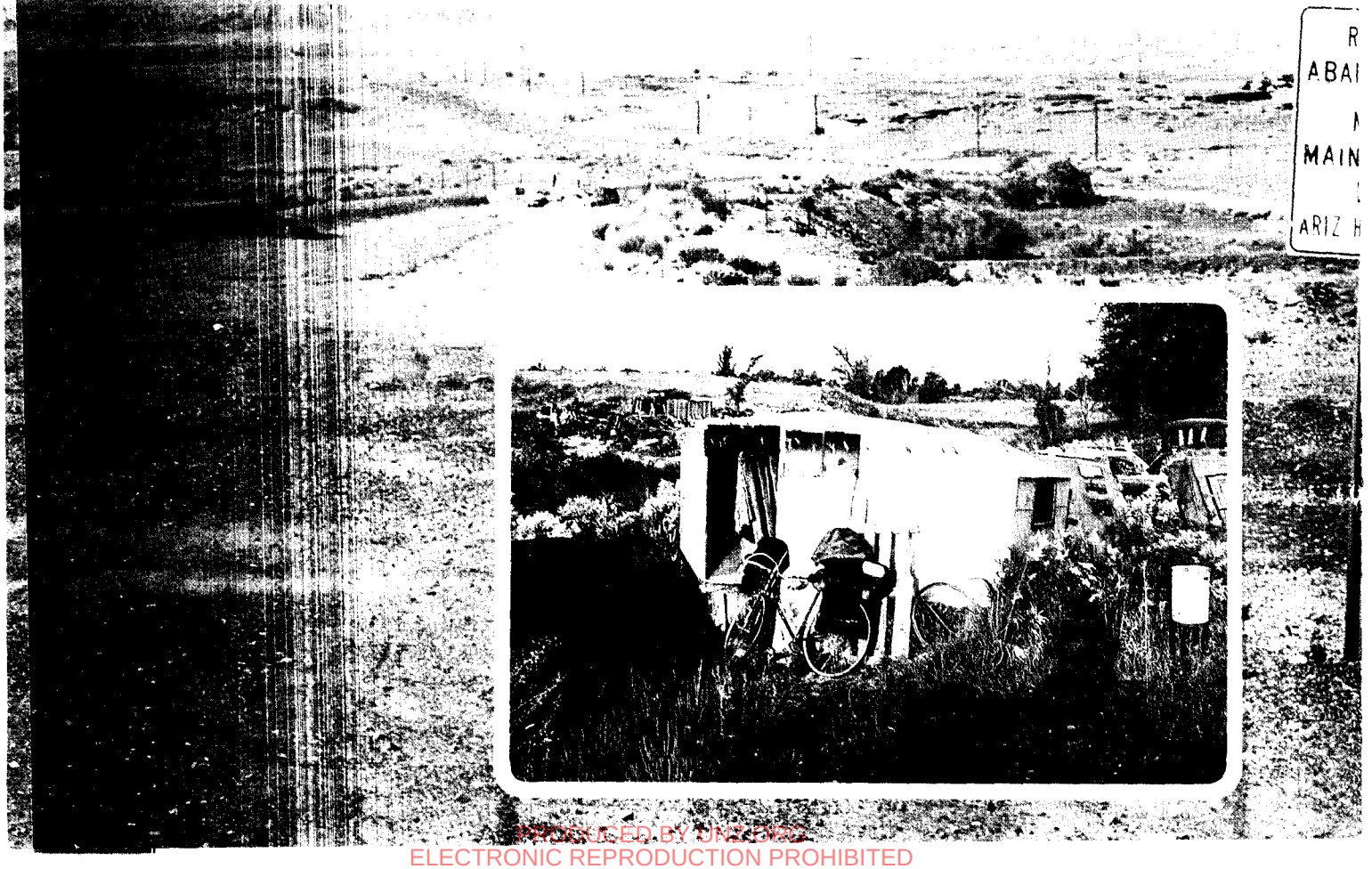
For the rest of my equipment I designed and made my own tent, sleeping bag, and bicycle saddlebags (panniers). I planned to prepare all my own meals from food bought in grocery stores and to sleep out each night.

Mine was to be a low-budget operation. I only spent $425 for the entire four and a half months I was riding from coast to coast. Along the way I slept in gas stations, roadside rest areas, parks, jails (by my choice and at my suggestion), a Christian mission, a YMCA, a fraternity house, homes of friends and relatives, and homes of perfect strangers.

St. Louis, Missouri,
Sunday, August 20, 1977.

My enthusiasm has reached its lowest ebb. I'm too far from one coast and not close enough to the other. From here on until I near the end of the trip and begin to anticipate its end, my greatest battle I'm sure will be against loneliness and the lack of enthusiasm I feel when fatigued by a long day's ride. What will see me through is the same enjoyment of meeting new people, making new friends, doing new things, and seeing new places I have reveled in since the trip began. . . .

When all was in readiness to leave, I resigned my position as a staff civil engineer with a small consulting firm in Los Angeles and shortly thereafter took to the highway. I made plenty of mistakes on my trip and the first was to begin my ride in early summertime in the desert. Every day was over 100 degrees F. Other mistakes were carrying too much unnecessary gear; carrying my camera in an awkward spot to get at; not carrying enough spare tires, enough spare tubes, or enough spare spokes; and riding a bicycle



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without a kickstand. The litany of errors goes on and on.

There were things I did do right too, however. Probably the smartest thing I did the entire trip was to seek out the police whenever I got to a small town in which I wanted to spend the night and ask, "Where can I spend the night without paying for it and without bothering anyone?" They couldn't have been more agreeable and helpful.

Route 16, southeast Iowa,
Sunday, August 8, 1977.

The skies opened up and it began to pour. Great raindrops drove me off the road under the shelter of a spreading shade tree that stood in the front yard of a farmhouse.

The farmer invited me in to wait out the worst of the storm, and while he ate breakfast, I sat and dried out on his porch and we talked. We had little in common. He was old and a man of the earth, rooted in permanence. I was young, city-raised, and a rover. And yet, we found things to talk about. He was interested in me and I in him. . . .

The family farm is a passing phenomenon in many areas today, overtaken by corporate farming and technology. With its passing, so, too, does this unique America pass on. It is somehow saddening.

I grew to love the studied pace at which the bike carried me along. I absorbed everything. I stopped at every roadside historical marker. I could appreciate the awesome size and beauty of the country. I had no deadline, no rigorously predetermined route to follow, and no reason to hurry my pace.

Even with my appreciation of the moment, I made what I considered remarkable progress: I averaged 85 miles per riding day for the entire trip, and between St. Louis and Syracuse I averaged over 100 miles per day. In the process I gained an enlarged respect for the automobile.

The bicycle is not without its limitations. While bicycle riding can yield a gamut of experiences ranging from great exhilaration to despair and discouragement, one thing remains constant: One must almost always follow the route primarily designed and maintained for the automobile. One must be willing to put up with the traffic, noise, dust, exhaust, and other unsettling effects. And once I came within a hair's breadth of being killed, after deciding to ride 30 miles on a heavily traveled, fast, and shoulderless two-lane road. The end result was two completely demolished cars, three very shaken up but otherwise unhurt passengers, and one shaken bicycle rider.

Crawfordsville, Iowa,
Sunday, August 8, 1977.

A thousand miles from any ocean I suddenly had the eerie feeling that I was near the sea. The cluster of small buildings, the low fences, and the huge rolling expanses with tall grass brushing up against the fences gave me much the same feeling I get when walk-

Continued on page 114

D
NED
NED
DEPT
"I WENT TO THE WOODS BECAUSE I WISHED TO LIVE DELIBERATELY, TO FRONT ONLY THE ESSENTIAL FACTS OF LIFE, AND SEE IF I COULD NOT LEARN WHAT IT HAD TO TEACH AND NOT, WHEN I CAME TO DIE, DISCOVER THAT I HAD NOT LIVED"
THOREAU
SHELTERED WITHIN A HOUSE HE BUILT ON THE 10 X 15 MARKED AREA, HENRY DAVID THOREAU LIVED AT WALDEN FROM JULY 4, 1845 TO SEPTEMBER 6, 1847

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HAVE A GOOD DAY

Can a housewife survive her butcher's unkind cuts, when her pleas for coffee are rejected for lack of grounds?

by Erma Bombeck

Illustrated by Jared Lee

The expression "Have a good day" was born the week our oil supply was depleted, water became scarce, telephone rates went up, gasoline was in short supply, and meat, coffee, and sugar prices soared. It was as if the warranty on the country had just expired.

"Have a good day" was something to say.

Ecology became a household word. My husband became a nut on recycling. Until a few years ago he thought recycling was an extra setting on the washer that tore the buttons off his shirts and shredded his underwear. Now, he sits around making towel racks out of oversexed coat hangers.

My daughter poked her head in my kitchen one day and told me my ozone was in trouble.

"Give me a hint," I said. "Has the antifreeze leaked out of my car? Are my sinus cavities ready to crest? Or did someone flick their Bic near all the papers stored in the basement?"

"I'm talking about aerosol cans," she groaned. "I'm not going to use them anymore and you shouldn't either. Are you aware that Congress is drafting a bill that will include a ban of spray cans using fluorocarbons?"

"I wouldn't have gone so far as to take it to Congress," I said.

"Mother! Surely, you've seen first-hand how the fluorocarbons in pressurized cans can harm the atmospheric layer that screens the sun's radiation."

"You bet," I nodded. "Not to mention what happens when you mistakenly spray tub and tile cleaner on your teeth. I mean, who wants teeth that foam and deodorize?"

"I can't believe it, Mother." She smiled. "Do you realize this is the first meaningful conversation we've been able to carry on in years?"

I passed the bathroom and gave my underarms a spritz with air freshener. These may just be the only two ozones I'll ever get, and I plan to take care of them.

Have a good day. . . .

The more technology the phone company developed, the more complicated using the phone became. I never knew what complicated was until the phone company launched a campaign to save me some money.

Everytime I picked up the receiver, I kept seeing the face of an operator on television with half a phone growing out of her ear admonishing, "Dial direct. Save 60 percent on nights and weekends. Lower rates on shorter distances. Talk one minute to Nashville for twenty-two minutes."

One Sunday I found myself setting an alarm for 3 a.m. and direct-dialing Nashville to a person I never liked much and talked for four minutes because I saved $1.25. It was a bargain I couldn't afford to pass up. In fact, in four weeks, I saved enough to call my sister in Ohio at a civilized hour during the week with an operator to announce me.

I put up with all of it because I knew communications were moving forward. However, I was totally unprepared one day when an operator from the phone company called to ask if I had made a long distance call to North Carolina, and if so could I supply her with the number I had called as it had not been recorded.

"How did you get my number?" I asked. "It's unlisted."

"From directory assistance," she said.

"Shame on you," I said. "That's an extra. Do you know if you had dialed me on the weekend instead of prime time during the business hours you could have saved 32 cents on the first minute?"

"But I. . . ."

"Besides, if you call me for assistance three more times this month, you will be charged 20 cents a call. That all adds up. I assume you are calling from a business phone, which is charged full rates, which means each additional minute we talk is costing you 40 cents. Frankly, dear, I'm going to do you a big favor and hang up. I don't think you can afford me."

Have a good day. . . .

The Meat Mutiny came without warning. One day, we were eating more and paying less and the next there were 278 products on the market to help our hamburger.

Overnight, butchers became the darlings of the cocktail party, replacing doctors. I hated myself for it, but I found myself playing the game like the rest of the homemakers.

"How's your rump today, Fred?" I asked my butcher one day after he called my number.

He looked around cautiously. "You've been a good customer of mine for two years, Erma. Nursed our baby back to health after the flu epidemic and loaned me the money to get my store started. A man doesn't forget things like that. [I smiled.] I can arrange financing on a sirloin tip at 6 percent on the unpaid balance for 36 months."

"See you at our house Saturday night?" I smiled.

"You bet," he waved.

I had no shame whatsoever. "Well, if it isn't Fred Sawsil. I hate to bring this up at a social gathering, Fred, but I was wondering if you would prescribe something for a tough round steak. The meat thermometer registers normal and I've already given it two tablespoons of meat tenderizer."

He looked up tiredly. "Take two aspirins and call me in the morning," he said. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to Mrs. Beeman. She has a sty in the eye of her round."

I stood there in a daze. Somehow, it did me a world of good just to touch the hand of the man who had touched a standing rib. . . .

Standing at the meat counter day after day was depressing. I found

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myself looking over cuts of meat that I used to think belonged in bottles at Harvard.

"What is that?" I asked Fred one day. "In the corner of the meat case?"

"Tongue."

"Whose?"

"It was an anonymous donor," he said dryly. "This is tripe," he said, holding up a carton.

"I'll say," I said weakly.

"Have you never tried pig's feet?"

"No, you never know where they've been."

"Chicken?"

"I'll pretend I didn't hear that."

I motioned to Fred to come closer, "Listen, Fred, do you remember that rump roast you financed last week? Well, when you trimmed a little of the fat off it went into deep shock and. . . ."

"I don't make house calls," he said stiffly.

"So, why don't you drop over to the house tomorrow," I said, "and I'll have a few people in and. . . ."

"On Wednesdays I play golf," he said.

Have a good day. . . .

I wanted to boycott coffee when it went to four dollars a pound. I really did, but basically I'm weak and cannot endure pain.

I knew I was paying more for three pounds of coffee than I paid for a winter coat when I was first married, but I couldn't help myself.

You cannot imagine the pressure I got from the women in the neighborhood. One morning, I practically ran to the coffee klatsch at Lois' house.

Just inside the door, Lois said, "Want a cup?"

She put an empty cup in my hand.

"Where's the coffee?" I asked.

"I never promised you coffee."

"That's not funny, Lois. Do you have any idea what I would give for a cup of coffee? I'd sell my children."

"Wouldn't we all."

"I'd sell my body."

"Braggart."

"Lois, I'd sell my bowling trophy."

"Will you get hold of yourself? We've got to stand firm together or there's no telling how high the price of coffee will go."

"Look," I said regaining my composure, "I never thought I'd admit this to anyone, but I am older than the rest of you and I lived through the Great Caffeine Drought of 1942 during the war."

"I never heard of it," said Lois.

"And I hope you never do," I said. "I saw my mother in the morning without a cup of coffee once and it's the closest to death I ever want to come. She toasted and buttered her hand and put it on my sister's plate. She bumped into a footstool with her head. When she thought no one was looking, she put her head in the coffee canister and inhaled. My father caught her trying to shave her tongue. It was awful."

A woman of mettle and iron can withstand even the horrendous booby traps of our time.

Continued on page 104

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FRANK GIFFORD: A SENSE OF STYLE

Giff was one of the best halfbacks, college and pro, ever to tote a football. And now he's at the top of a career in TV sports and newscasting.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

There is this fleeting thing called style, and it is one of the most elusive mysteries of life.

Two athletes—let us say equally gifted—essay the same feat. Both succeed. All one of them does is to not fail. But the other somehow has managed to invest the act with a special glow. Fluid. Secure. He turned what he had to do into a personal expression.

We see this happen not only in sports but in music, medicine, politics, business, art, and in love.

Blessed are they with style, for they shall inherit the approval of the rest of us lumps, even as they outshine us.

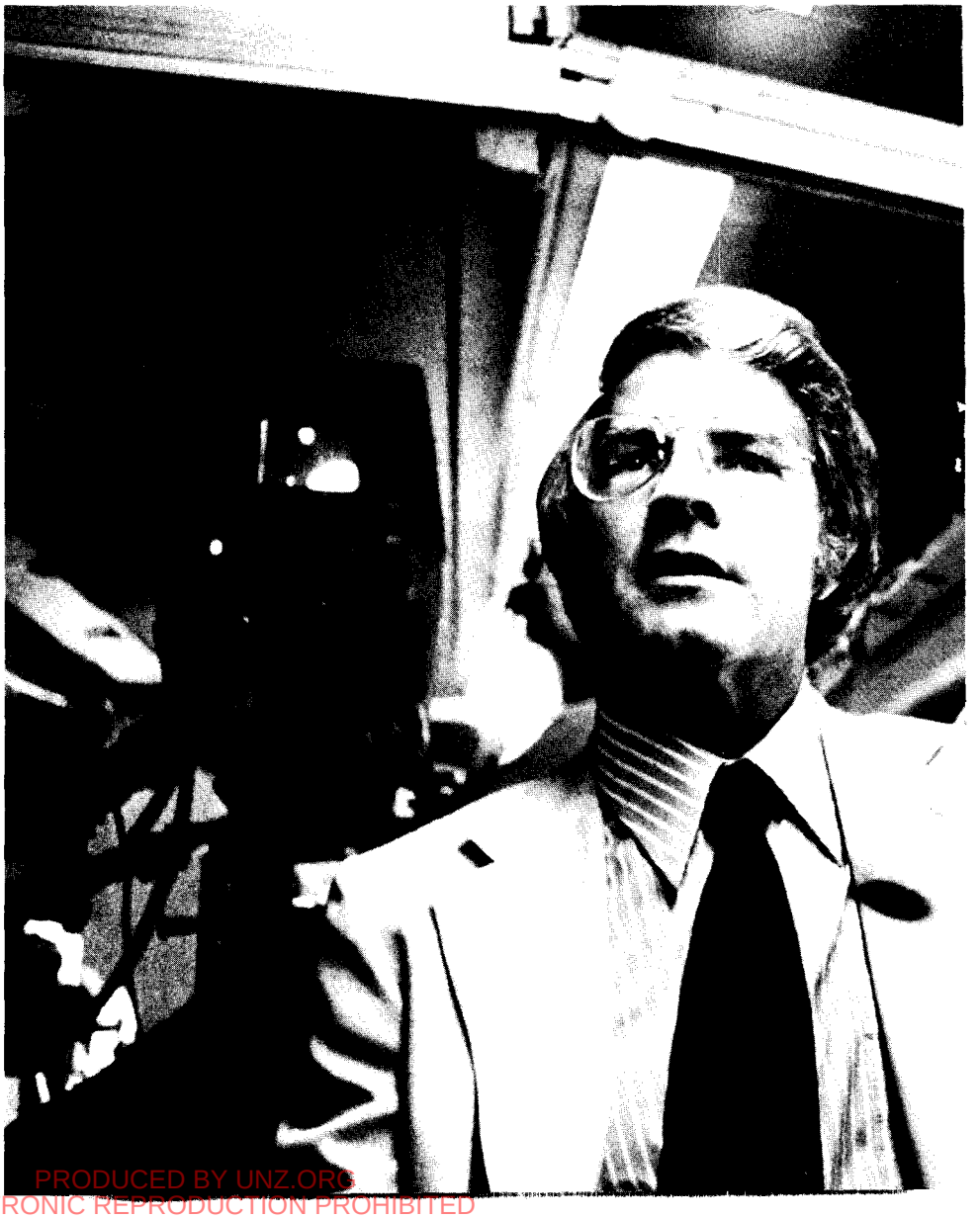
Frank Gifford has style. And what's more, he doesn't even know it, which only adds to his subtle clout.

Consider that he was for nearly a quarter of a century in the meat grinder of modern football (a physical ordeal which turns many athletes into case histories in violence), and then followed this up by breaking all the rules which decree that no athlete can make it in the gut-busting, dog-eat-dog, lacerating snakepit of big-time TV. Yet there is no use whatsoever in interviewing hundreds of people in an attempt to find something bad about Frank Gifford. After reading everything that's been written about him for over 25 years, I found the worst that's been said is that he has spent over a quarter of a century successfully playing the all-American nice guy.

Frank has established a public image of such incredible acceptance, without appearing even to try, that it can be baffling. For example, according to Hal DeBona, the advertising director of the Palm Beach clothes for men, the company did a market research survey in 50 cities, checking out 750 men in each locality about their reaction to celebrities like Robert Redford, O. J. Simpson, Alan Alda, Bruce Jenner, and the like. Nice guys all. "But Gifford scored among the highest with men of all ages and lifestyles . . . .These men identify with Gifford, understand him, believe him."

Howard Cosell, he of the asp-like tongue and relentless bursts of machine-gun polysyllables, if anybody could, might be the man to cut up Gifford. But Horrific Howard merely smiles at the man he calls "Giff" and has dubbed him "Faultless Frank."

Don Meredith, the other man in this trio of disparate personalities which ABC-TV has cunningly contrived into the destroyer of everything put on the air by their competitors ("All in the Family" and even the marvelous Carol Burnett had to scurry to different time slots rather than face the amazing "Monday Night Football" TV phenoms), might reasonably be expected to hold back a little in his estimate of Frank Gifford. After all, Don is quite a leg-



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end in his own right as the former quarterback of the glamorous Dallas Cowboys and does up his own TV commercials to a T. But, says Don: "I'm proud of Frank, proud the way you'd be of a member of your family. I respect the success he's achieved as a sportscaster in the last 15 years, and I'm glad to see that he's happy in what he's doing, because I care about him and root for him. I love and respect Frank."

After all this, the writer looks forward to meeting Gifford, and to searching out what's going on here.

Gifford is in his office in the ASCAP Building on 63rd Street and Broadway, and even in this crossroads of celebrities he passes the Big Test—you don't need to look for his name on the building directory, just ask the uniformed starter by the blinking buttons where to find Frank. Even in this skyscraper teeming with the famous, the starter snaps out Frank's whereabouts immediately.

Frank has a corner office, two sides all-glass. If you crane your neck and look east, you can see Central Park greenery; west, Lincoln Center; south, a panorama of Columbus Circle, which a panorama of an excavation directly across the street suggests will soon vanish.

He is on the phone when I arrive, and motions me in with a look. The office is modest, but well appointed: TV set mounted high on a shelf for easy viewing from his desk, solid library of sports reference books. His secretary's desk (sans secretary) is in the same office. He tunes down some "working music" he has been listening to over a radio by his desk, the soft easy stuff from a Patterson, New Jersey, station which romantically-inclined Manhattanites listen to in preference to the local brass. Close to Gifford's desk is a small photo of Bobby Kennedy, displayed in a sterling silver frame awarded Frank by Ethel Kennedy for reaching the quarter finals in a recent Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament. Dominating the room is a large print, the gift of David Marr, the famous golfer, depicting a rogue elephant, standing solitary

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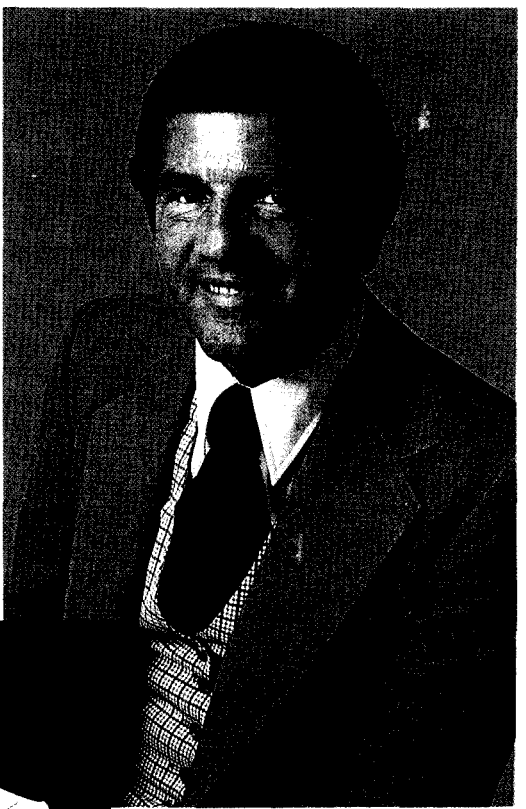

(Above) Frank the fashion plate. Pipe the tattersall vest, will you? He gets a lot of off-sports exposure (and a pretty penny) doing TV commercials, and was voted in 1976 to the Best Dressed Hall of Fame.

(Above) The trio that has made "Monday Night Football" the rage of the nation with 40 million viewers. (Left) Frank's job is to follow the progress of the game as only a former All-America All-Pro can.

(Right) Frank chats with Don Shula, coach of the Miami Dolphins—two of the most popular men on the football scene.

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FEAR

Fear is normal. It is both a stimulant and a protector. But for 18 million Americans fear becomes an inexplicable, sometimes crippling, impairment—phobia.

by Fraser Kent

When Jack S. was active in Brooklyn politics, he carefully concealed a phobia that might have interfered with his run for Congress: a fear of newspapers, and especially of damp newsprint. A street littered with torn, wet newspapers after a rainstorm could trigger an anxiety attack.

This is a fear that could make it hard for a politician to keep up with popular issues during a campaign, and to learn what his opponents were doing and saying publicly. Jack carefully worked out a system by which associates and employees summarized reports on the political scene because he "didn't have time to wade through the papers every day."

"Ever since I can remember, I've been afraid to touch or be touched by a newspaper, or even to handle a newspaper clipping," he said. "And the sight of wet paper, or the idea of coming into contact with wet newsprint makes me nauseous. Sometimes people tap me with a paper and I just about faint. Or they'll thrust a newspaper into my hands, and I drop it as fast as I possibly can."

Jack had to avoid subways, where other people's newspapers might brush against him. He would cross the street to avoid a newsstand or even a bundle of papers left at the curbside. His fear did not extend to magazines or books, nor to paper towels that resemble newsprint paper.

"The paper delivered to our home used to be rolled up in a rubber band," he said. "I learned how to clip it and let the paper fall open on the floor. Then I'd stand over it and read it, turning the pages with a yardstick. By now I've reached the point where I can kneel down to read the paper, though I still touch it with only one or two fingers."

Jack's phobia is rare and belongs to the least common category: the fear of specific objects. That list is, however, almost endless because almost anything can become the focus of a "thing" phobia.

Animals, birds, and insects are the most commonly feared things, but hundreds of people fear a variety of inanimate objects. Most are one-of-a-kind phobias, although a few have been reported often enough to justify an entry in the standard dictionary of lists. Among them: blood, certain colors, dead bodies, drugs, fire, fireworks, fish, germs, mirrors (broken or intact), musical instruments, nude bodies, certain numbers (especially 13, the fear of which is "triskaidekaphobia"), various odors, open doors or windows, taxis, telephones, television sets, typewriters and teletype machines, thunder and lightning, deep water, and potentially dangerous weapons.

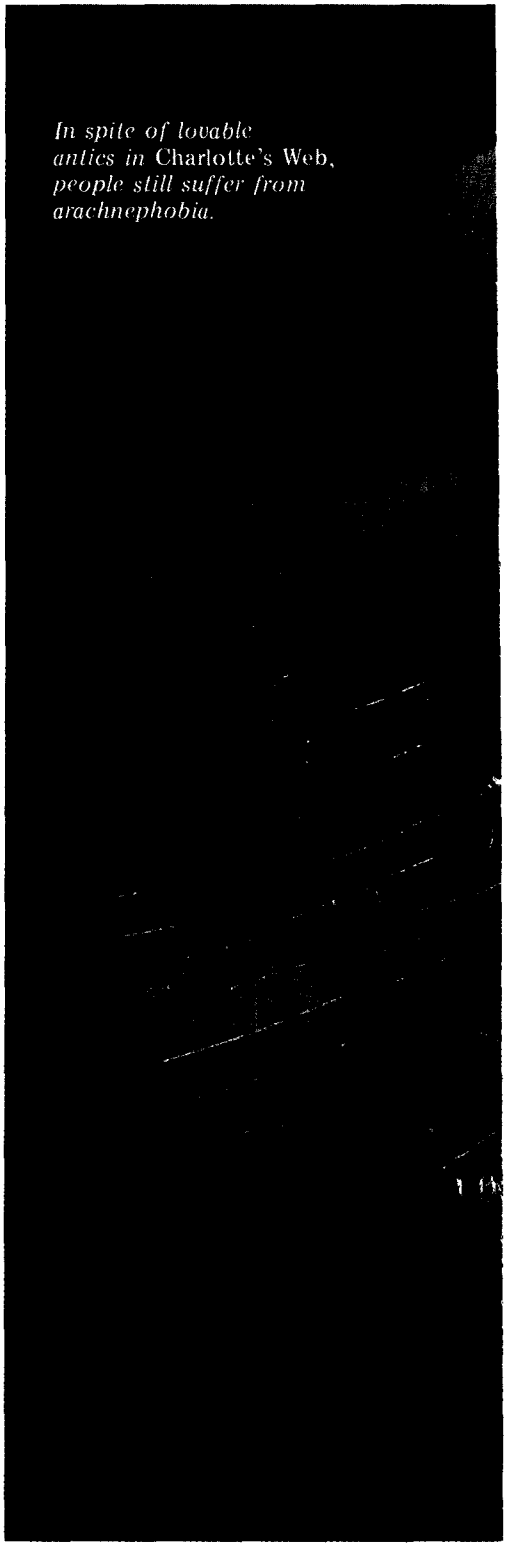
Then there is a fear of noises such as bells, explosions, music (usually of one specific kind), sirens, and vacuum cleaners. The latter two may have a physical basis because many animals are clearly distressed by the same sounds.

And, apart from the animal phobias, there is the fear of certain people such as policemen, teachers and other "authority figures," clergymen, dentists, and physicians.

Many of these are things that *most* people dislike or feel uncomfortable with: dead bodies, for instance, or exposure to bacterial infection. But how many nonphobics avoid the sight of purple lights and purple objects? How many feel faint when they see somebody's nose bleed? Or when they smell incense? Or see a curtain blowing in the breeze? Or hear music played on an organ?

There are a few things that thing-phobics have in common:

- The fear is usually limited to one stimulus and is not often associated with other emotional disorders. A person who is afraid of one color will not be affected by other colors, and will probably show no signs of general anxiety or depression.



In spite of lovable antics in Charlotte's Web, *people still suffer from arachnephobia.*

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- When there *are* several phobic stimuli, there is often some connecting link, though it may be obscure or hidden. In some cases the fear has radiated from its original source to another. The fear of church bells spreads to the fear of any bells and then maybe to the ringing of a telephone. More often, though, it seems that a new phobic stimulus tends to dampen or extinguish the former one.
- It is usually difficult for the thing-phobic to explain what will happen during an encounter with the particular stimulus, unlike the situation-phobic who "knows" he or she will faint, vomit, or have a heart attack. Jack knows a newspaper can't hurt him, but he still can't control a fear he himself describes as "irrational."
- These phobias are the most easily tolerated, and relatively few people who fear one specific thing will seek treatment. It is rare, for example, for a person's life to be so seriously interrupted by the fear of the rotating reflector balls found in dance halls that he or she will go to a therapist.

It appears that when the phobic stimulus is a common one (the smell of onions, for instance) the fear is most easily managed. This is probably a result of dampening, in which frequent harmless encounters reduce the phobic reaction.

- Because the phobias are "simple" and limited, they are more easily treated than are the "complex" and generalized fears of social situations, even though the thing-phobia has usually been around for years by the time a person reaches therapy.

An exception would be the fear of things that cannot be avoided, such as the fear of thunderstorms. There are more than 2,000 such storms reported on earth at any given moment, and the phobic can neither escape nor live with such a stimulus, so there is, as a result, a fairly high state of general anxiety that can be difficult to treat.

Since there is seldom any such anxiety with other types of thing-phobia, some specialists believe there is less chance of recurrence following successful treatment than in the case of agoraphobics.

Of the animal phobias, the most common fears involve snakes, worms, rats and mice, birds and feathers, bees and wasps, cats, and dogs. I've also encountered people who feared bats (including a woman who had never seen a bat, except in a movie), butterflies and caterpillars, frogs and fish.

Again, *many* people feel squeamish when handling even a small snake and will duck when they see a wasp. But few will turn pale at the sight of a single feather, or consciously avoid goldfish bowls, or feel too faint to swat a bee or chase a mouse.

Animal phobias generally start before a child enters school, and

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THE FOUNDER

Amos Luquer's double-duty coffins boxed the market and put the competition to rest.

by Robert T. Dodd

Illustrated by Tom Armstrong

American universities lost touch with their roots during the turbulent Sixties. Traditions—frosh caps, hazing, Flirtation Walk—vanished along with curfews and the English requirement. Where the Good Old Days survived at all, it was in the memories of the few alumni who returned to the campus each spring to compare bald spots and brag about their grandchildren.

State University was no exception. By the time Mr. Nixon gave up Vietnam as a bad job, not one freshman in ten could identify the bronze statue on the steps of Old Main—the gaunt, stooped figure which glares solemnly toward the lake. Few knew the story of the cane which he holds in his right hand, fewer the legend that the statue leaves its pedestal at night to pick up coins dropped on the Quadrangle during the day. Amos Luquer, the founder of State University, had become a stranger to his own campus.

Now that peace has returned to State, it is appropriate to introduce Luquer to a new generation of students. I am grateful to Professor Maurice Cardinale, the University's Historian, for permission to publish the material presented below, much of which is drawn from his recent book, *Affairs of State* (New York, Hazard Press, 1974).

Amos Andrew Luquer was born in 1825 in Judas, New York, a suburb of Albany. He was the fifteenth child and third son of Ezra and Mehitabel Fourchaime Luquer; the descendant, on both sides, of sturdy French peasants. His father was a casket maker, a trade which had been in the Luquer family since the Middle Ages.

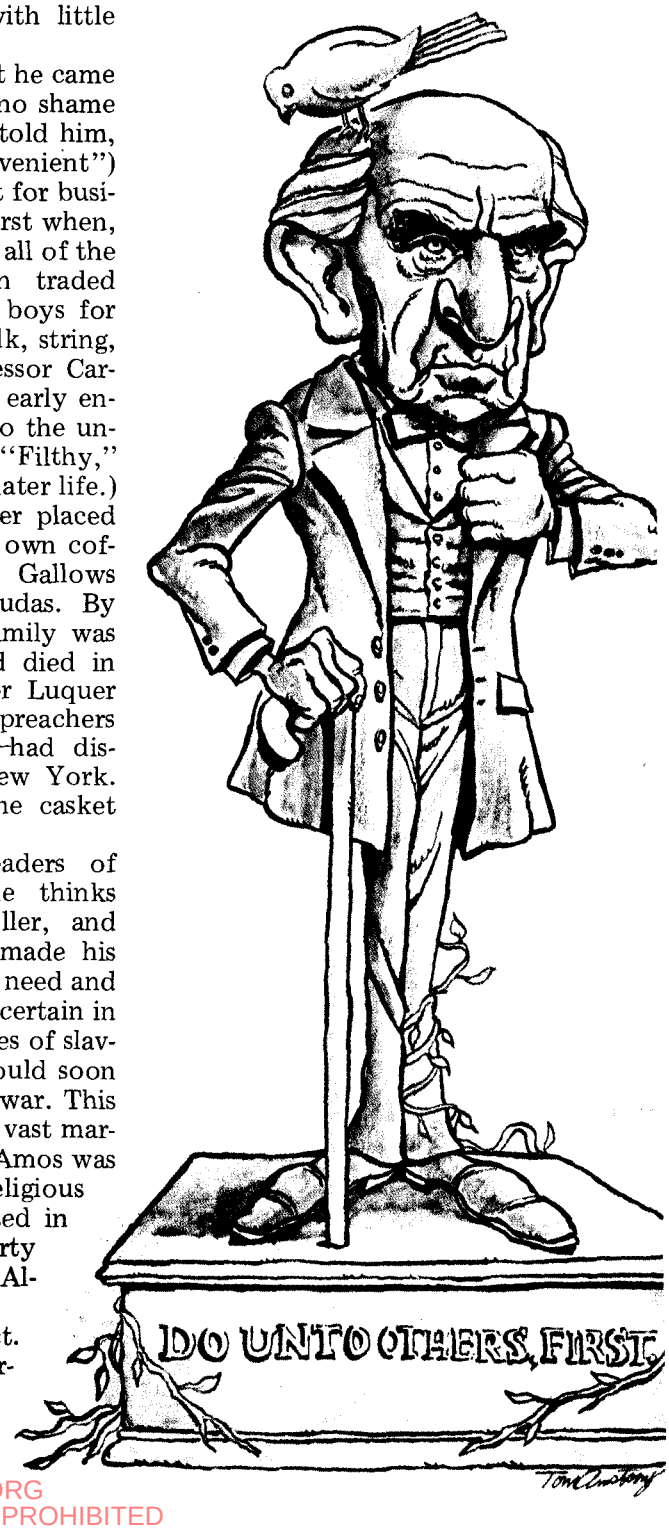
Life was hard for the Luquers. Though Ezra was industrious, Judas was a tiny village and its residents tended to long life. There was always food on the table, but that table was so small that the children had to eat in shifts with the youngest eating last. Amos developed a hatred for heels of bread which remained with him throughout his life. He also recalled sleeping in an old iron washtub in a room which held 11 of his siblings, and wearing a homespun nightshirt whose scratchy patches testified to 14 previous owners. It is not surprising that Amos learned early to make do with little rest.

Nor is it surprising that he came to abhor poverty ("It's no shame to be poor," his father told him, "but it's damned inconvenient") and developed an instinct for business. This showed itself first when, at the age of 12, he won all of the marbles in Judas, then traded them back to the other boys for such useful items as chalk, string, and raccoon tails. (Professor Cardinale suggests that this early entry into commerce led to the unfortunate nickname "Filthy," which haunted Amos in later life.)

In 1858, Amos Luquer placed his father in one of his own coffins and buried him on Gallows Hill, just outside of Judas. By now, the rest of the family was gone. Mother Hetty had died in childbirth, and the other Luquer children—two Baptist preachers and twelve housewives—had dispersed across eastern New York. The small house and the casket business fell to Amos.

Like most other leaders of American industry (one thinks here of Ford, Rockefeller, and Hefner), Amos Luquer made his fortune by anticipating a need and meeting it. It was all but certain in 1858 that the bitter issues of slavery and states' rights would soon drive the nation to civil war. This in turn would produce a vast market for caskets. Though Amos was opposed to war on religious grounds, he was interested in money. He sold his property in Judas and moved to Albany to set up a new shop.

His timing was perfect. An influenza epidemic during the winter of 1858-59 gave the Hudson and Mohawk Cas-



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ket Company the start which it needed, and Luquer's imaginative marketing—two-place coffins for close relatives; a layaway plan which was the first in the American funeral industry—quickly drove his competitors from the field. By the time war broke out, Amos employed 200 men and H. and M. dominated the casket field from Lake Champlain to Brooklyn. His motto, "Do unto others as they would do unto you, but do it first," was the watchword for businessmen in the Hudson Valley.

But Luquer's vision reached beyond caskets. Soldiers also needed weapons, and he reasoned that a man who sold both coffins and guns to the government could, as the Bible puts it, "use one hand to wash the other." (Though this quotation suggests a dark motive, it is clear that Luquer's motivation was patriotic: He fitted each military coffin with a small, inlaid American flag at no extra cost to the government.)

There was a small gun concern, the Troy Arms Company, in Albany. Amos approached its owner, elderly Silas Delmar, and was surprised when the old man rejected his offer without the courtesy of discussion. Delmar made it plain that he viewed the coarse, unschooled casket magnate as an upstart and a war profiteer. This, Luquer's first taste of prejudice against new money, sharpened his determination to acquire Troy Arms.

Amos cast around for a way to win Delmar's favor and soon found one. Amity, the youngest of the old man's three daughters, was unmarried and, at 45, unlikely to get over that condition without help. She was not unattractive—a bit dowdy, perhaps, and short of limb—but she had a cast in one eye and a laugh which hinted at instability. These things had kept potential suitors at bay. They repelled Amos too, but he needed Troy Gun for his patriotic mission and was prepared to sacrifice much to get it.

He planned his suit carefully. When he was at lunch in the Albany Commercial Travelers' Club, he let it slip that Miss Delmar's tinkly laughter engaged his fancy. He marveled that a lady of such obvious wit and charm was still unattached. When word of these remarks reached Delmar, the old man recognized them for what they were and laughed at Amos' crude attempt at subtlety.

He didn't laugh when he read in the Albany *Free Press* a few days later that "Mr. Amos A. Luquer, a local industrialist and prominent member of the Commercial Travelers' Club [had] delivered a sound thrashing to Mr. Jeb Willey, also of this city. At issue, according to witnesses, were remarks which Mr. Willey had made concerning a lady of Mr. Luquer's acquaintance." On inquiring about the incident, Delmar learned that it was Amity for whom Amos had swung his cane. Perhaps he had misjudged the young man's intentions.

When Amos paid a second visit to the Delmar mansion, he was received warmly. Old Delmar took pains that Amos had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Amity. For the first time in many years, the old swing on the veranda was active every night. Neighbors, hearing its rhythmic squeaks punctuated by Amity's manic laughter and Luquer's deep chuckle, knew that Silas Delmar had at last found a match for his daughter.

Amos Luquer and Amity Delmar were married in Albany's First Methodist Church six months later. Though it was in no sense a love match, their marriage endured for 20 years until the insanity which Amity's laugh threatened was realized. All considered, it was a good union. That of Hudson and Mohawk Casket and Troy Gun, which were united in a civil ceremony a few days later, was even better.

Luquer's fortunes rose dramatically during the Civil War. He freed most of the casket and gun makers of the Northeast from their previous employers and brought them under the cloak of Luquer Enterprises. Seeing yet another opportunity to serve his country, he bought out the largest distillery in Albany and was soon providing most of the medicinal spirits used by the Union Army. This contribution to the comfort of sick and dying men earned Amos a letter of thanks from Ulysses S. Grant, which is preserved in State University's Library.

Inevitably, Luquer's patriotism and success thrust him into politics. He ran for the New York State Assembly in 1864 and won on the strength of a forthright stand against expensive and wrong-headed programs of public welfare. ("The noble struggle of the hardy poor is the mainspring of free enterprise," he told an audience in Schenectady. "Let us deny no man the chance to work his way up.") He served in the Assembly until 1872 and retired only when the mounting cost of elections persuaded him that the job should pass to other hands.

It is safe to say that Amos Luquer was one of the most respected figures in the State of New York when, in 1875, he left Albany and returned to Judas. Wealthy, famous, and influential, he now turned his vast talents to philanthropy. He rebuilt the Judas Baptist Church, purchased and restored the old casket shop as a monument to his father, and became the principal supporter of Judas Free Hospital, a home for the distressed and bewildered.

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Reverent State students gaze raptly at Amos A. Luquer, entrepreneur, innovator of funeral layaway plan, and friend of birds.

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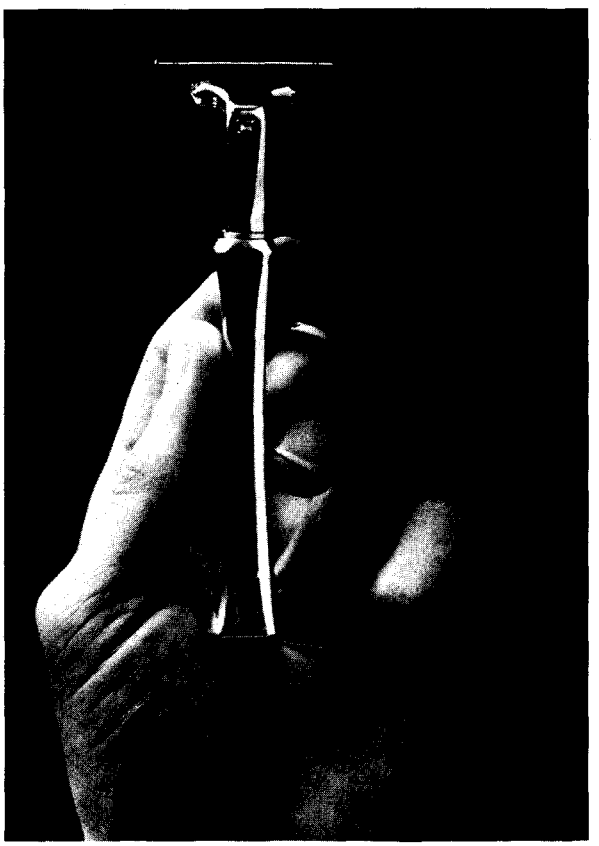

A silver razor, engraved with the owner's initials, is a splurge gift that's practical, too. More expensive is a tour through the Land of Lincoln with a Lincoln look-alike as guide. Besides learning about America's 16th president, recipients of the gift receive a replica of a deed to one inch of land on Lincoln's farm.

GIFTS OF THE CENTURY

When only the best will do, America's merchandise wizards suggest: Promise her anything, but give her a windmill, camel, amusement park. . . .

by Whitney Charles

The flying saucer may never replace a Chevy wagon for shuttling the nursery school set across town, but as a Christmas gift for the little woman who has everything, even Scrooge would admit, it has style.

Many of the nation's most elegant stores have found that by surprising their customers with a few outlandish baubles in their annual gift catalogs, they surprise themselves as well. The baubles actually sell.

"What amazes me is the reaction to our 'ultimate gifts,' " says Harry M. Kuper, assistant to the president of Sakowitz department store in Houston. "People really buy them. Last year we offered the Discojet ($687,500), an actual flying saucer with room for two passengers, and it sold. Another 'ultimate gift' was an opportunity to appear in an MGM movie. The studio planned on giving only bit parts, but as it turned out they discovered one gift recipient really could act, and they cast him in *Network*."

The price tag on the film role was $2,500, a bargain in comparison with the cost of other extravagant items advertised each year by some of the country's most unique shops. Marshall Field may have said it best when he observed, "Give the lady what she wants." However, determining exactly what will ring a customer's bells during any given Christmas season is a challenge faced annually by merchandisers specially trained to sense new trends before they are recognized and mass-produced for the nation's marketplaces.

"We're not so interested in trends as in the store's image," claims H. Keith Nix, spokesman for Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. "We concentrate on unique service rather than any fad that gets started. We go out of the way just to find the very thing a customer wants, whether it's a stunning piece of jewelry, a particular garment, or a foreign artifact."

Last year's quest for the unusual took Neiman-Marcus buyers to Russia, where they selected furs for a breathtaking $135,000 full-length lynx coat. Originally earmarked for the store's famous Christmas catalog, the coat was sold before the book was off the press.

Such globe-trotting tactics are not unusual for shops which have built their reputations upon the pledge literally to go to the ends of the earth in order to offer their clientele the best of everything.

"We shop the marketplaces of the world as purchasing agent for our customer," claims Lynn Sokler of Rich's in Atlanta, Georgia. As a full-line depart-

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ment store, Rich's stocks merchandise geared to the budget buyer and the luxury connoisseur. Translated into inventory shoptalk, this means a display of kitchen gadgets is only an escalator-hop away from a Chinese porcelain garden seat, circa 1850, which retails for $1,250.

"We research every spot on the globe for new gift items and fashion trends," says Kuper of Sakowitz. "We watch very carefully as the trend develops and then we 'edit' it, and bring it to the customers. It's a 24-hour effort to keep up on all the fashions."

The line of merchandise emerging from this editing process runs the gamut from a reproduction of a Kleenex box containing an ample supply of cotton handkerchiefs ($10), to a do-it-yourself helicopter kit ($13,500), to an amusement park built to the buyer's specifications ($2 million per acre). A complete selection of intangible gifts are available to the customer who wishes to purchase an "experience." These include the opportunity to watch the centerfold photographer for *Playboy* at work, skate with a pro hockey team, ghost coach the Houston Rockets, cruise the West Indies with George Plimpton, or be serenaded at home by Doc Severinsen and his orchestra.

In choosing these unique wares, store buyers must know both the supply and demand. Customers' tastes vary according to age, background, and, of course, locale. The Discojet that sends Texas spenders into orbit may meet the fate of a lead balloon in the corn belt.

"This is the Midwest, not New York," says a spokesman for the Marshall Field store in Chicago. "Customers tend to be more conservative. We go with the trends rather than set them. Our buyers have to be up on what's new, but not to the extremes of New York and Paris."

But in the age of expansion, buyers for an urbane New York City store may also bear the burden of stocking the shelves and lining the racks of branch shops as well. Bonwit Teller, which soon will mark the 50th anniversary of its founding, has stretched from its humble Fifth Avenue beginnings all the way to Beverly Hills, with 11 branches along the way. Saks Fifth Avenue, which modestly bills itself as a store that specializes in the extraordinary and the highbrow, now claims over 30 "outposts" across the country. Selecting merchandise for these branches is not an exercise in geography, but in psychology. The Saks or Bonwit Teller shopper is determined not by state, but by state of mind.

"We see the Saks Fifth Avenue customer as an attractive person interested in fashion and aware of current trends—above all, a person with taste, knowledge of himself or herself, and an enormous sense of personal style," says Helen O'Hagan of the New York office.

A spokesman for Bonwit Teller echoes the sentiment: "A Bonwit customer is a person interested in two things—quality and fashion in every price range."

Adds a Neiman-Marcus representative, "We don't have a stereotyped customer. Ours are specialty stores rather than department stores, and we try to please the matron, the swinging single, and everyone in between."

If winters are getting colder, one way to keep snug is by wrapping up in coats of Russian lynx. Long and short versions were advertised last year for the lady who has everything and the gentleman who could afford anything. For the camper who travels in style, a solid gold hitchball is available for a mere $25,000.

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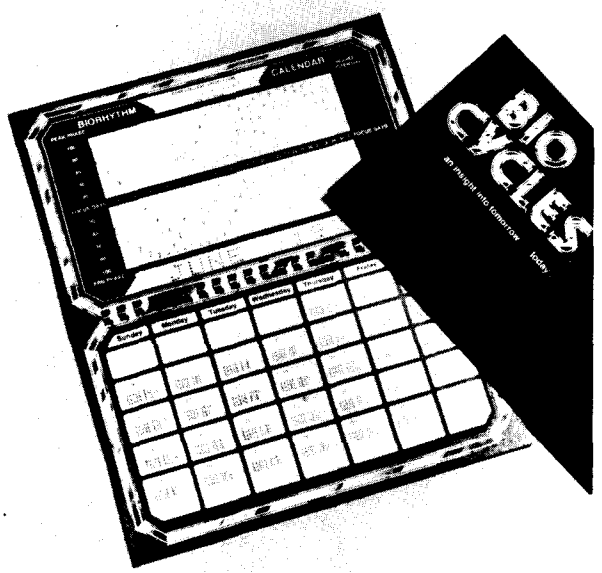
A symbol of quality and prestige is this 14-karat-gold charge card that is packaged in a small velvet pouch. For those who think such an exceptional item shouldn't be tucked away in a purse, a tiny version can be worn as a piece of jewelry. Also pocket-size is a biorhythm calendar to alert owner of peak and ebb days.



Pleasure comes in all types of packages, however, and many of America's plush merchandise outlets have found customers look to them for more than dry goods and sundries. During the 1920s, Saks launched a unique shopping service that met with instant success and set a pattern for the little "extras" which patrons have come to expect. The Executive Club was founded exclusively for harried businessmen who could not take the time to shop. Members, selected by invitation only, turned their annual gift lists over to the store with notations for special birthdays, anniversaries, and the like. The Club assumed full responsibility for reminding the gentleman of each date as it arrived, as well as doing the actual shopping.

In modern times, retailers have experimented with offering their clientele a Big Event. Last spring Bonwit Teller hosted a "Body Beautiful" health and physical fitness workshop. Revolving around a let's-shape-up-for-summer theme, sessions were scheduled in yoga, cuisine, dance, exercise, and cosmetics. Equally well received was Marshall Field's "Self Image Workshop." The all-day Saturday seminar completely sold out at $12.50 per person.

"One of the most successful promotions we've had is our 'October Festival,'" says a Sakowitz spokesman. "We watch fashion developments and try to decide what customers will want next season. That determines the theme of the festival. Last year we detected a Western trend, so we centered the festival on Western clothes, culture, art, and music. We converted the downtown store into a showplace, even closing down some of our highest volume departments to make room for exhibits. The schools shut down, and children swarmed the stores by the hundreds."

Similar in scope is the annual "Fortnight" which Neiman-Marcus introduced 22 years ago to boost the slack retailing period in October. The downtown Dallas store is turned into a foreign country just for the two-week period. Regular merchandise and all food service is changed to feature only specialties of the selected country.

Such happenings bolster the various stores' images within their communities. For customers living hundreds, or even thousands, of miles away from the crowded aisles, posh showrooms, salons, departments, and boutiques, the touch of elegance arrives by mail in the form of gift catalogs. By mixing fun, flair, and a bit of De Mille showmanship, the mail order wizards engage in a game of "Can you top this?" When shopping for a gift, for instance, the 14-karat-gold charge identification card ($400) from Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles is gorgeous, but what about the Buccillati sterling silver domino set ($800) from Pogue's in Cincinnati?

Decisions, decisions.

The problem of ferreting the perfect treasure for the couple who has everything was solved almost 20 years ago when Neiman-Marcus introduced its now famous his and her gifts. When cost is no object, shoppers are advised to promise them anything, but give them his and her Chinese junks, submarines, camels, mummy cases, dinosaur safaris, ermine bathrobes, buffalo calves, or a matched set of energy-saving windmills.

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CELEBRITIES SHARE SHOPPING TIPS

No fussy red carpet treatment for these famous folks. They're looking for bargains too!

Edith Bunker's favorite shopping haunts may not include bookstores, but when she discards her gingham apron and becomes Jean Stapleton, she heads straight for Scribner's.

What are the shopping habits of celebrities? Do stars bypass sales, go directly to Park Avenue, collect merchandise, and forward all bills to their bankers? According to a recent *Post* poll, the answer is a resounding no. Thrift seems to be a character trait universally shared by the Beautiful People of Beverly Hills and the commonplace Bunkers of Queens.

"I hate shopping!" says Michael Learned of television's Walton family. She fantasizes about finding the "perfect" shop which would stock moderately priced clothes (all in her size), have a quiet, intimate atmosphere, and employ non-aggressive clerks. Until such a dream store surfaces, Learned is content to browse through well-supplied drugstores.

Her advice to holiday shoppers?

"Make a list and stick to it. And never, never go shopping anywhere on an empty stomach!"

An equally conservative attitude is shared by Dr. Earl Butz, former secretary of agriculture. Although an outspoken Republican, Butz admits to a penchant for peanuts and cannot walk past a peanut counter without indulging his habit—even if the nuts originated in Carter country. Otherwise, he is a confirmed window-shopper.

"I'd like to have a pocket-sized recorder with a taped message that says, 'You don't need it; you won't use it; don't get sucked in again.' "

Looks can be deceiving, and glamorous actress and world traveler Stephanie Powers claims she is most at home not in a couturier's salon, but in a hardware store or saddle shop. Clerks who peg her as a celebrity spender often are disappointed to learn she is a browser rather than a buyer. She likes to shop solo, preferably at "Samaritane" in Paris, a colorful marketplace which she describes as "one of the oldest department stores in Europe with an inventory that boggles the mind from basement to top floor."

Not so practical is razor-sharp critic Rex Reed, who cheerfully admits to losing his head periodically at Gump's in San Francisco, Bloomingdale's in New York, and any number of down-home, cracker-barrel-type stores in the hinterlands. Prior to any spree, he equips himself with checkbook, large shopping bag, and station wagon, just in case a country auction yields an oversized treasure. Favorite shopping companions include entertainer Kay Thompson, "who has a unique way of sniffing out the unusual," and Natalie Wood, "who knows exactly where to find everything."

Reed's celebrity status generally assures red carpet treatment from store personnel, although he recalls once being "sneered" at in a French fabric shop.

"But the French sneer at everybody," he jokes.

Among the more unique celebrity consumers is veteran advice-giver Ann Landers. When it comes to shop talk, however, Landers declines comment.

"I'm not your average shopper. I seldom go into a store. About 90 percent of everything I own has been purchased over the telephone after having seen the garment, shoes, bag, or whatever, in a window. My secretary phones, asks the price and size. If it's an eight, and not ridiculously expensive—I refuse to spend $2,000 for any dress, no matter how gorgeous—she tells the store to send it out. If it needs alterations I have a seamstress come to the house."

Not all shoppers can afford such luxury, and many prefer the more traditional approach. Speaking for both Edith Bunker and herself, Jean Stapleton claims she loves to browse at a snail's pace, and when indulging in a serious spree, she vants to be alone. Alone, that is, except for the companion no shopper would leave home without: a credit card. ☒

Earl Butz (left) is a confirmed window-shopper who can bypass all temptations except peanuts. Career girl Ann Landers (right) relies on the telephone for ordering necessary items.

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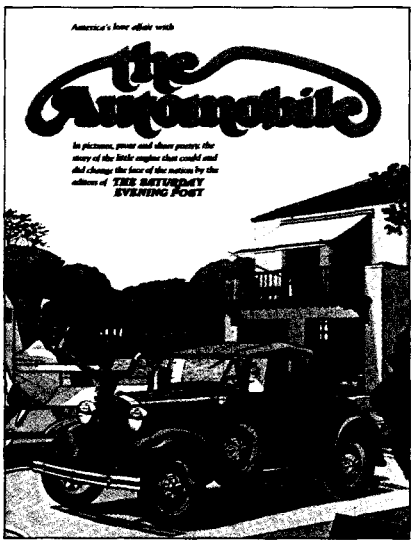

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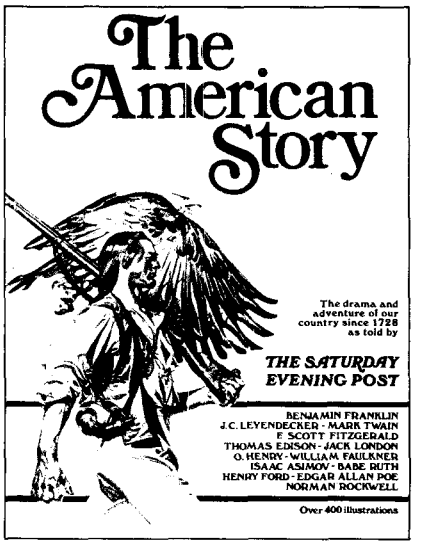
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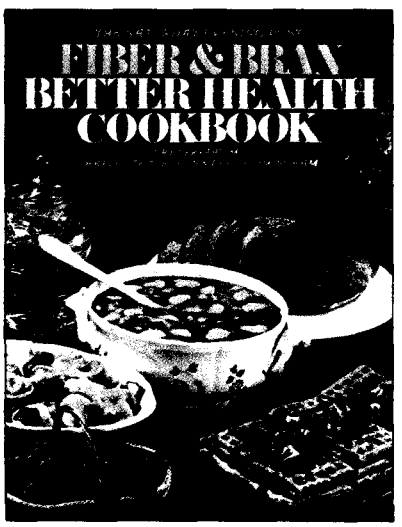

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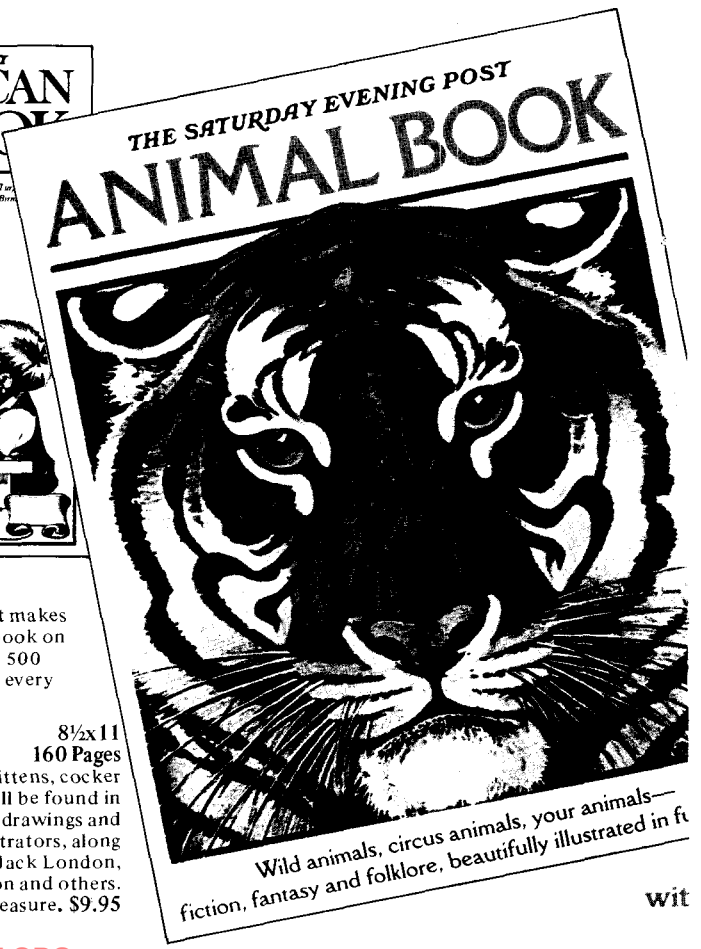
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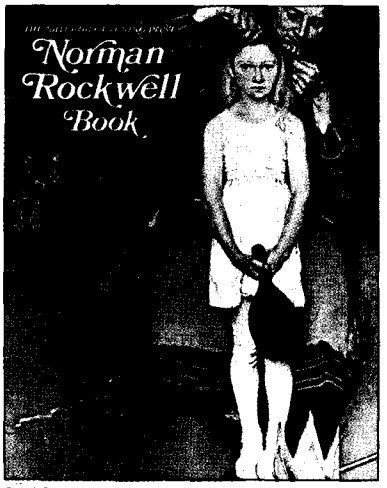

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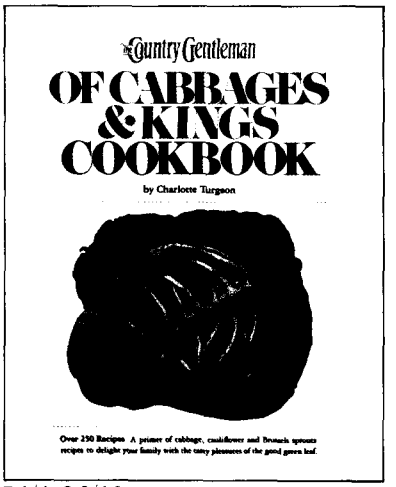

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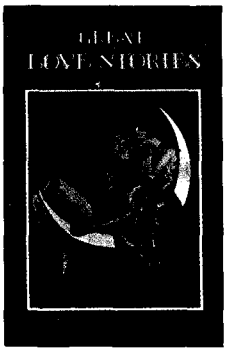

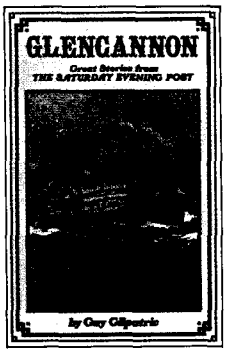

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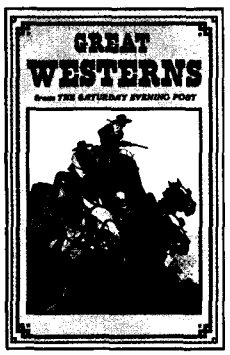

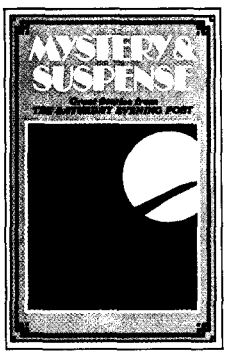

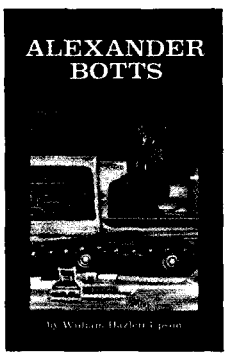

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HOOKED ON BLOOMIE'S

Bucking the Bloomingdale's backlash, a hard-core shopping addict tells how she supports her habit by frequenting the 100-year-old store that doesn't act like a grown-up.

by Lois Gould

Escalating high above the place elegante, charge plate posed, shopping bags akimbo, I could easily pass for just another Regular Account. Slow payer, maybe, but Regular. No one would spot me for a hard-core Bloomingdale's freak; the kind who, 20 minutes late for her own wedding, would only be halfway down the aisle of the Young East Sider department, rummaging frantically for something new, something blue.

Oh, I got away with it. My bridegroom was still waiting, having concluded naively that my cab had probably just coughed to death on the East River Drive. In those days there was no way to tell him—or anyone—that you had a Bloomingdale's problem. No decent man would have married you. The truth was that I'd been into heavy impulse-buying since the age of 14; that I had experimented with $50 stuff marked "Not Returnable"; that by the time I was 20 I had a $37-a-week job and a $100 Bloomingdale's habit, not counting Credits and Returns. But like premarital sex and incomplete dental work, Bloomingdale's was better left unmentioned until after the honeymoon.

I admit that mine is an extreme case, brought about, in part, by the fact that I seem constitutionally unfit to shop any place *but* Bloomingdale's. I stutter only in Saks Fifth Avenue whenever a saleslady asks me what size. It doesn't matter what size *what*. At the threshold of Bonwit Teller I begin to worry about the runs in my pantyhose.

At Bergdorf Goodman a registered White Russian tsarina thinly disguised as a sweater clerk will ask witheringly whether she can help me. She will smile kindly, indicating we both know it is far too late for that. If one has not arrived there fully kempt, if one was not in fact born fully kempt, then surely one cannot expect *Bergdorf* to start monkeying with fate.

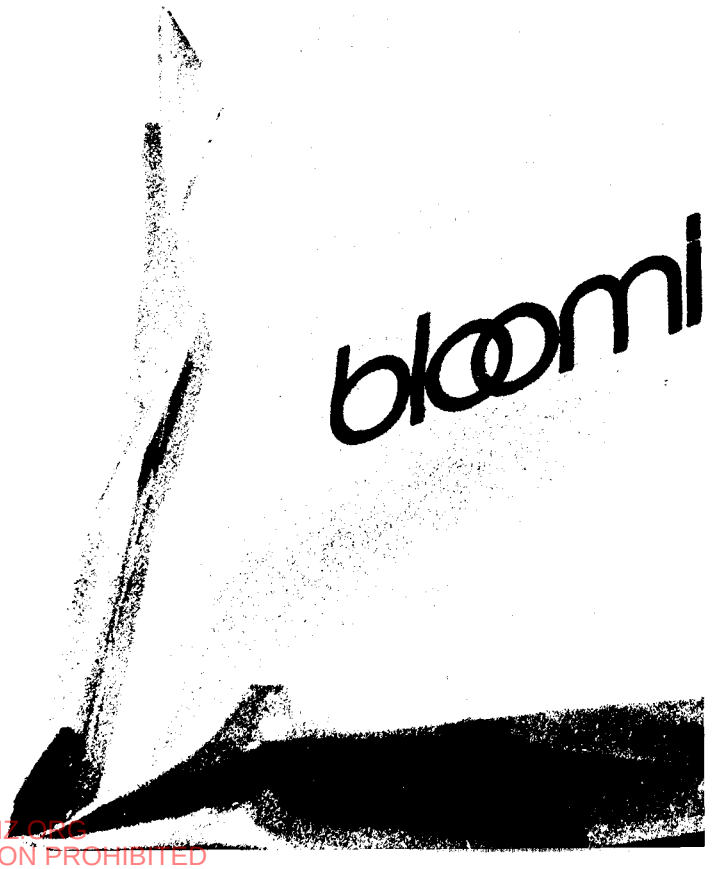
Which brings me, exhaling freely, back to Bloomingdale's. After all, where else but Bloomingdale's could Raquel Welch have bought a billowing caftan marked "One Size Fits All," send it back because, presumably, it didn't fit all of *her*, and have it credited at once, no comment whatsoever.

Where else would Gloria Steinem submit to having her mother co-sign her charge-account application—after being called a bad credit risk (single; free-lance writer; *feminist*)? No matter that Ms. Steinem was actually supporting her mother. Liberated does not yet mean you can get along without Bloomingdale's.

Where else, for that matter, could you find—in a single week—Antony Armstrong-Jones stocking up on no-iron sheets; Marietta Tree stripping in public to try on a sequined pants suit; Mrs. Jacob Javits clutching a bulging U.S. Senate folder and confessing that Bloomingdale's takes her a whole day to "do" now (she starts at the top and works down, like a tourist covering the Louvre); two small black schoolboys pounding hard-rock hell out of a $400 electronic organ—without anyone in a suit asking, "May I help you?"; nomadic tribes of fierce "singles"—all ages and sexual persuasions—sheepskin coats flung wide over silver-studded jeans, cruising the action-packed main floor for Saturday-night dates; and a pair of stringy-haired yippie-style evangelists shouting gleefully into the crowd, "Greedy! *Greedy!* GREEDY!"

You can hardly walk through the upper floors anymore without tripping over $1,000 worth of merchandise that seems to have been flung out on the floor in a petulant fit of overstock. Fat Turkish samovars and fatter Indian pillows. Old Chinese trunks filled to the bursting with new fur lap robes.

You could call it an embarrassment of riches, except that it's hard to be embarrassed by anything in Bloomingdale's anymore. Several weeks ago a couple of giant filthy-looking monsters suddenly appeared, glowering, near the fifth-floor escalator. They were marked $2,000, the pair. "Foo Dogs," explained the



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label around their big ugly necks. From Thailand. Foo indeed, I thought. And dogs for sure. I would have bet my current unpaid balance that Bloomingdale's would be stuck with those sweethearts, crouching there taking up 25 cubic feet of prime selling space apiece, not counting the wide berth people were giving them, for the rest of the fiscal year. Some smartypants new accessories buyer has taken his last Far East junket, I thought.

Well, somebody bought the damn things. Practically the next day they were sporting matching red foo dog tags that said SOLD. The moral, if there is one, must be that if Bloomingdale's has finally gone mad, it doesn't matter, because so have we all.

Almost daily on the third floor, the Halston boutique sells at least one $450 floor-length see-through silk hanky to a lady who tosses it over her head and calls it instant elegance. Future historians may call it instant decadence, but meanwhile, whatever it is, it's selling.

It seems that every time Bloomingdale's unveils a new set of model rooms, hordes of women having their apartments redecorated rush up to scrape the walls for color samples to take home and show their painters. How else can anyone in real life get a living room that matches Bloomingdale's?

And every Saturday afternoon, at the height of the storewide boy-meets-girl orgy, Bloomingdale's features an unadvertised "clearance" of cosmetics. Every counter displaying more than two shades of pink anything is besieged by a thundering herd of still-unclaimed girls counting heavily on free eye gloss or blushing gel to carry them through the last desperate hours before the store closes.

Somewhere on the main floor, just past the men's

ribbed turtlenecks, I saw a lonely bare-chested youth, holding his purebred wolfhounds at bay, awaiting Ms. Right. She would descend, he seemed sure, any minute now from gourmet cookware, carrying a single perfect omelet pan. Together they could leave Bloomingdale's, drop off the dogs, and take their rightful places in line outside Cinema 1. But first she had to stop at the Biba counter and slather two iridescent layers on her lids, and two more on her cheeks, and . . . .

Alas, there were 200 other Mses. Right already lined up ten deep at Biba, at Mary Quant, at Revlon, and even at Estee Lauder's Clinique, for the hyperallergic. It sure beats going to the powder room and using your own. But by the time our heroine got to the men's shop, wolfhound boy was gone. Ah, well, there's always next Saturday.

It was, again, a scene that could only happen at Bloomingdale's. As was the one I witnessed on a quiet Tuesday morning in the Fur Den. A plump red-haired woman, obviously torn between hip-length fox and ankle-length badger, finally turned to the saleswoman for an opinion. "Where did you plan to wear it, madam?" the saleswoman began, in approved saleswoman style. "Madam" promptly broke into giggles. "To bed, probably." Needless to say, the saleswoman broke into giggles back. Just try overhearing an exchange like that at Maximilian.

What it all signifies, I think, is that Bloomingdale's, at the ripe age of 100, may be the only store in the world that doesn't act like a grown-up. Which means that neither its customers, nor its remarkably bright and pleasant sales staff, feel that they have to act quite grown-up, either. It must mean something that when women in their 30s and 40s call each other up for lunch dates, they say, "Afterwards, let's go and play in Bloomingdale's."

When I was literally a child, growing up in New York, I didn't think Bloomingdale's was a real store. Going shopping in a real store was a very big deal which involved wearing your best clean underwear and being taken downtown, by your mother, in a taxi. You went to Lord & Taylor for a "good" coat, or to Saks for a party dress, or even to Best & Co. to stand in line in the Lilliputian Bazaar and talk to a Santa Claus in whom you never had the slightest confidence.

Whereas Bloomingdale's was only where the nurse had to stop and order "supplies" on the way home from your tap-dancing lesson. "Supplies" consisted of big oval cakes of soap, and Bloomingdale's Own Brand of toilet paper, and striped maid's uniforms and quilted mattress pads. You never saw ladies in fur coats on the escalator. Mothers occasionally telephoned Bloomingdale's about their supplies, or their bills, but as far as I knew, the only people who went there in person were other nurses dragging other children around Housewares or Linens, and somber elderly women, in Red Cross shoes with holes cut out for their bunions, buying House Dresses.

I knew the Notions department by heart before I was 10; that was where you went to match the buttons you lost off your "good" coat from Lord & Taylor. I knew the basement, too; that was where the

Continued on page 90

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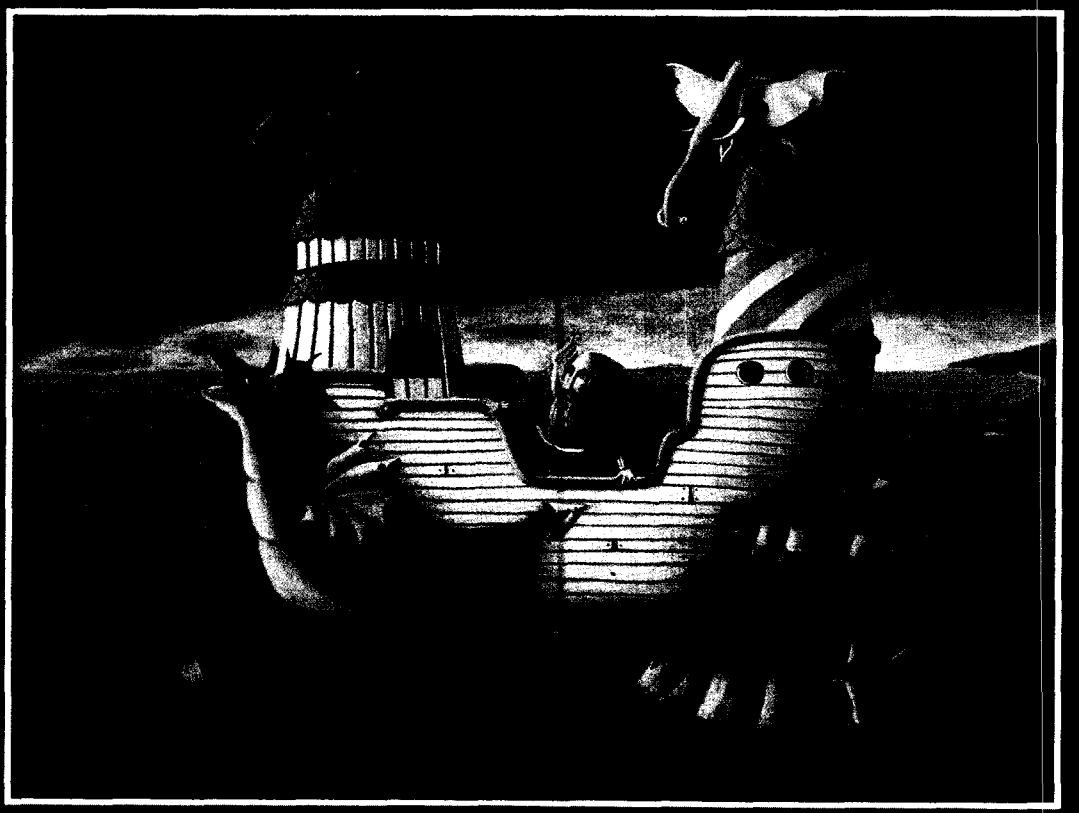
Noah's Art

The story of Noah and the Ark, the deluge, and God's covenant with man have stirred deep and poetic feelings in those gifted with the innocent eye. Their visions are exhibited at London's Portal Gallery with other British primitive, naive, and fantasist art.



Welshman Tony Steele-Morgan, with his gentle surrealistic work The Primitive Garden, *and modern Scottish naive fantasist Rosemary Fawcett, with* Flood Fantasy, *join others in opening windows on a world of enchanted imagery, retelling the legendary tale in individual ways.*

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The essential appeal of primitive work is its unpretentiousness—it is easy to understand and easy to take, but always retains a high degree of quality and craftsmanship. Irvine Peacock uses a precise technique for his surreal fantasies, such as his Antedeluvian Tarot.

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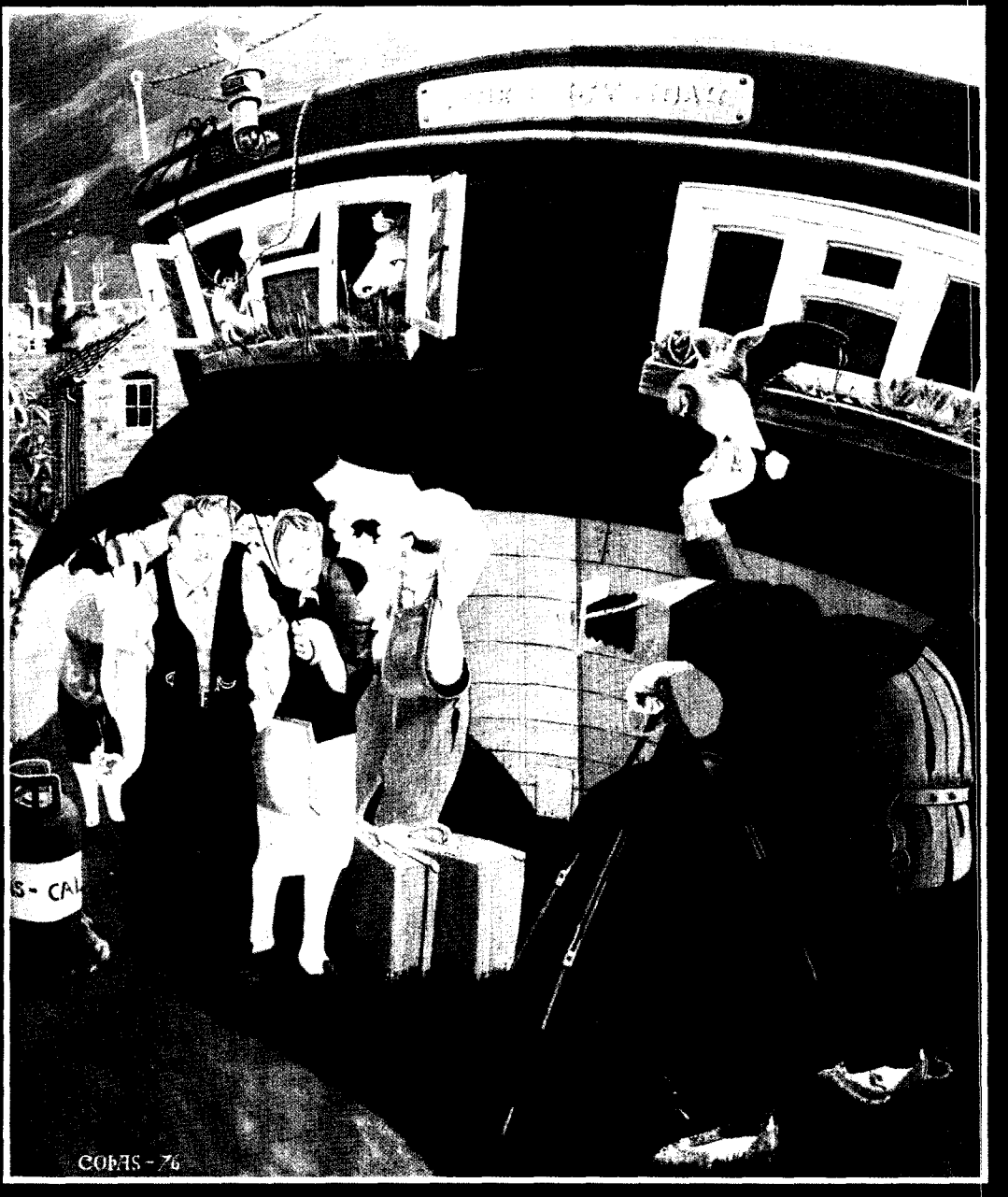
The men behind the visions: Eric Lister (right) and Lionel Levy admire the work of Beryl Cook, one of 42 artists showing primitive flood art.



The gallery is as unique as the artists it shows. Lister and Levy dislike formal appointments, preferring painters and public to visit them in a relaxed atmosphere of humor and goodwill. Here, All Aboard the Saucy Noah *by Ronald Copas, inspired by the work of Stanley Spencer.*

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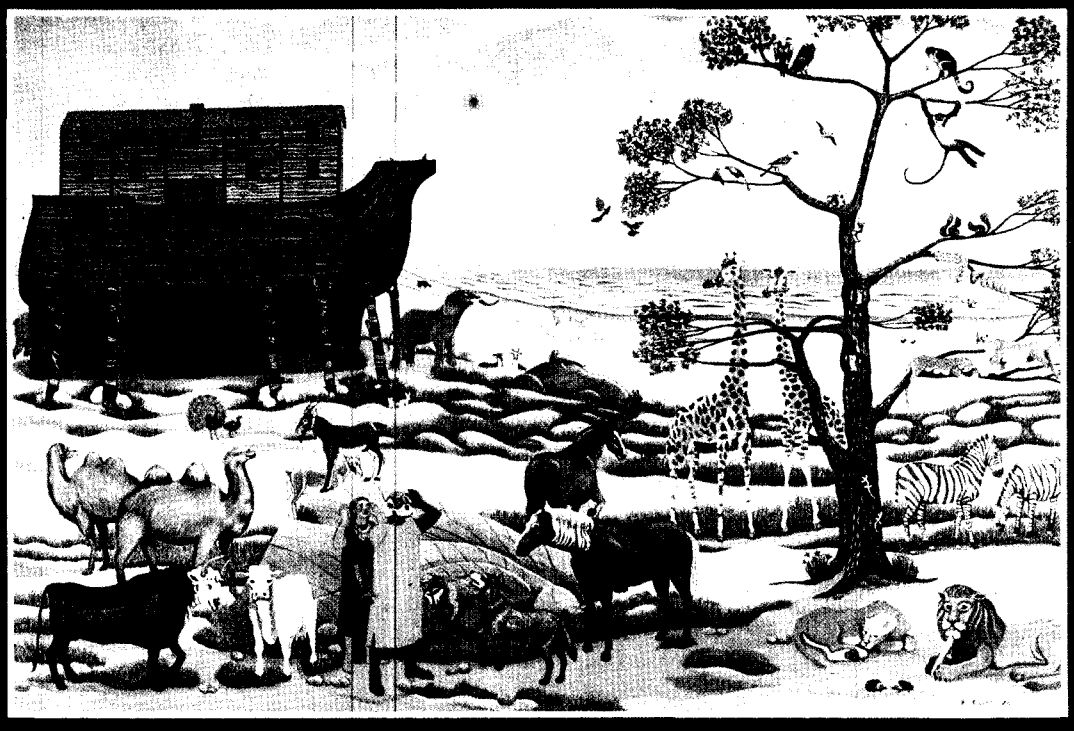

Before the Voyage *(Patricia Helo)* and Butterfly Paradise *(Patricia Neville). Choosing the name "Portal" to show their desire to provide an opening for unknown work, Levy and Lister have given a great and encouraging boost to this very special branch of the fine arts.*

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TASTEFULLY YOURS

Rules are made to be broken. By daring to be different, home decorators can fashion one-of-a-kind environments.

by Spiros Zakas with Margaret Miner

Photography by Arman Agresti and Peter Zakas

Everyone thinks he has good taste. In a discussion of bad taste present company is always excepted. Of course, people secretly worry about their taste. That's why they read fashion magazines and decorators' columns. The trouble is you have to have good taste to evaluate the advice you get.

Fortunately, taste can be learned—by exposure to beautiful places and things.

To develop a sense of good design spend more time at museums, with art books, and with the more serious design magazines, such as *Domus* (an Italian publication), *Interiors*, *Interior Design*, *Progressive Architecture*, *Architectural Digest*, and so on. Get to know the best that there is and was; in every period there have been progressive innovations in design that represent a better way to live. Get the feeling of different materials, colors, and lighting, of the flow of line in a piece of furniture, of different spatial proportions. Don't limit yourself to looking at lamps and chairs and your neighbors' houses. Look at paintings and sculpture and chateaux. Even if what you see is far beyond what you ever thought of or could afford for yourself, your experience can be reflected in your home. Even nonvisual arts can contribute by affecting the kind of person you are and the emotions you project into the space around you.

Travel should be one of the best ways to extend your experience and understanding. I have some friends who particularly enjoy traveling to countries very different from ours. In their home they have old maps from India, weapons from Rumania, embroidered silks from China, and porcelain from Japan. But when I travel, so often I see tourists buying, buying, buying at the souvenir stands in front of churches and museums. Such a waste of money. I wonder why they don't search out the unusual.

Visit as many different kinds of homes as possible. Color photos of nice, neat rooms are no substitute for stepping into the space of a home and getting the sense of living there. And don't be afraid of asking questions; most people are pleased that guests are interested in why a certain arrangement was made, how it has worked, and so forth.

Finally, keep your eyes open wherever you are—on the beach, in a bar, at the theater, in the park. New ideas for using colors, shapes, lights, materials develop from your total experience.

Good taste comes from curiosity, observation, and experience with good things. The more you see, the more you understand what's going on around you and within you, the more discriminating you become.

I've heard a thousand times, "Oh you can't define good taste or good design in a home," but it's not all that mysterious.

A home is in good taste when it is clearly and uniquely the home of those who live there and when being in it imparts pleasing and comfortable feelings.

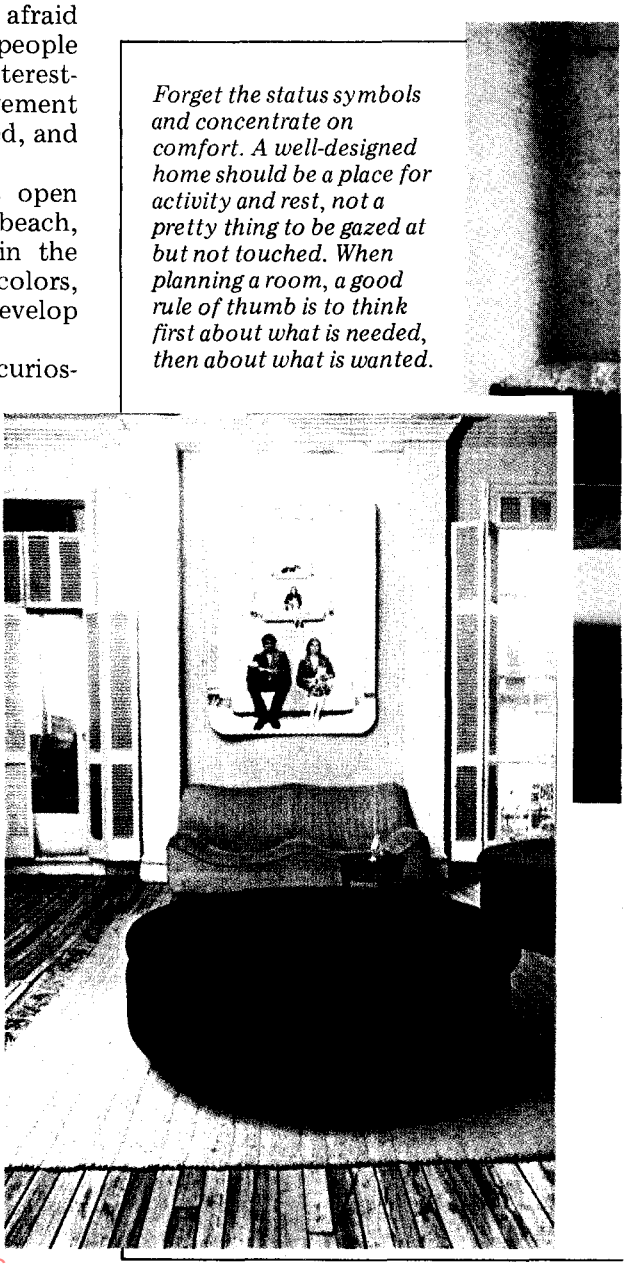
A well-designed home fulfills the functions of a home and isn't just decorated space. Your home should work for you.

A tasteful home isn't full of imitations and clichés; it isn't boring. Ideally, it's intriguing, surprising, clever, imaginative, fresh, and creative.

I can't think of any rule of taste that might not be broken with good results. For example, mixing strong, contrasting colors like red and black is usually considered too loud, but with the right balance of color and in an appropriate space it can be striking and pleasing. Or you might break a rule by working against the character of an interior instead of with it. Thus, I suggested to one client setting a row of small Christmas lights in the ceiling molding of her traditional, classically proportioned living room. The contrast created an exciting freshness the room needed.

Good taste is a conservative concept. It implies restraint and quietness, and rules out vulgarity

Forget the status symbols and concentrate on comfort. A well-designed home should be a place for activity and rest, not a pretty thing to be gazed at but not touched. When planning a room, a good rule of thumb is to think first about what is needed, then about what is wanted.



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and conspicuous extravagance. And it's true that in a home, which is to some degree a semi-public space, restraint is a virtue. It's comfortable and puts others at ease. But sometimes it's a banal virtue. It's the same with clothes: As much as I admire the timeless grace of a Chanel suit, sometimes I like women dressed like Cher.

Great art, humor, passion, fantasy—all break through the restraints of good taste and shouldn't be excluded from any home where they're wanted. There's even a place for vulgarity. A neon sign with your name on it isn't exactly tasteful, perhaps, but are you ever going to see your name in lights if you don't put it there yourself? Maybe it would be pushy to put the sign out on the front porch, but in a bedroom, why not?

Don't be oppressed by stuffy, uptight standards. Too many people are living in tense competitive worlds with all kinds of rules about what you buy, whom you're seen with, what image you project. They shouldn't do that.

Well-balanced people don't live in small worlds or even a small span of time. Their ideas include the past, the present, and even anticipations of the future. They aren't afraid to let themselves be seen and felt, and in a home it's all-important to feel the presence of people. Good taste goes beyond esthetics, for it also means creating an environment in which you and your guests can be relaxed and in communication. ☒

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Minimum care is required to keep this family eating area shiny and bright. Personal touches include the mounted hobby case, antique high chair, and potted plants.

Beginning with the basics, a sparse grouping of furniture is arranged against the backdrop of large, sunny windows. With the simple addition of several lush and exotic plants, the room takes on an aura of colorful fullness. Since the harsh lines of the windows are softened by the hanging greenery, the purchase of costly curtains can be tabled indefinitely or until the budget permits.

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FOOTBALL WITH A DIFFERENCE

Deep in the heart of you-know-where the mighty Aggies march to their own tune, in uniforms "only a World War could love."

Nat B. Read, Jr.

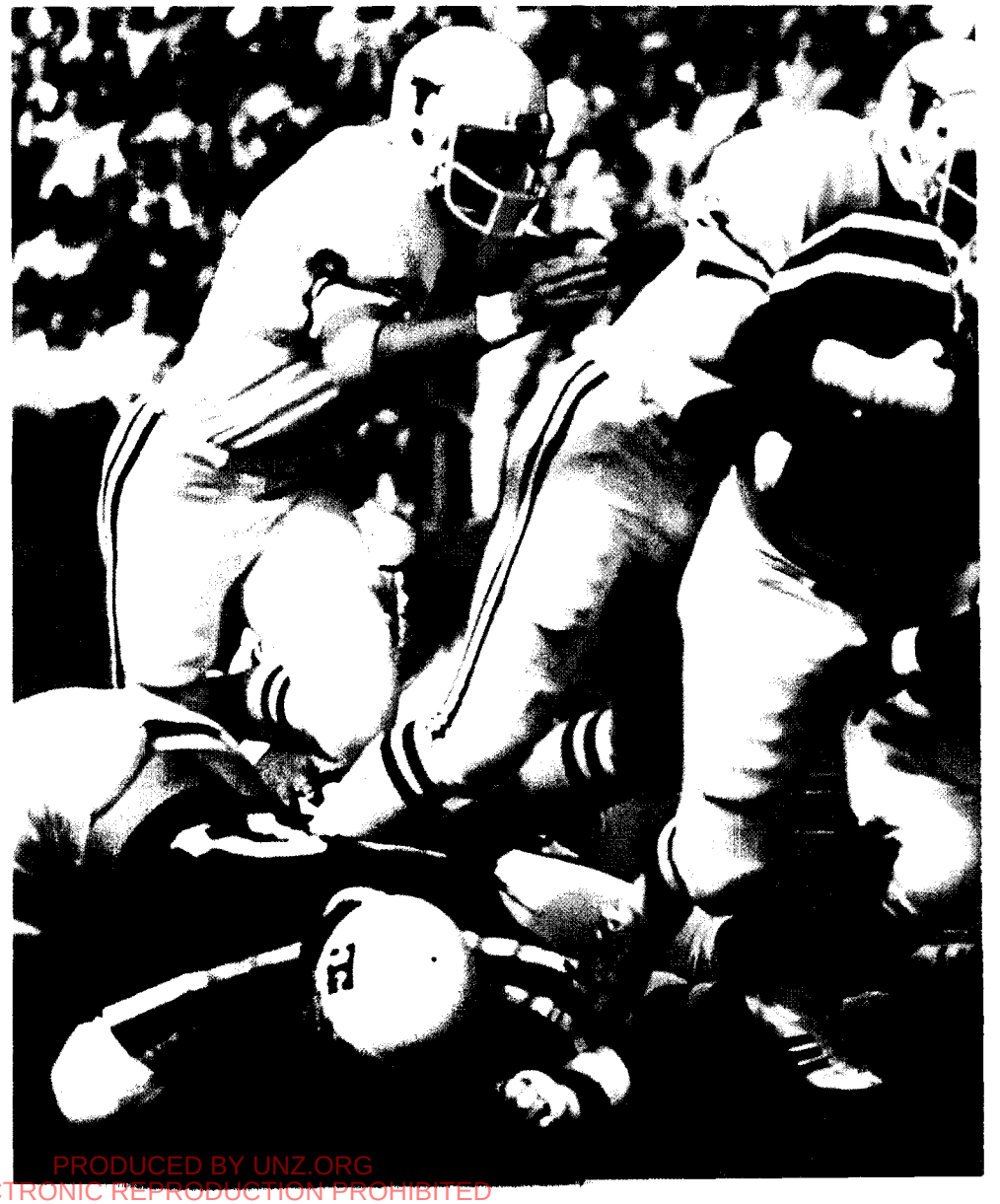
Football mania is gripping campuses large and small at this time of the year. On campus after campus after campus, pom-pom girls are practicing their bumps and smiles, majorettes are re-inventing perpetual motion, and cheerleaders are warming up with "Push 'em back, push 'em back, waaaaaay back!" College towns are donning school colors, and bright-colored band uniforms are coming back from the cleaners.

Among major football powers there's one school where none of that is happening. It's a school that proves Darwin's theory: If you isolate a species far enough from the rest of its kind, it will evolve differently, in its own unique form. Texas A & M is different. It always was. It grew up alone, out in the middle of a whole bunch of Texas nowhere. And man, is it unique!

Texas Agricultural and Mechanical University, TAMU, or Texas A & M is not in a college town. It simply exists. It's like asking what state Washington, D.C., is in. Texas A & M is at College Station, Texas, the railroad station in the middle of its own campus. A & M is at A & M, which is somewhere deep in the heart of you-know-where. It has no pom-pom girls, cheerleaders, cheers, or brightly-colored band uniforms. What it does have is yell leaders, yells, and a military-style marching band in colors only a World War could love.

If you think that *yell leader* is just another term for *cheerleader*, that *yell* is just a cute synonym for *cheer*, and that the Fighting Aggie Band is pretty much like the Technicolor bands that punctuate other college games . . . well, you obviously haven't been to an Aggie game.

Those who see an Aggie game for the first time come away babbling more about the Aggies than the football game itself. For starters, the Aggie team is composed of 12 men, not 11. "The Twelfth Man" is the collective student body. It got its name when Coach D. X. Bible sent to the stands for a substitute after injuries had reduced the team strength in a 1922 game against Centre College. King Gill was the original Twelfth Man, and although he never was actually sent into the game, his readiness to suit up symbolized the active involvement of the student body with the team on the field. Student body members are not spectators of an event. They are part of the event itself. The Twelfth Man stands throughout the game, never resting for the hours that its team is at work. And the noise made by The Twelfth Man can't be confused with the noise made by crowds composed by mere student bodies. Their collective voice chants haunting yells. From across the field their yells resemble the phonic exercises of a people being instructed to talk. They are collections of vocal noises, long and



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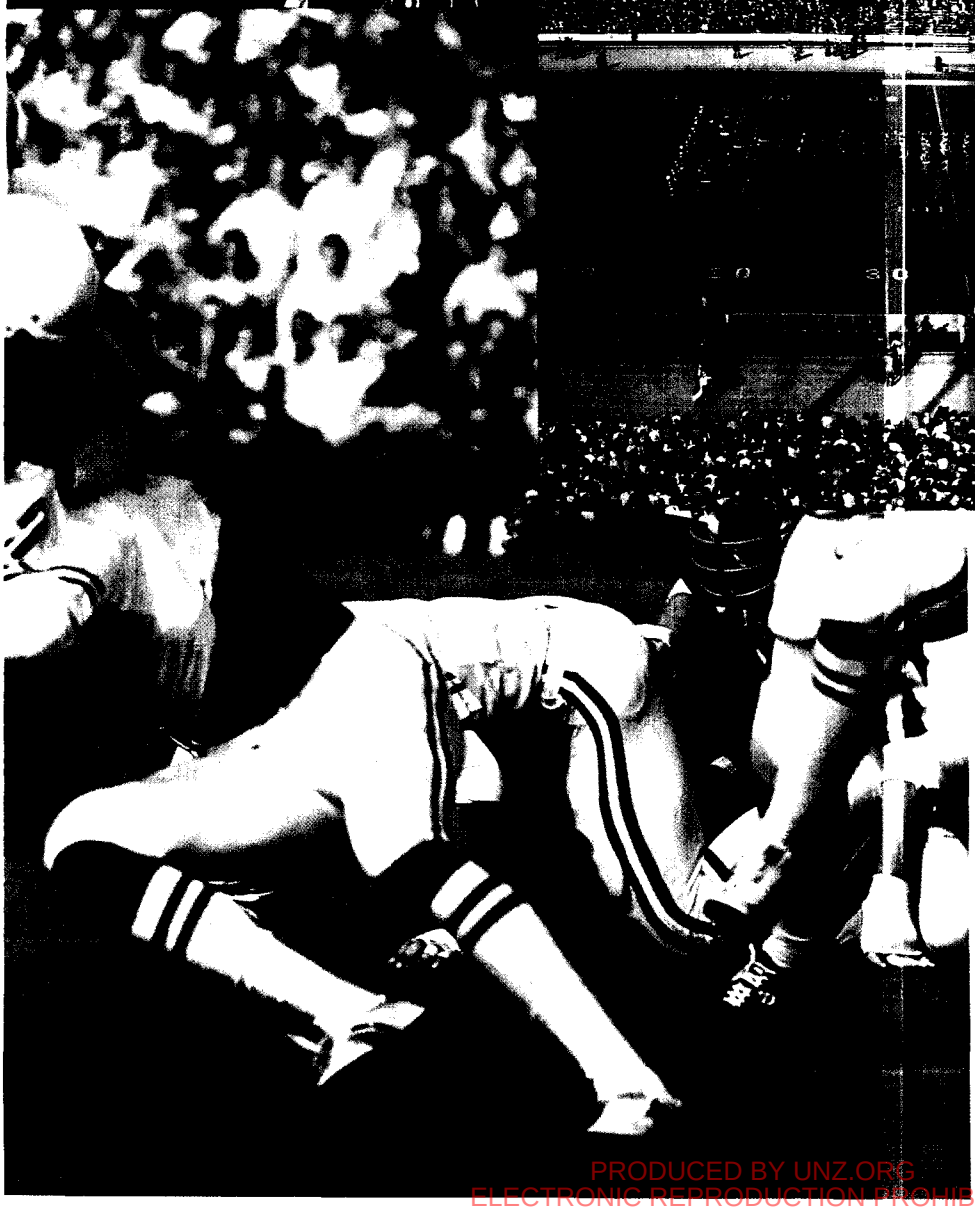

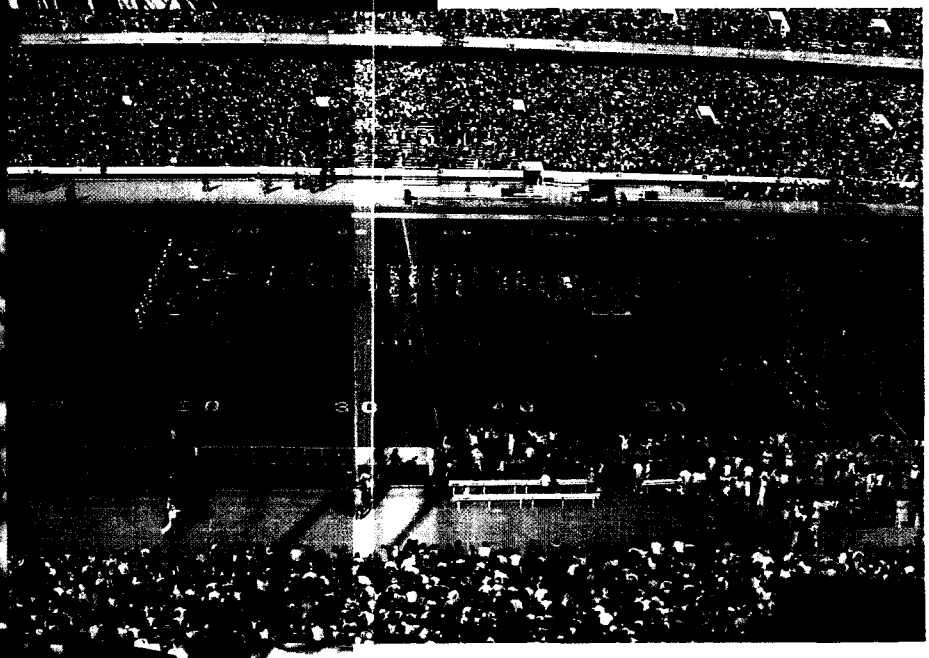

(Top to bottom) Football players enter the field through a "boot line" of senior students. The annual Aggie bonfire, held before the game with arch-rival University of Texas, holds the Guinness world record. Although there is no music department, the Fightin' Aggie Band has more than 300 members. While the players struggle on the field, students never sit down. Standing during the game symbolizes their readiness to enter the contest if needed.

short, punctuated perfectly to the cues of the yell leaders. Some Aggies have confided that those noises represent English words and letters, but no one outside the college knows for sure . . . at least not from listening. The never-ending, deafening roar of that standing mass of humanity can have such an unnerving effect on the opposition that other teams have been known to practice with recordings of The Twelfth Man blaring from loudspeakers the week before their game with A & M just to lessen its psychological effect.

At most football games, the gun which ends the first half also serves as the starter's pistol for an assault on the concrete dungeons

Continued on page 126

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POST SCRIPTS

Marital Collapse

A janitor of a railroad station decided to get married in a large room on the upper floor of the building. So many people showed up that the floor collapsed. Moral: Never marry above your station.

–Dorothea Kent

Three-Time Loser

The thief admitted to having repeatedly broken into the same dress shop. "What did you steal?" asked the judge.

"A dress for my wife," he explained, "but she made me exchange it three times."

–Dorothea Kent

Ill Thought Of

A six-year-old was playing with another youngster who complained of not feeling well. The first said with cold contempt, "What's wrong with you is just a psychosomatic disease." Stunned by this sudden burst of intellectualism, his baby-sitter asked if he knew what that was.

"Oh yes," came his smug reply. "It's something you don't have till you've had time to think it up."

–Dorothea Kent

Unfruitful?

I was laid off at the orange
juice plant—
An unhappy stroke of fate;
It really wasn't my fault—
I just couldn't concentrate!

–Ruth M. Walsh

Change of Scene

A woman in a restaurant spoke to another woman seated next to her: "Do you eat here often?"

"No," the other woman replied; "I eat in a different restaurant every day."

The first woman smiled confidentially. "I don't tip either," she said.

–Lane Olinghouse

"This particular age must mean *something in the broad evolutionary process,—but you can have* my *share of it* any *day of the week."*

Remember When

You know you've reached middle age if you remember when:
Lights, not people, were turned on and off.
Instant recall was a sign of good intelligence, not bad manufacture.
Charity was a virtue, not a telethon.

–Rose Sands

Ulterior Motive

"I know you're terribly busy, but if you can't take the job maybe you know someone else who'd make a good chairman. She ought to be just like you—young and vital and able to get the husbands to work."

"Mother, did anyone ever tell you you look like a movie star?"

"Honey, if Saturday's a nice day why don't you drop the kids off at your mother's and go on a shopping spree?"

"I wish you were *my* mother."

"As my husband was saying last night, if our other daughter-in-law was half as sweet and considerate as you are. . . ."

"In closing, dear ladies, I would like to repeat that I am one man who earnestly believes that the future of this country—of *any* civilized country—depends on the wisdom of clear-thinking women like yourselves."

–Helen Livingston

Words Unsaid

Over and over the managing editor berated the cub reporter for his excessive wordiness. "I told you to cut. Then cut some more," the editor ranted. "When you are down to the bare essentials cut some more."

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The reporter sat down to work on his next story and wrote: "Tom Smith looked up the shaft at the Sunset Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 55."

—Audrey Earle

Pipe Lines

I saw a man, once, light his pipe;
His pipe was in his mouth.
His nose was slightly to
the north,
His chin was to the south.
And you can guess what
happened then,
His nose still wears a patch.
Though he had lit his pipe
for years,
This time he met his match.

—Richard Armour

Artistic Escape

Two explorers, camped in the heart of African jungle, were discussing their expedition.

"I came here," said one, "because the urge to travel was in my blood. The dullness of city life bored me, and the odor of gasoline on the highways made me sick. I wanted to see the sun rise over new horizons and hear the flutter of birds that had never been seen by man. I wanted to leave my footprints on sand unmarked before I came. In short, I wanted to see nature in the raw. Why did you come?"

"My son was taking violin lessons," replied the second explorer.

—Henry E. Leabo

Don't Let It Happen Aga . . .

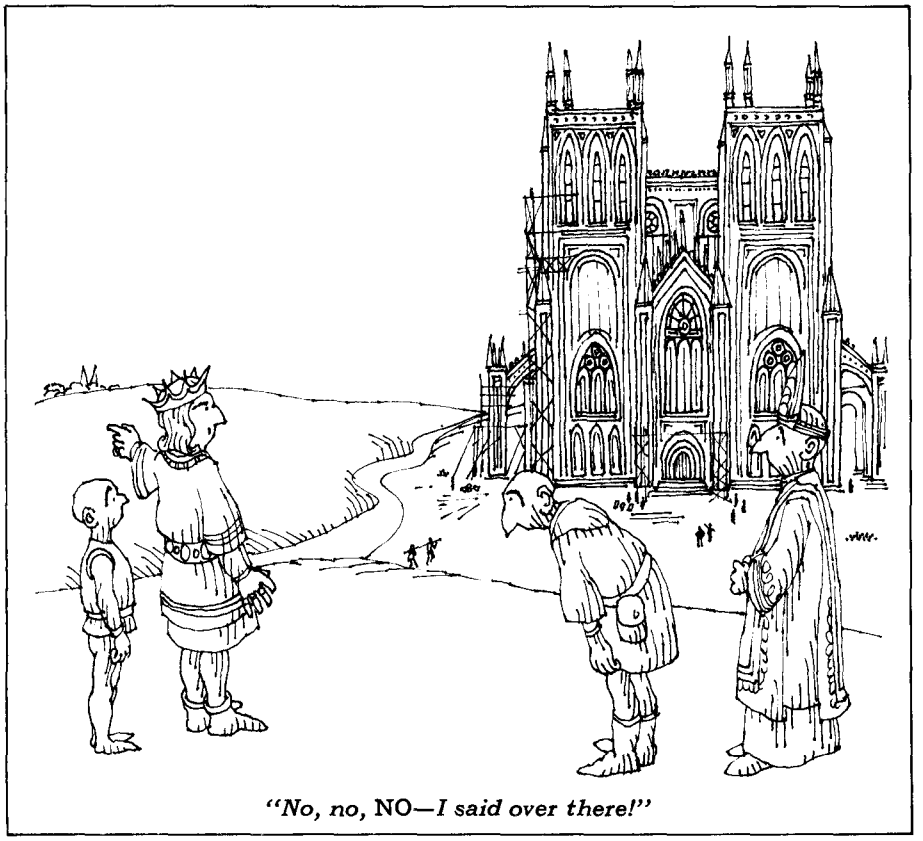
In the last issue, as often happens in printing a magazine, a line was inadvertently left off a story. This reminds us of a reader who complained to the editor that leaving the last line off a story happens all too frequently. The editor replied briefly and pungently with this interesting statement:

—Lloyd Byers

A Little Upset

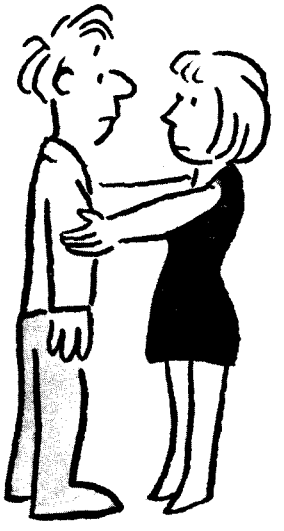
Much to her disgust, the older sister was smaller than the younger. Her feelings were expressed perfectly one time when her mother cleaned closets and gave her the younger girl's outgrown clothing. "I get so tired," she grumbled, "of these darned old hand-me-ups!"

—Margaret Shauers



"No, no, NO*—I said over there!"*

"My folks say young people don't have serious relationships any more, but it's not true. I love you . . ."



". . . Alan."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Mortal Friends

by James Carroll
Little, Brown, 607 pages,
$10.95

by David Brudnoy

The "Roots" phenomenon, the burgeoning of interest in one's ancestry following the enormous success of the multi-part TV series last year, virtually guarantees the appearance of many studies of American ethnic groups, in books as well as on television and in the movies. Few are likely to be as excellent as James Carroll's new novel about the Irish-American experience; few writers, for that matter, have such control of their medium, such unerring instincts for the ingredients that make up a good story and compel the reader to rush on and on through many hundreds of pages. *Mortal Friends* is not only an outstanding examination of one of this nation's most important ethnic groups; it is also a brilliantly conceived and imaginatively told narrative.

James Carroll comes to his task from the background of his characters. He is the son of Irish immigrants, he was for a time a Roman Catholic priest, and he has settled in the Boston area, where the bulk of his tale is played out. Carroll begins his story in Ireland, at the close of the First World War, tracing the gradual radicalization of Colman Brady, a young farmer and newlywed whose unwanted contact with the British overseers of his country leads him to join the forces of rebellion. For this reader, whose experience in Ireland has been limited to one short visit, and whose understanding of the Irish-British controversy is confined to newspaper and textbook accounts (with a little bit of Leon Uris thrown in for good measure), the first part of *Mortal Friends* provided the vibrant, poignant background necessary to understand better the unfolding of Carroll's story on these shores.

Part One, in fact, is so fine, so moving, and so revealing, it forms a small novel in its own right. Carroll had at first played out his entire theme—the perversion of a dream, the corruption of higher values by the siren call of political and economic power, the barriers of intergenerational contact—in the Ireland sections of his book; his publishers urged him to revise his original plan and carry the story to America. The decision was wise, surely, in that the depth of character permitted by the vast extension of the book, and the familiarity made possible by placing the bulk of the novel in the United States, vastly increases the book's appeal, and insures its success here.

The "troubles" in Ireland become the turmoil, and for Colman Brady, as for so many of his countrymen, the turmoil swells up into personal tragedy. The death of so many of his loved ones leads Brady to abandon Ireland and head for Boston. Thereafter, for the bulk of *Mortal Friends*' 600-plus pages, historical characters and Carroll's fictional Bradys interweave. We meet James Michael Curley, the irrepressible mayor (and sometime governor); Richard Cardinal Cushing (whose portrayal as an alcoholic has occasioned severe criticism in the Boston archdiocesan newspaper, and elsewhere); the Kennedy family; and many others. The author must of course contend with the reader's familiarity with these people, and must so arrange his story that his fabricated conversations and activities by actual persons accord with the reality of their lives. In this he has been more or less successful, though the power of the book rests in its fictional characters, its grand sweeping story, and its psychological acuteness, not in anything important that it tells us about men known to us through their actual behavior.

James Carroll has looked deeply into his people's history and has written here lovingly of the Irish and Irish-Americans without resorting to the blarney that so often substitutes for remembrance, with that as with other ethnic groups. His is a picture that makes the reader care about the Irish, that makes the reader comprehend some of the contradictions in Irish-American history, that inspires in the reader a desire to know more rather than to close the covers of this book and consider the task of comprehension completed. A measure of the book's genius is that it is at once a wholly satisfying and muscularly written story, and an invitation to further reflection and reading. Carroll's characters breathe, they excite our curiosity, they awaken our concern and cause us to hold our breaths while we follow their careers. He is that rarity among authors, one who can put fully rounded life into both genders and into characters of all ages. The author is manifestly a man of great tenderness

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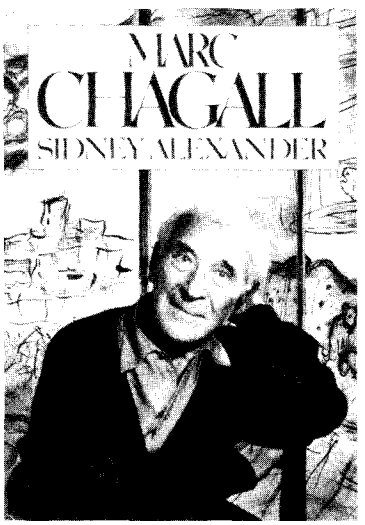
and enormous range of understanding, and his empathy transforms his pages into a testament to his people as well as into an examination of their lot in this (for so many) promised land.

The story carries the Bradys down nearly to our own day, through Brady's son Collins and his tragic end, and to the flowering into manhood of grandson Tony. If Carroll has the desire (and energy) to pursue Tony Brady's life in a sequel, this reader, at least, would welcome the opportunity to see the story played out up to the present. As is, *Mortal Friends*, while written in full awareness of the pain and sadness that has so often been the lot of the Irish in America, includes also a full measure of the hope that is carried in the breast of everyone and every people who survive, who endure. In its thrilling adventure it is a magnum opus about a valiant and vital part of the American populace, and in its human dimension it creates characters who well deserve the reader's concern. If some few readers will be offended by the author's liberties, most, I believe, will be overcome with gratitude for his skill, his caring, and his firm command of the novelist's craft. *Mortal Friends* is one of the finest novels of this decade.

The Post Recommends

Marc Chagall
Sidney Alexander
G. P. Putnam's Sons
$14.95

Marc Chagall is the last great survivor of the School of Paris; the creator of such masterpieces as the "Jerusalem Windows," the ceiling of the Paris Opera, and the murals at New York's Metropolitan Opera. Picasso called him "the greatest living colorist." In this carefully researched biography (which often reads like a novel), novelist-poet-historian Sidney Alexander captures not only the facts of Chagall's life but also the sources of his work: Hasidic Judaism and Russian icons, cubism and surrealism, Hebraic intensity and French sophistication. Alexander does a fine job of capturing "Chagall's inner world of soaring lovers and flying clocks, of floating violinists and grandfathers who sit on roofs."



Chesapeake
James A. Michener
Random House
$12.95

Michener traces the human (and natural) habitation of the Chesapeake Bay from the late 16th century to the present. The action centers on a few representative families who settled Maryland's eastern shore where the Choptank River flows into the Chesapeake. Catholic landowning Steeds, poor white Turlocks, militant Quaker Paxmores, black Caters all interact with one another and with American history for the 865 pages of Michener's superb story. Particularly intriguing is Rosalind Janney Steed, named so inappropriately after Shakespeare's "fair Rosalind."

Preceding each of the 13 chapters in *Chesapeake* is an account of a voyage, interesting in itself but also leading directly into or related in theme to the following narrative. "Voyage Fourteen: 1978" provides an effective close to the entire novel.

Forty before he decided on writing as a career, in the three decades since Michener has produced 26 books, published in 52 different languages, with sales (hardcover and paperback) running into many millions: *Tales of the South Pacific*, *Sayonara*, *Hawaii*, *The Source*, *Iberia*, *Centennial*.

A Considerable Town
M. F. K. Fisher
Alfred A. Knopf
$8.95

M. F. K. Fisher's love affair with Marseille—that wicked, wicked city—has lasted for 50 years. She calls the city *Insolite*, which she defines as indefinable and claims, "Nobody who has lived as deeply for as long as I have in Marseille-Insolite can be anything but blessed." She is fascinated by the history-laden port and its memorable inhabitants, and no one could express that fascination better than the writer of whom Auden said, "I do not know of anyone in the United States today who writes better prose." *A Considerable Town* is not a guidebook in the sense of showing tourists how to get from point A to point B, but it should fill even the most reluctant of travelers with desire to visit a place which can inspire such an intelligent and discerning person as Ms. Fisher.

The Snow Leopard
Peter Matthiessen
Viking Press
$10.00

The Snow Leopard is an account of a "true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart": Peter Matthiessen and George Schaller's 250-mile trek across the Himalayas to the Crystal Mountain of Tibet. They made their five-week trip in the winter to observe the mating of the Himalayan blue sheep, with the idea also that they might catch a glimpse of the rarest and most beautiful of the great cats, the snow leopard. An additional attraction for Matthiessen was the Lama of Shey's presence in Inner Dolpo, supposedly the last remaining enclave of pure Tibetan culture on earth. A fine narrative which should appeal to lovers of nature, adventure, and faraway places.

Louisa May
Martha Saxton
Houghton Mifflin
$14.95

Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* has entranced generations of readers; yet it was not an easy book for Miss Alcott to write—mirroring as it did her own early family life, which was not really very much fun. Father Bronson Alcott's attempts to mold his daughters into models of transcendental virtue did not contribute to their happiness, and his lack of interest in making money left that task to his wife and daughters.

Louisa was the strong member of the family, on whom the other members learned to depend and whose pen supported them. A spinster, she lived for her mother and sisters, died within two days of her father.

Ms. Saxton has done a splendid job of re-creating the family life that produced *Little Women* and the transcendental society of Concord in which the Alcotts lived and worked: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, Ellery Channing.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Too mediocre indeed for him to accept. Time and again he turned them down, despite the penalty. "I set a record for going on suspension at Columbia," he reveals proudly. "That was a sign of artistic integrity because it meant I couldn't work at all in films during those periods." It also meant incurring the wrath of studio chief Harry Cohn, who one day exploded at Robertson: "Kid, you've got more guts than brains!"

For a while, the accusation seemed woefully true. Despite his firm stance, Robertson ended up with films only slightly less mediocre than those he refused!

To keep his head above water in those early years, Robertson turned to television. "I made a rule," he explains, "that after every bad film I would go out and do two good TV dramatic roles." For several of these he received Emmy nominations and finally the award itself for his performance on Chrysler Theater's "The Game." But the triumphs were followed by frustration. When the teleplays were turned into films, invariably Robertson lost the roles he had created to other stars. Paul Newman played the lead in the screen version of *The Hustler*. Jack Lemmon won Robertson's part in *The Days of Wine and Roses*.

After a few years, in 1961, having reached the point where he couldn't sleep at night, Robertson moved to break this painfully redundant pattern. As he puts it, "I decided it was time to go to the mountain." And, having fallen in love with his TV role of the retarded young man who becomes a genius after brain surgery only to learn he is doomed to regress, Robertson purchased the screen rights to "The Two Worlds of Charlie Gordon."

For all his efforts, he could not get the project off the ground. "The major studios," he says, "were not concerned about the possible social impact of the film, how the film could help people understand the lives of the retarded. They were interested only in its economic viability, and refused to believe a movie on this subject could make money."

Robertson nevertheless remained faithful to *Charly* (which he refers to as "my baby"), even after *PT 109* put him on the map as a major star. Finally, after more than seven years, he won his case with ABC Paramount's Selig Seligman, who told him, "I've got to go with you. Anyone who could push a project as long as you have can't be all wrong."

He wasn't. *Charly* not only was a smashing box office success but won Robertson the Oscar for Best Actor for 1968.

Robertson did not, however, cash in on his new status. As lucrative offers poured in, his agent advised, "Now, Cliff, you must build platforms. Make two big pictures a year for the next few years." Robertson retorted: "I don't want platforms. I won't sign my soul away for some big-budget films I don't believe in just to keep some specious movement. I want to make films I can be proud of." And, true to his word, he promptly turned down several major pictures of which he disapproved. Among the turn-downs was *Straw Dogs*, which he considered "excessively violent."

Instead, he spent months talking and drinking beer with rodeo riders and observing their work. Then he proceeded to write, produce, direct, and star in the low-budget film called *J. W. Coop*, about an aging rodeo rider who comes out of prison after 10 years and tries to catch up with the world and resume his career.

Since *J.W. Coop* Robertson has starred in several major films such as *Three Days of the Condor* and *Midway*, and in the TV miniseries "Washington: Behind Closed Doors." But he speaks distressfully of his experiences working in these gigantic productions because he finds them too impersonal. Making "Washington" was "like going to a factory every morning. I couldn't keep track of everyone. I said to my agent, 'My God, there are so many people!' He replied, 'Don't worry, you're top-billed.' I told him, 'That's not the point.' " The point is that Robertson strongly prefers films that have a small cast and crew and that bear his personal stamp. "I want to make movies that haven't been made before," he says with deep conviction. "I like to make subtle little comments on the human scene wherever possible, and leave some residue of afterthought, something to stick in the craw." ☒

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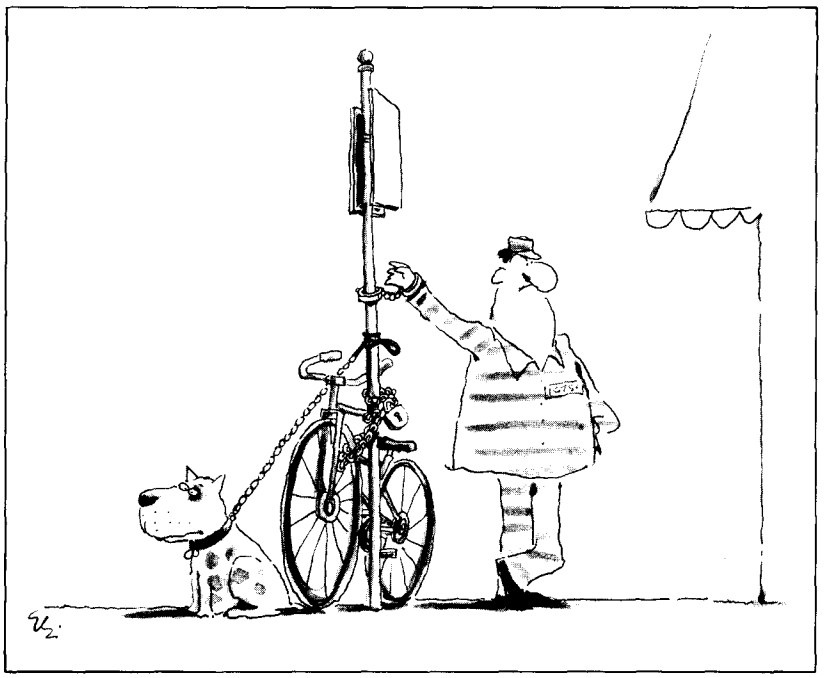
Bloomies

continued from page 75

nurses bought orange stockings and shiny peach-colored girdles for themselves. Mothers, who wore none of those articles, bought lingerie at Saks or Bonwit's. Children's underwear, however, could be picked up in Bloomingdale's as long as you were stopping there for "supplies."

I also got to know Housewares pretty well. They used to stock a dozen different brands of silver-tarnish preventive, and a dozen kinds of polishing cloths to use on the silver when the preventive didn't work. They still have most of these items, along with scores of other special brands of cleaning compounds that cost approximately twice as much as anything you see in the supermarket. I have always believed implicitly that any cleanser Bloomingdale's sells will ferret out twice as much hidden dirt. This is undoubtedly why I have never dared try any of them.

I assume that all this early training was what led me to think that "real" department stores were for Ladies—fur-clad, grown-up Ladies—and that only Bloomingdale's was for grubby little girls with skinned knees and broken sock elastics. Real stores might let me in on special occasions, if accompanied by a fur-clad parent. Bloomingdale's would let me in any old time. Even with safety pins holding up my slip. Even when—if ever—I grew up.



So as soon as I was old enough to borrow my mother's charge plate, I marched straight into Bloomingdale's Young World and bought myself two pairs of knee socks. "Charge, please," I quavered. Open Sesame. The saleslady went to call upstairs, and verified my signature. Look at me, I exulted silently, I'm a customer.

It appears that a vast number of other children have also grown up, or refused to, along with the country's "Number 1 Neighborhood Store." *Somebody* spent over $100 million in there last year. According to *Women's Wear*, which reckons sales volume in relation to selling space, every square foot of Bloomingdale's did about $225 worth of business. Probably, as *Women's Wear* put it, "the best showing of any major quality department store in the land."

Inevitably, some of us have begun to wish "our" store would stop being quite such a phenomenon. Why can't they quit switching things around every week, for instance? You get dizzy just looking for the nice department where you last bought a blouse, only to find that the entire section has vanished, and they've moved all the walls to put in some funky boutique full of wax candles shaped like hot dogs and French-fried potatoes.

A friend of mine who recently returned to Bloomingdale's after a five-week trip to Europe was helplessly adrift on the second floor one day when two salesgirls sporting white carnations hove into view. "Help," she cried to them, "I'm lost." "Oh, dear," replied the salesgirls, "so are we!"

Some of us don't want it to be called "Bloomie's." Some of us would just as soon it didn't moonlight on Saturdays as the grooviest dry cocktail party in town. There is already a small but noticeable "Bloomie's backlash" of customers who haven't set foot in the place since it turned into, as one deserter put it, "Bendel's East."

"Who wants to get all spiffed up for *Bloomingdale's*?" wailed a member of my women's consciousness-raising group, who closed her account and quit cold turkey just before Thanksgiving.

On the other hand, a young bachelor I know retorts, "What *else* is there to get spiffed up for? Nobody goes to the theater any more. Or out to dinner. Nobody's even giving a party—Bloomie's is the only party left."

Another woman noted uncomfortably that "Bloomie's" newer, younger, skinnier salesgirls now look spiffier than the customers, and that if you walk into, for example, the new Yves Saint Laurent boutique looking not quite, well, "together," you're apt to get a fishy-eyed stare and the shortest shrift this side of Fifth Avenue.

"You'll never get into that, with *your* bosom," my friend Josie was told crisply one day in the bathrobe department. Josie cringed but rose gamely to the challenge and buttoned herself in. "Hmm," said the salesgirl, even more crisply. "I never thought you'd get into that, with your *bosom*."

Undaunted, Josie bought the robe. "I'll never give up Bloomingdale's," she vowed loyally, "but let's go to the shoe department now. The thing I like about the shoe department is that they never make remarks about my *bosom*."

The store's dapper president, Marvin S. Traub, believes all of us can still squeeze in somewhere at Bloomingdale's. The bare-chested youth with the wolfhounds, sharing a men's dressing room with the girl he just found in the cheap-jeans section. And my friend Josie, and Raquel Welch and Gloria Steinem, and by all means Jacqueline Onassis, who, I'm told, wears a very *un*-put-together tan raincoat, low-heeled shoes and dark glasses when browsing in "Bloomie's" (exactly the same low-profile costume that Garbo used to affect, for browsing in Saks).

Marvin S. Traub smiles expansively, and his eyes twinkle behind the constant curl of his pipe smoke. Someday, he is confident, the bare-chested boy will button his shirt and head upstairs for no-iron sheets, like Tony Armstrong-Jones. And his girl will move up too—from cheap jeans and the Biba brigade to Place Elegante.

As for me, I have slowly come to realize that I'm not really kidding any more when people ask me why we've never considered moving out of New York to some peaceful green exurb. "What, and leave Bloomingdale's?" I cry. It used to be good for a laugh. Lately, I notice, people just nod. I'm afraid they understand. ☒

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Can't help noticing: Operating on a shoestring these days can still be done—but it sure requires an awful long shoestring.

—Evelyn Mayfield

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Fear

continued from page 65

may then persist into adult life or resurface years after they had been "forgotten." This differs from the situation-phobias and agoraphobias, which are most often first seen in adolescence.

When thing-phobias do start after childhood, it is usually because of a traumatic event, such as an accident or a physical attack: A fear of dogs may develop after a person has been bitten, for instance. In such cases, the trauma has not been "resolved," possibly because of other emotional stress, and the phobia then becomes a fixed behavior pattern.

It is also possible that the phobic remembers a dramatic event that precipitated the phobia, without recalling the earlier subtle fears he or she already felt at that time. A child may feel timid about dogs and this timidity would be reinforced if he or she were attacked in early adult life; later, only the attack would be identified and recalled.

Many psychiatrists consider the thing the phobic fears to be *symbolic* of another problem that cannot be faced. The fear is "displaced" from a very necessary father, say, onto a dog that can be avoided. Or a knife phobia may symbolize the real fear of losing control and hurting somebody.

Psychologists, on the other hand, generally believe the phobic has somehow *learned* to fear the specific thing.

Both disciplines, however, are often puzzled by some phobics' inability to remember ever actually encountering the object they fear: Snakes, frogs, and bats are, after all, rare creatures in a large city. In some cases, such phobias parallel children's fears of tigers and gorillas and dragons that exist only in their imaginations or in cheerfully illustrated books.

There is one feature of thing-phobias that can complicate the lives of their victims, and that is the development of an obsessive fear of contamination by whatever it is they fear. The result can be a compulsive ritual of washing, cleaning, and so on that is much more resistant to therapy than is the simple phobia.

A woman in northern Florida reported that she was so afraid of spiders "that when I sweep the floor, I can just imagine them running up the handle of the broom." She dusted and vacuumed her small home twice a day to make sure spiders never invaded it or "got settled in."

Dr. Isaac Marks of Maudsley Hospital in England studied a man who felt that dogs are dirty and who spent much of his life "avoiding any possibility of contact with dogs, dogs' hair, or even buildings where dogs may have been, giving up his job if he heard that a dog may have been on another floor of his office building. Intense washing of his hands and clothes would follow the remotest possibility of contamination.

"This patient would rather touch a dog with his hands than let it touch his clothes, because hands were easier to wash than clothes. Strikingly, he was as afraid of the hair plucked from a dog as of the dog itself."

After treatment that resolved the dog phobia, Dr. Marks found this patient still continued his compulsive handwashing, despite the absence of anxiety. "That is, the compulsions were not maintained simply by the anxiety alone," he concluded.

Fortunately, such phobia-compulsions are very rare, and it seems that people who have them (a) are not really inconvenienced by the rituals they incorporate into their daily lives and (b) are comforted or reassured by such "precautions."

From the book *Nothing to Fear: Coping with Phobias* by Fraser Kent. Copyright ©by Fraser Kent. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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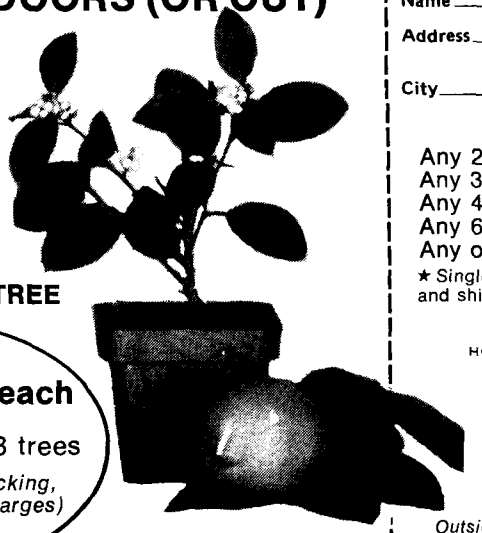

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Child Geniuses

continued from page 56

poem of apology.

U. O'Connor, *Brendan*

Teresa I am sorry
If I got you bashed in school.
It was a stupid thing to do
And I feel an awful fool.

I was really raging
When I heard you went to the pics
With, of all the eejits,
Snotty-nosed Paddy Fitz.

I think you were awfully decent
Not to give my name.
Not even to your Da or Ma,
But shouldered all the blame.

Oh, what can I do now, love,
To restore our happiness?
Will I go across to Gill's pub
And to your Ma confess?

Actually, Teresa,
I've just got two and six
So will you stop sulking in the parlor
And go with me to the flicks?

I'll take you to the Drummer
To the ninepenny cushion seats,
And that will leave me with a bob
To get you oranges and sweets.

To give this its proper ending
I'll wind up with yours for ever,
Brendan.

(Age 9)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
born Nov. 13, 1850
Edinburgh, Scotland

Stevenson was put in a school near London for a few months while his parents went to Mentone on the Riviera for his mother's health. This letter was written at that time.

Spring Grove School, 12th Nov. 1863
Ma Chere Maman,—Jai recu votre lettre Aujourdhui et comme le jour prochaine est mon jour de naisance je vous ecrit ce lettre. Ma grande gatteaux est arrive il leve 12 livres et demi le prix etait 17 shillings. Sur la soiree de Monseigneur Faux il y etait quelques belles feux d'artifice. Mais les polissons entrent dans notre champ et nos feux d'artifice et handkerchiefs disappeared quickly, but we charged them out of the field. Je suis presque driven mad par une bruit terrible tous les garcons kik up comme grand un bruit qu'il est possible. I hope you will find your house at Mentone nice. I have been obliged to stop from writing by the want of a pen, but now I have one, so I will continue.

My dear papa, you told me to tell you whenever I was miserable. I do not feel well, and I wish to get home.

R. Stevenson

His appeal to be allowed to come to the Riviera was successful.

G. C. Wheeler, ed., *Letters to Mother*

(Age 12)

EVELYN WAUGH
June 1913

MY HISTORY
An Diary by E. Waugh
Vollume II
A Poem with Each Chapter
Chapter 1

I do not think that in Voll I I told you I go to Heath Mount school and that I am in Class VB. But even if I did I have told you now so I can go on. One year has past since Voll I and the date is June 21st 1913. I would have been the day of the sports only our cricket field is having a road cut through it.

Haward is on daily reports and got caned because 'Latin Very Poor!!!' was writen on his report.

Poor old Hayward had the cane
Which gave him tremendous pain

(Age 9)

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
born Feb. 22, 1892
Rockland, Maine

Vincent's mother, Cora, had been divorced from her father and was earning her living as a practical nurse. She was out of town on a case when this letter was written.

Rockport, Me.
Nov. 7, 1900

Dear Mama:

I thought I would write to you and tell you how I am I am getting along all right in school but in my spelling-blank I had 10 and 10 and then 9 and I felt auful bad because I thought I would have a star I am getting along all right and so is Norma and Kathleens [her younger sisters] cold is better now I went to practice and a boy called me a little chamipion and I asked him what he ment and he said because I was the best singer and I thanked him. When teacher and I were alone I said you have not called on mama yet and she said she is away and then she asked me how you knew her and of course I had to tell her and I said I guess you used to go arond with George Keller [Mrs. Millay's cousin] and she blused red as a June rose and then she asked me If I had ever rode in is tire wagon an I said I knew she had and she said oh yes. here I will write you a peace that I am going to speak Thanksgiving

On Thanksgiving Day little
Dorothy said,
With many a nod of her wise
curly head,
The cook is as busy as
busy can be,
And very good to for 'tis
easy to see
She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner

[There followed three more stanzas of this poem her teacher had given her to memorize and recite.]

I do not know the other verses so good. lots of love to you your loving daughter Vincent

(Age 8)

Vacation Song

Shine on me, oh, you gold, gold sun,
Smile on me, oh, you blue, blue skies,
Sing, birds! and rouse the lazy breeze
That, in the shadow, sleeping lies,
Calling, "Awaken! Slothful one
And chase the yellow butterflies."

Laugh! Sober maiden in the brook,
Shake down your smoothly
plaited hair,
Let it fall rippling on the grass
Daring the wind to leave it there,
Dancing in all its sun-kissed folds,—
Laughing low in the sun-kissed air.

Frown if you will, you staid old trees,
You cannot silence the birds and me;
You will sing yourself ere we leave
you in peace,—
Frown if you will but we shall see.
I'll pelt you with your own green leaves
Till you echo the strains of our
ministrelsy.

Oh, mower! All the world's at play,—
Leave on the grass your sickle bright;
Come, and we'll dance a merry step
With the birds and the leaves and
the gold sunlight,
We'll dance till the shadows leave
the hills
And bring to the fields the quiet night.

(Age 15)

ADOLF HITLER
born April 20, 1889
Braunau, Upper Austria

The cartoon he drew of one of his high school teachers was, by contrast, anything but peaceful: it showed his dislike of the new school no less than the contempt in which he held his teachers. The arrogant and overbearing man is drawn with the corners of his mouth pulled down, his brows furrowed, his cold little eyes squinting, and his remoteness emphasized by his formal suit with its ridiculously stiff collar. As a finishing touch, the 11-year-old Hitler had sardonically placed an ice-cream cone—a symbol of infantilism—between the teacher's rigid fingers.

W. Maser, Hitler's Letters and Notes

(Age 11)

[A reproduction of Hitler's cartoon appears on page 56.]

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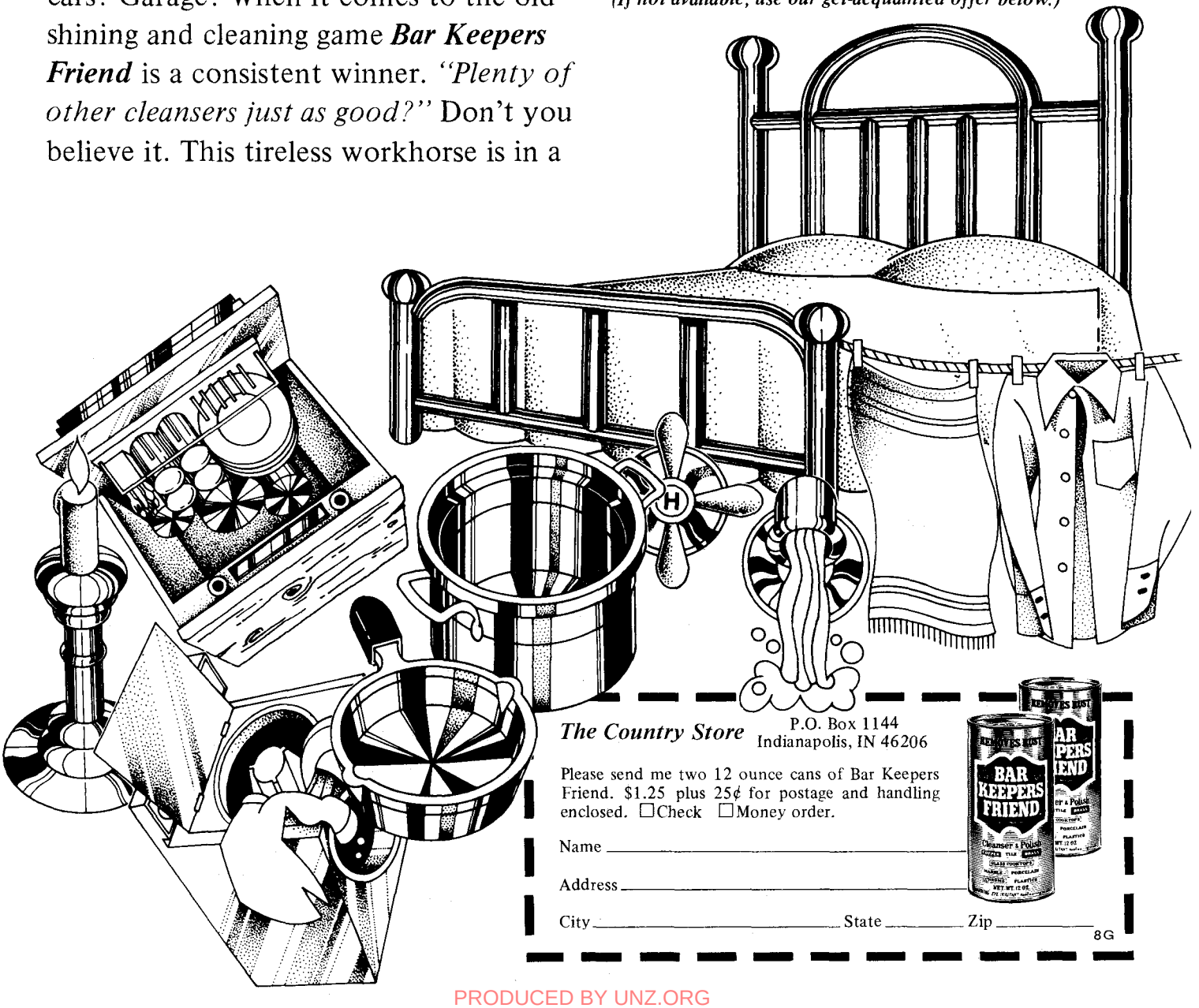

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Patient at Peacocks

continued from page 21

favorite daily. "I noticed this when I was reading at lunchtime."

It was a small news item, one of those four-line affairs tucked into the foot of a column.

"Star to Rest. Friends of Miss Francia Forde, the screen actress, say that the star is to take a few days' complete rest in the country after the ardors of making still pictures for the Moonlight Girl, a new advertising campaign due to begin in the press on Monday."

I read it through two or three times before it made any sense to me.

"That's all very well," I began at last. "But I don't see why she should come down here in an ambulance. I don't see why Gastineau should tell me this Maurice story or why she should be staying with him."

"Perhaps she's hiding."

"Who from? She's very well known, but she's not one of the American top-liners. There aren't armies of fans hounding her."

Rhoda had become very thoughtful. "You're not satisfied, are you?" she inquired, and the slightly hopeful note in her tone irritated instead of warning me.

"Well, of course I'm not!" I burst out angrily. "How can I be? I'm persuaded to send an ambulance to London to fetch a woman who appears to be no more than very tipsy, and when I see her I recognize her as—well, as somebody other than the person she is represented to me to be."

"Coincidences do happen," said Rhoda. "That's life. This is a coincidence, and it's more of a one than you know . . . yet. You get some sleep."

In my ignorance I felt that this last remark of hers was the only one which contained any reason at all, and I went off to my bed feeling that at least there was solace there.

The next day began quite normally for a Sunday. I fear I leave the worst of my paperwork—and there is no end to it in these days—to Sunday morning, and I settled down at about a quarter to eleven to a mountain of reports on hospital patients.

The sound of the car pulling up in the road outside filled me with sudden apprehension that Gastineau had come for me again.

I got up and tiptoed across the room. I pulled the curtain back half an inch, and the next moment stood petrified, every nerve in my face tingling.

John Linnett was standing at the small iron gate. For a long minute I simply did not believe it. He looked much older and there was a touch of apprehension in his expression which I had never seen there before.

The car he had come in—a low roadster covered with dust—stood in the lane behind him, empty, so he was alone. Of course. The explanation of his sudden arrival broke over me like a wave. He had come to find me because Francia was at Peacocks, and I was supposed to be attending her. My scattered wits came together with a jerk. I felt my expression setting and becoming hard and brittle and very bright.

I threw open the window at once.

"It's me! Daddy!"

"Hello, John," I ventured.

"Ann." He came stamping over the garden, his hands outstretched. I saw suddenly how thin he was, and how the bones of his face stood out. "My dear girl, thank God you're all right."

It was the most unlikely and most unexpected approach, and it floored me as nothing else would have done. He took my hands through the window and looked anxiously into my face.

"What's happened? What's the matter? I came at once, of course."

The whole thing was beyond me. My new hard cheerfulness cracked completely. I was only aware that he was there, trying to get into the house, and, apparently, through the window.

Rhoda opened the front door. I heard her say something to him, and the next moment he was in the room, filling it. His narrow eyes were eager and still terribly anxious.

"You look all right," he said with relief. "You haven't altered at all. In fact, you're better. What is it, Ann? What's happened? I got the telegram early this morning and I've been driving ever since."

There was a passage of stupefied silence from me, and a movement from Rhoda lurking in the doorway. "I sent it." Her tone was flat and her face expressionless, save for a faint gleam of belligerence in her eye. "I put your name, Miss Ann, because I thought that Mr. John might not remember mine. As soon as you came in last night and said you weren't satisfied, I knew it was my duty."

The barefaced wickedness of it took my breath away, but the thing that foxed me utterly was how she'd known where to send. She answered that one as if I'd asked the question.

"I got a letter yesterday from my niece in Southersham. I was going to tell you about it, but you were too busy to listen. She told me that they'd heard down there that Mr. John was attached to the hospital at Grundesberg in Northamptonshire, so last night, when you'd gone to bed, I got on the telephone and sent him a telegram."

I said nothing. There was nothing to say. She gave me a defiant stare and opened the door.

"I've got my lunch to see to," she said, as if I was thinking of disputing it. "I'm doing something special because I expected Mr. John . . . . You still care for pancakes, I expect, sir?"

"I do," he said without thinking, and returned to me. His expression was not only anxious but somehow frightened. "I thought you sent," he said. "I thought you wanted me for something. The telegram just said, 'I think you had better come at once, Ann Fowler,' and gave the address."

It was his dismay which got me. The utter disappointment came out so clearly that if I had been only half as sensitive where he was concerned, it would have reached me. I found I knew him as if he had never been away.

"If you've driven from Grundesberg this morning, you must be exhausted," I said hastily. "Sit down and I'll get you a drink."

He laughed, and it was a laugh I had known from childhood. "I haven't even

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shaved. The thing got me out of bed at dawn. What's the mystery? What aren't you satisfied about?"

"Rhoda got scared by something I said last night," I began, with a casualness which was not convincing even to me. "I was called out to a new patient and she turned out to be . . . Francia Forde."

"Oh." His disinterest was startling. "Is she down here? I thought I read somewhere that she was setting up as an advertising model."

I swung round to look at him blankly, and he took the glass from my hand.

"I've not seen her in four years," he said slowly. "I shouldn't get involved in any of her machinations if I were you, Ann. She's a dangerous piece of work."

I don't drink whisky as a rule, but I had poured a highball for myself, and now, in sheer absentmindedness, I swallowed it almost whole, nearly choking myself. I had tears in my eyes and was gasping for breath, and I said the first thing that came into my head. "John, what happened to you?"

He met my eyes steadily, but he was ashamed, even frightened, and desperately miserable. "I don't know, Ann."

That was all, but I knew about it suddenly or I knew a very great deal.

Because I wanted to talk to him so badly and found it so easy, I asked John about Grundesberg.

"Understaffed and overcrowded. The usual story in that kind of district," he said easily. "Just the place to catch up on one's general work. I've been there nearly 18 months, ever since I was demobbed."

"But I thought——" I began, before I could stop myself. "I mean, I thought you came out in '45."

"No," he said coolly. "I got some extended leave then, and set about making a damn fool of myself in a pretty big way, but after that I sneaked back into the army and went to the Far East."

"Hence the . . . silence," I murmured.

He said nothing at all. He did not even look at me. Rhoda saved us by a remarkable entrance, the silver soup tureen which we never use held high.

Then John began to enjoy himself. He began to laugh and to tease us both indiscriminately. No one mentioned the telegram. I think we forgot it deliberately.

After the meal, we sat by the fire, chattering as contentedly as if we were back in my schoolroom at Southersham.

I spoiled it. We were talking of his life in Grundesberg and he was giving me a highly comic if horrific description of the lodgings he shared with the other house surgeon when I said suddenly, without excuse, "Are you still married to that woman, John?"

Continued on following page

LAUGH at the COLD!

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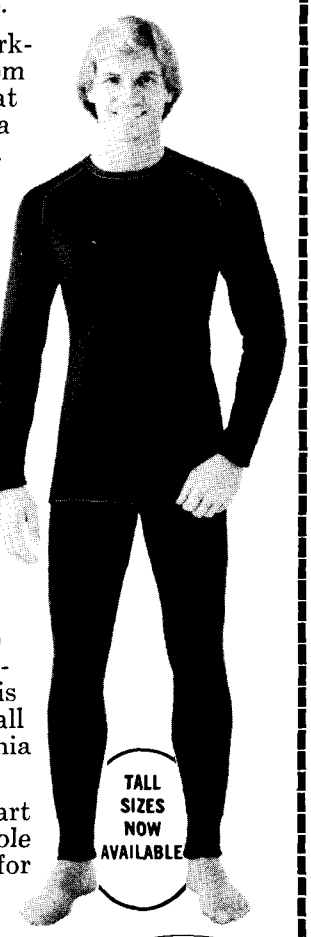

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It was like breaking a gaily-colored bubble. The light went out in our little make-believe Sunday afternoon of a world.

"Yes," he said, and added flatly, "I suppose so."

I said nothing more, and after a long time he began to talk. At first I hardly heard what he was saying because I had made the panic-stricken discovery that his being there made the kind of difference to my life that color makes to a landscape. It made it sense.

"I shall stop making excuses for myself," he was saying. "There aren't any. When I realized exactly what I had done, I decided that I was mental and I went right away. I meant to stay away, and I did." He turned on me with sudden anger. "Damn it, Ann! I was all right until I got that telegram!"

"So was I." It slipped out before I could stop it.

He lunged clumsily out of his chair and caught me as I sat, pushing his rough cheek into my neck and holding my shoulder blades with heavy, well-remembered hands. There was no helping it, no stopping it. I put my hands into his hair and held him close while my heart healed.

Percy Ludlow had to tap at the French windows twice before we heard him at all. The room was fairly dark, but he is not exactly blind, and he was pink and apologetic when at last I got over there to admit him. He had walked across the meadow with a packet of the endless papers which dogged our existence, and at first he was disposed to thrust them at me and depart, but I forced him to come in and be introduced.

"This is Doctor Ludlow, John," I said. "I told you I'm his assistant. . . . And this is Doctor Linnett, Doctor Ludlow. We were brought up together in Southersham."

Percy gave me one of his sidelong glances. "I formed the impression that you were old friends," he said primly. . . . "I can't think why I haven't heard of you before, young man. She's a very close young woman, Doctor Fowler, almost secretive."

I thought that at any moment he was going to inquire how long "this" had been going on, when Rhoda came in without ceremony.

"You didn't hear the phone, did you?" she said. "It's the gentleman from Peacocks, and that you must go down to see her. He said he'd come for you if he didn't hear."

Percy grunted. "A woman down there now?" he inquired.

"I understand it's a Madame Maurice," I explained cautiously. "He brought her from London yesterday, and fetched me up late to look at her. My impression was that she was mainly tipsy."

"More than probable. Perhaps you'd better run down, though, eh? Doctor Linnett and I will have a smoke until you come back. It won't take you ten minutes."

I got into my red wool and a coat faster than ever in my life, and was out on the road in less than five minutes. I drove as if I were flying. The whole world seemed to have suddenly turned inside out and become marvelous. I knew nothing of John's story except the one thing that I suppose really mattered to me. He was in love with me still. I never doubted it. Whatever had happened was nothing to me.

I pulled up outside Peacocks with a screech of brakes and a flurry of gravel.

Radek opened the door to me. His English was more than sketchy, but he bowed to make up for it and said, "Come, please," and led me to the staircase.

I ran up it, I remember, striding across the landing behind him, with an eagerness I had not known since my student days. Grethe opened the bedroom door to me, and I noticed that she was very pale. It was not so dark as on the night before. There was still some light from the windows and there was a lamp by the bed, but when Gastineau rose up from the shadows by the fireplace, he took me by surprise. I had not expected him to be sitting there in the semidarkness.

It was as I caught sight of him and was about to speak that I heard something from the bed that sent a chill through me. I turned away from him abruptly, so that he stood with hand still outstretched, and went over to it.

Francia Forde lay flat on her back, the light from the reading lamp full on her face. She was breathing very slowly, with the deep stertorous respirations of coma, and her face was almost unrecognizable, it was so congested. I took her hand and it was as flaccid and limp as a doll's.

No one came near me as I made my examination. I was quick, but as thorough as I knew how, and every new discovery filled me with more and more alarm. She had no reflexes. I could not believe it. I tested her again and again, motioning to Grethe to come closer and give me the help I needed. It was no good. I tried her eyes and found the pupils semidilated, which puzzled me. Her temperature was up a little; not very much.

My bewilderment increased. This was no logical continuation of the condition in which I had seen her, hours before. At midnight this woman had been suffering from acute alcoholism, not very serious, and one of the simplest things in the world to diagnose. Now she was in a deep coma which could have only one end unless a miracle intervened.

I put some questions to Grethe, who answered them promptly, and my suspicions grew into terrifying certainty. "How long has she been breathing like this?" I inquired.

The woman shrugged her shoulders and looked blank, so I put the vital inquiry into words. "What has she taken during the day? What drug?"

This time Grethe decided not to understand me at all. She appealed to Gastineau, and he came forward into the circle of light.

"This morning she was very excitable," he began softly, "almost demented. No one could do anything with her. Then at last she dropped into a sleep. At first no one worried, but at four o'clock Grethe came up and was frightened, I think."

She nodded vigorously and turned away. I didn't realize that she'd gone

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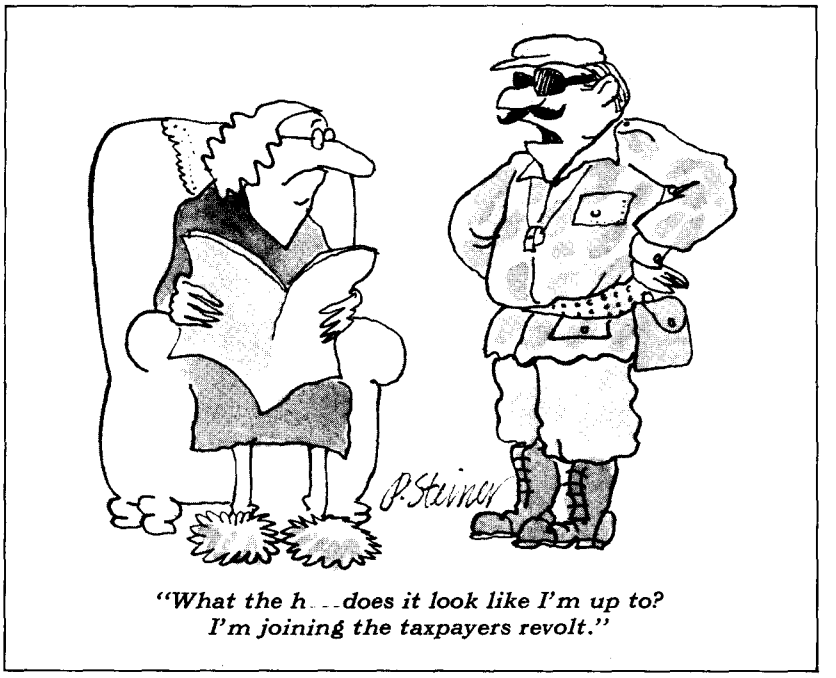

"What the h...does it look like I'm up to? I'm joining the taxpayers revolt."

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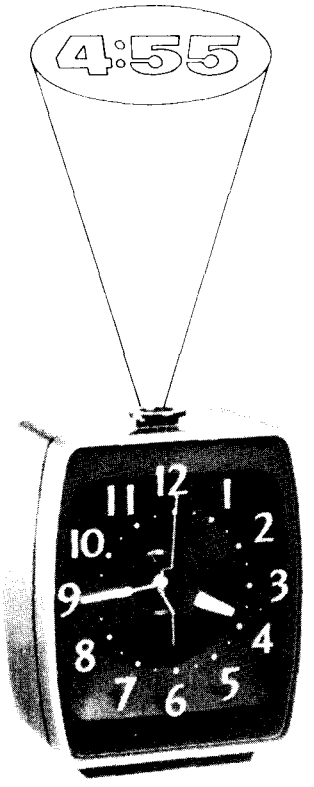

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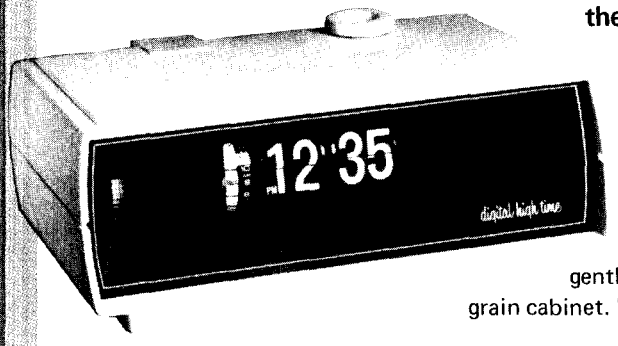

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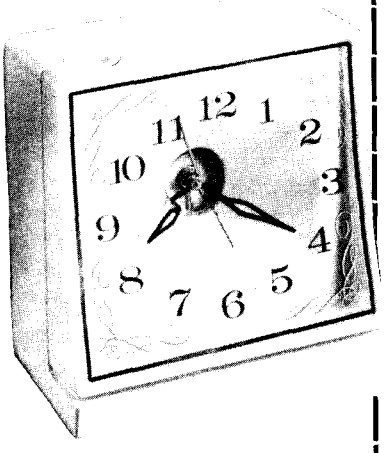

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out of the room until I heard the door close softly.

"I shall need her," I murmured. "Will you call her back, please? I am afraid Madame Maurice is very ill."

"I will ring in a moment. Before that, though, there is something I should say to you, doctor." He looked toward the bed. "You know who this is, don't you?"

I was silent a fraction too long, and I heard him sigh.

"Of course you do. Francia Forde, one of our leading film stars. A face that is very well known."

He startled me horribly, not because he had told me anything new, but because of a definite change in his attitude toward me. I took refuge in my most professional manner.

"I hardly think her identity is of any great importance just now," I said briskly. "What does matter is her condition. I tell you frankly that she has taken something since I saw her last, and it is vital that I should know what it is."

"You may be right," he said gently. "She was in a very strange mood when I persuaded her with such great difficulty to come with me into that ambulance which you so kindly arranged to send."

I could hardly credit it, but there was, I was sure of it, a very definite emphasis on that last observation. It shook me. I certainly had hired the ambulance for him, and because of one thing and another, half the town was aware of the fact. However, there was nothing awkward in that unless—

The idea which had come into my head was so melodramatic that I discounted it at once. People were kidnapped from time to time, as I knew from the papers, but when they were, surely they were never brought to ordinary places like Mapleford by ordinary people like Gastineau.

He had been watching me for some little time, and presently he said something which set me back on my heels while the hairs prickled on my scalp.

"I came to live in Mapleford solely because of you, doctor. Did you know that?"

"No," I declared, "and I can't think—"

"Do forgive me for interrupting you." His voice was gentle, even pleasant. "I just want to tell you that I felt sure you would recognize Francia Forde when you saw her, and I also felt that you would appreciate my introducing her here under a name that was not so well known as her own."

"I have never seen her before last night," I said.

"No." He smiled at me as if he were explaining some small social matter. "But you knew of her and you had good cause to—what shall we say?—think of her quite a lot."

There was a long silence. I think I was more terrified in that minute than ever before in my life.

"I think I am right when I guess that had you known who my Madame Maurice was, you would have hesitated to associate yourself with any illness she might contract. You do realize how far you are committed, don't you, Doctor Fowler?"

Did I? Francia Forde was dying from a dose of poison, either self-administered or given her by this terrifying man in front of me. If there was ever any inquiry at all, it must emerge at once that it was I, of all people, who had cause not only to hate her but, since this afternoon, to be anxious to get her out of the way. Every circumstance in the past few days seemed to conspire to point at me.

I got a grip on myself. "I think I must ask you to get other advice." I heard the well-worn formula creep out in a little thin voice I scarcely knew. "Since you're—you're so well informed, you'll understand that in the circumstances I really—really couldn't take the responsibility."

"But of course you could, and of course you will." He spoke to me as if I were some kind of frightened child scared of an exam. "You'll do your utmost for my poor friend Madame Maurice, widow of an East European refugee. I fear it may be a long business. Pneumonia may intervene, even, and if at last the worst should happen, then we know that a constitution weakened by alcoholism does often succumb to an acute pulmonary infection. Isn't that so?"

I gaped at him. It was an invitation to connive at murder. More than that, it was a threat, with my career and even my life as the alternative.

"This is nonsense," I murmured. "You're making an idiotic mistake. I must ask you to go to the telephone and call another doctor. Someone must treat this woman immediately, but it can't be me."

"Don't you think so?" As he spoke he stretched out his hand and slipped something into mine. I looked down at it. It was the Dormital bottle, and it was empty.

Peter Gastineau did not move. He stood a foot or so away from me, looking at me steadily with his expressionless eyes. I remained looking down at the little bottle in my hand. I had never thought so quickly or so clearly, and it was natural that I should have done it in the way I had been taught.

In this predicament I was thinking medically, sorting out the things I knew for certain from the things that were as yet doubtful, and putting myself in the background and the life of the patient first. Now that I knew what the trouble

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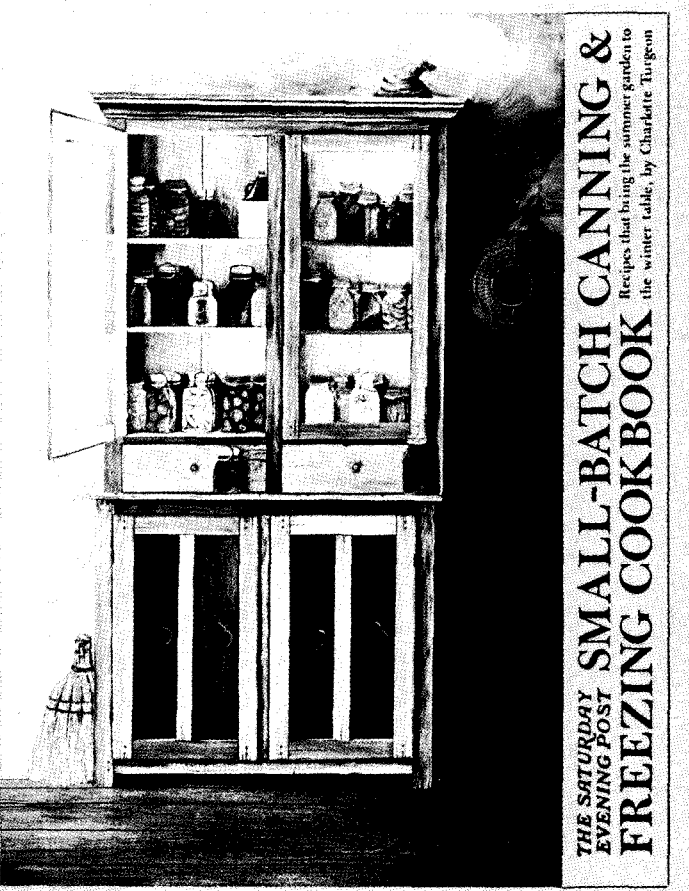
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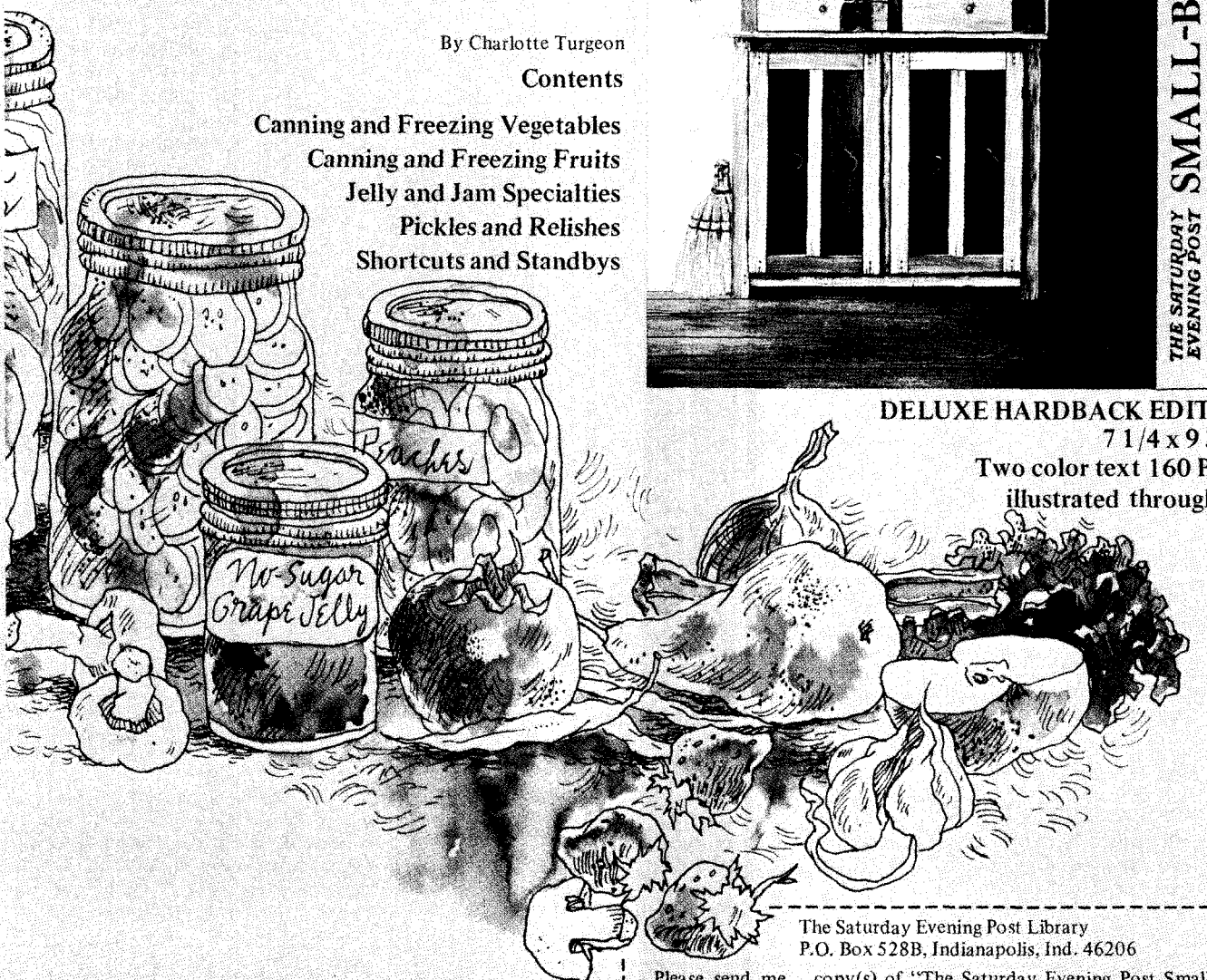

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was, and understood what had happened to the snoring bundle of humanity on the bed, every other consideration slid into second place. There had been fifty tablets in the bottle, each one five grains. I raised my eyes to Gastineau.

"Where did you get this?"

"From a shelf in the bathroom." He met my gaze impudently. "I had never seen it before, of course."

As any doctor can explain, I ought at that moment to have fled. That move was the one thing that might have saved me. If I had done anything but stay—run to Percy, the police, anyone—I might just possibly have saved my own skin, but the woman would have died. I didn't run. I thought she had an outside chance. People had survived larger doses.

"We must get a nurse at once," I exclaimed forcefully to Gastineau.

He sighed. It was a little sound of pure relief. That ought to have settled it. It was my last chance, my last warning. I ignored it.

"Where is the telephone?"

"There is one in the hall and an extension in my sitting room. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, please. Get me Mapleford two-three-four and I'll follow you down."

As soon as he was out of the room, I went to the door and discovered, as I had hoped, that the key was still there. I took it and locked the patient in, and went downstairs. I suppose I thought it was going to be as easy as that.

The hall telephone was near the entrance, and as soon as I came up Gastineau stepped back and handed me the receiver. He did not leave me, though. I could hear him breathing as he hovered in the background just out of my sight. The number I had given him was Nurse Tooley's, and as I heard her voice my heart rose.

"It's Peacocks Hall, nurse," I began, speaking very quietly and hoping that she would use her wits. "Could you come down at once and bring a night bag? I think you had better have your calls put through to Nurse Phillips. You may be out some time."

"Something serious? I'll be there in a jiffy, doctor."

I blessed her calm acceptance of whatever was coming and I trusted I wasn't dragging her into danger.

"Is there anything I can bring?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Could you go round to the surgery and—Nurse?"

"I'm listening, doctor."

"Could you bring the—the equipment we used on young George Roper some little time back?"

I heard her exclamation. "The night he—Oh, dear, yes. Do you expect trouble, doctor?"

"I don't know," I lied, "but it's very urgent. If you'll go to the surgery and bring everything, I'll get Mr. Gastineau to send his car down there for you."

"I'll be there. Don't worry."

"Bless you," I said, and hung up. Then I put my head round the angle of the wall. "Will you send the car, please?"

"Do you really think it will do any good?"

It was that quiet man-to-man query, suggesting that we were accomplices and emphasizing the fact that we were alone, which gave me my first jolt after making my decision to stay. "We must do everything we can," I said.

"But of course, doctor." He shot me an odd, half-admiring glance. "I will call Radek. You shall give him the instructions yourself."

There was nothing whatever I could do for the patient until the nurse arrived, and so I waited until I saw the man go, and then I fetched my bag from the car and went upstairs again. There was no change. Her heart was keeping up, and I was certain I'd been right in deciding that there was no question of sending her to hospital.

There was one thing which had to be done before the nurse arrived, and I set about it. I went over the room like a police officer, searching it minutely for anything I could find. As I had expected, any suitcases which might have come with her had been removed. The drawers in the bureau were completely empty. There was nothing in the wardrobe or on the chintz-skirted dressing table, not even a powder puff, a comb, or a hairpin—nothing at all.

I investigated the tiny bathroom. It was tiled in green and there seemed scarcely room for anything to be hidden there. Yet I found something. Down on the floor, in the angle between the bath and the pedestal of the washbasin, was one of those flat plastic envelopes. It had not been noticed because it was the same color as the tiles, and it was standing on its side flat against the wall and half hidden by a pastel-shaded towel. I pounced on it and opened it. Inside there was a soggy mess of face towels, soap, and odds and ends.

The first thing I pulled out was a nail brush, rather an elaborate affair, but sticky, of course, as everything else was. I turned it over with two fingers and stood looking at it. There was a monogram on the back, stamped into the ivory and picked out in green: F. F. Francia Forde.

So I was not dreaming and the thing was true. There was something about that utterly personal label which drove the facts home to me as nothing else would have done. Whatever the explanation of the whole crazy business might be, it truly was she, and somehow or other I had got to save her life.

It was at that point that I heard someone try the door, and immediately afterward a somewhat startled knocking. I thrust the brush back into the bag and dropped it where I had found it. I hurried out and opened the door to find a startled Nurse Tooley, with Radek, bundled up with gear, behind her.

I had seen Nurse Tooley arriving on a scene of trouble at least a dozen times in so many weeks, but, as usual, she gave me the same thrill of pure thankfulness. She kept Radek quiet and got the bags into the room without letting him enter.

The moment the man had gone, she closed the door very quietly and, with an eye on me, twisted the key softly in the lock. Then she pulled off her cloak, jerked the strings of her bonnet, and shot a long glance at the bed. "Now, what have you got here?" she demanded.

I let her look, and saw the deep

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frown appearing on her forehead. When she looked back at me, I noticed with a pang that she was scared.

"What has she taken, by all the saints?"

"Some form of barbituric," I said briefly, and we got to work immediately.

I suppose it was nearly two hours before we said any word which had not purely to do with the job in hand. Long before then, whatever poison was left in the patient was already absorbed. I completed the work and watched anxiously for any sign of improvement.

Francia lay flat on her back, her eyes closed, her breath still stertorous, and as I listened to her heart, my own sickened. Despite the stimulants I had given, it was not quite so strong.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to wait for a while. The nurse was clearing up at the far end of the room. I knew that at any moment now I must make her some sort of explanation, and as I hesitated I saw, out of the corner of my eye, the Dormital bottle standing where I had left it on the corner of the chest nearest the bed.

There were one or two small ornaments on the glistening wood, a Spode bowl and a little luster jug among them. I picked up the bottle and slid it into the jug for safety. It was practically a reflex action. I had no intention of doing anything secretive, but as the nurse turned round and caught me with my hand outstretched I colored. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

She did not show any sign of noticing. Her own face was as placid and sensible as ever, and she pulled a chair to the fire.

"Rest yourself, doctor," she suggested, her Irish voice soft and easy. "It's terrible hard work you've been doing and there's nothing more to be done for her, poor soul . . . for a time, at any rate."

It was a straight invitation to talk, and I knew that with her I could take it or leave it, as I chose. I went over and sat down, and she eyed me with concern.

"You are tuckered up," she observed. "You're as white as linen. Wouldn't you like to run back for a minute or so, if it's only to have a bite of supper? I can well sit here, and if you think it's advisable to have the door locked—well, I can lock it."

"I don't want the patient left alone," I said at last, "unless the door is locked and the key is in your pocket or mine."

This was a pretty startling statement and could mean only the obvious. She took it with a nod.

"Just as you say. There'll be no one comes anywhere near the poor little thing while I'm about." She paused and added the one thing which could have shown me just how completely in the picture she was, "There'll be no windows left open by mistake to give her pneumonia while I'm around." And she leaned forward to make up the fire, the red glow shining on the white linen of her cap. "Well, now, why don't you treat yourself to half an hour at home?"

I shook my head. John was at the cottage and, frankly, I did not dare to think about him. His appearance had made the present situation so appallingly dangerous that I felt that the only thing to do was to keep him out of my mind and trust to God that he would not enter into anybody else's. I relied on Rhoda to explain where I was. His own intelligence would tell him that something fairly serious was amiss, and I trusted he'd do the same thing and get quietly back to Grundesberg. Personal matters were not thinkable at that moment, and the new warmth which suffused me and was making me so reckless gave me a guilty feeling I certainly wasn't going to analyze.

Nurse Tooley folded her hands in her starched lap and raised her neat head. "Would this be the young party that was brought down from London in the ambulance there was all the talk about?"

I felt my heart miss a beat. "Talk?"

She smiled at me apologetically. "There's one thing I don't believe in, and that's gossip," she murmured. "It's an evil in this town, heaven knows. But you know there was a bother about the whole business, don't you?"

"I knew the time was changed at the last moment," I said cautiously.

"Ah, that put them out to begin with, no doubt, but they had trouble at the house, you know. There was no one there but a woman no one took a fancy to, and the patient was in a highly peculiar state."

She cast her eyes down and let me think what I would.

"There was no one who could do anything with her except this Mr. Gastineau who had come with them, and there was a misunderstanding about yourself not being there to meet them."

In her attempt to let me down lightly, she succeeded in painting a scarifying picture, and I could just imagine how the tale would run round Mapleford.

Her pretty voice continued softly, "But it's all completely all right because everyone knew it was you, doctor, who was arranging the matter."

I was trying to decide what would be the most sensible comment to make when she forestalled me.

"But early this morning when the stranger came round asking questions, everyone was interested, naturally."

I had heard of people feeling that their blood had turned to ice water, and for the first time I could believe it.

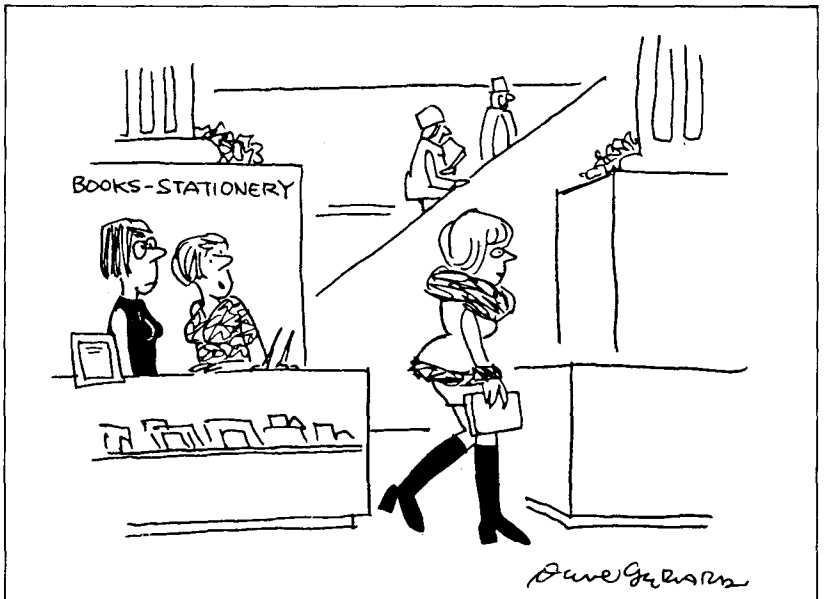
"What stranger was this?" I hope my voice sounded more normal to her than it did to me."

"From what they say, he was very pleasant, but kind of simple." She made the words sound kindly, and I suddenly knew whom she meant—the man from London—although there was no reason why I should have guessed it.

Nurse Tooley was laughing. "Someone took pity on him and told him where to get a room, poor soul. He seemed to have just stepped off the train without making any arrangements. What people will do!"

I got up. That final exclamation of hers had gone straight home. What people will do! I knew what I had to do. The decision had arrived ready-made in my mind some few minutes before. The time had come to have it out with Gastineau.

(To be continued)



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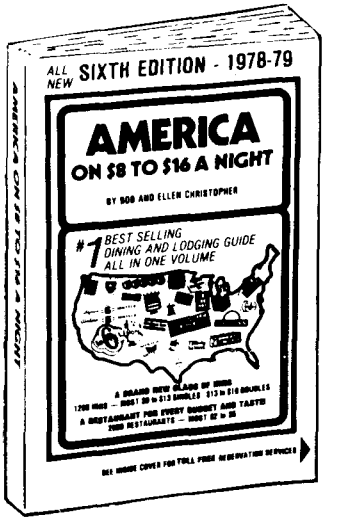
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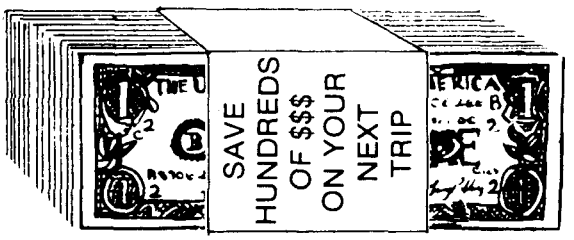

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Oasis

The courts will judge this
sorry case:
How two men squared off,
face to face,
How words could not control
their pace,
How both men rolled in
harsh embrace,
How two good citizens fell
from grace,
And neither got the parking
space.

—*R. E. Marino*

Good Day

continued from page 60

"It must have been a terrible thing for a child to see," comforted Carol, "but courage; it'll all be over soon."

"I know," I whimpered, "but a day without Joe DiMaggio is like a day without sunshine."

You can only be "lousy with courage" for so long. On the way back from the school after lunch, I swung the car into a drive-in and yelled, "One cup of coffee please . . . and will you take a personal check?"

Have a good day. . . . ☒

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America

continued from page 18

wrote a little article called "I the Pencil." Said Leonard Read in his article, "You know it's a funny thing, there's nobody in the world who knows how to make a pencil." Now that seems like a silly thing to say, doesn't it? After all, a pencil is only a piece of wood with something black in the middle and a little red tip at the end. What do you mean, nobody knows how to make a pencil?

Well suppose you set out to make a pencil. First of all you have to get some wood. Where do you get the wood? Perhaps by cutting down trees in the Pacific Northwest. How do you cut down some trees? You have to have some saws to cut them with. Where do you get the saws? You have to have some steel. Where do you get the steel? You have to have a steel mill. In order to have the steel mill you have to get the iron ore—and you can add all the rest.

What happens when I go down to the store and I put down a quarter and get two of these pencils? I am trading with thousands of people all over the world, people in Washington State who are cutting down trees, people in South America, people over in Malaysia—I'm making a deal with them. I'm saying to them indirectly, "I'll give you half-a-minute of talk for two of these pencils."

Now how is that brought about? Is there a commissar sitting in some central office who is sending out orders to these people in Malaysia, to these people in South America, to the people in Washington? How is it that they are led to cooperate with one another? That's the miracle of the price system because—note—of these thousands of people who have been led to engage in this simple transaction with me, not one of them has been forced to do it.

Nobody has had a gun to his head. They've all done it. Why? Because each one of them thinks he's better off in this transaction, and somehow or other I've done it because I think I'm better off. Everybody is benefited. There has been no central direction. These people who have cooperated with one another don't speak the same language; they are people of all different religions. They may hate one another in every respect, but this hasn't prevented them somehow or other from being led to cooperate together. It hasn't prevented some kind of wonderful machinery from bringing these various components all together into this little pencil.

What is that machinery? What is it that has induced people to do this? How has it been brought about? That machinery is the price system.

As a result, the price system enables millions of people to cooperate peacefully with each other on one little phase of their life while each one goes about his own business in respect of everything else.

There is a terrible tendency, and most economic fallacies derive from that tendency, to think of everything as what the game theorists have come to call a zero sum game, to think there's a fixed pie—if I get more you must get less. If somebody was able to make a fortune for himself, he must have done it by grinding under his heel the poor people because the pie is fixed and he takes a bigger part. The great insight of Adam Smith's book *The Wealth of Nations* was that the free market is not a zero sum game, that it is possible for both parties to a transaction to benefit, and that this insight can be used to organize people's activities over a very wide area.

The price system can operate to coordinate the activities of millions of people around the world because it combines three functions: the function of transmitting information, of providing an incentive for people to act on the basis of that information, and last but not least, of distributing the product of that activity. Each of these three functions is essential, yet it's very tempting to try to separate and eliminate one of them. Most great schemes for social reform collapse because of an attempt to do so—in particular, to try to avoid using the price system to distribute the product.

Every society fundamentally must use voluntary exchange. But if it is accompanied by an excess of attempted command, the combination of the two is tyranny and misery. The command produces tyranny, and the most that voluntary exchange fighting against these commands can do is to prevent the misery from being absolute. It at least relieves the misery a little and allows the system to operate.

I'm not arguing that government does not have a role; of course it does. I'm not an anarchist, but I am persuaded that the problem of our society today is too much government, not too little. Indeed, I am persuaded that government is failing to perform the functions which it alone can perform because we are trying to have it perform functions which it cannot perform.

I believe that we can get back on the right track only as the public at large comes to recognize that the direction we have been going is a false direction, and that we can get back on the right track only by stopping, and then reversing, that trend. ☒

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They Are Passing Again

Again the dark geese are sailing
over the living land
on rushing waves of bright wind,
first fleeing,
then following the swift white
storms of winter.
Above autumnal fields of far-
reaching moonlight,
and silently over the forests
of soft earth,
they pass; and over the spring-
washed earth they fly,
filled with the thoughts of the
flowing years.
Over our children, and over our
buried ones
sleeping with the secret of the
seasons,
over our uplifted eyes, our
hidden sighs,
and our memories and prayers,
they are passing.
With the fading echoes of the
falling falling years
they are calling to us again.
Sailing with stars,
with visions, over always changing
lands,
both within and without,
they pass again.

—M. Green

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AN APPLE A DAY...

October—Apple Month, a time of celebration for this ancient, adaptable fruit.

by Janet Kioski

Woodcuts by Ruth Linstromberg

Flavor, beauty—good reasons to enjoy apples out-of-hand and in cooking. But there is more. There is also health. The folk saying, "Eat an apple before going to bed, make the doctor beg his bread," was transformed by time to our present-day jingle so that even small children know what "keeps the doctor away." That old saw just might have a pippin of truth to it.

Apples are low in calories (about 80 to an average fruit) and contain modest amounts of nutrients such as potassium and low levels of vitamins A, B, and C. More important than the nutritional components is the bulk apples provide for the proper functioning of the digestive system. Fiber in the form of pectin and hemicellulose "scrubs" the digestive tract from the teeth right on down. Pectin is also thought to help balance the cholesterol level. For centuries before refined sugar became such a part of the American diet, apples were one healthy way to satisfy a sweet tooth—and still are.

The cliché "As American as apple pie" has a certain historical irony when we consider that, like most of us, the apple is an immigrant. The first apple tree planted in America took root in Massachusetts Bay Colony, but apples have been known to man since prehistoric times. They are thought to have grown wild in the mountains of southwestern Asia and to have been spread by the litter dropped by roaming bands of primitive men. In the ruins of a prehistoric settlement in Switzerland, the remains of apples cut for drying were discovered, and the popular pome appears in ancient myths and legends of many cultures.

One of the best-known apple stories grew out of the Bible narrative of Adam and Eve's disobedience to God. In the Garden of Eden grew a tree whose fruit gave knowledge of good and evil. Forbidden by God but tempted by the evil serpent, they ate the fruit and were expelled from the Garden as punishment. Some modern scholars believe that the fruit was probably an apricot, since apples do not thrive in the hot, dry summers of the Middle East. Another story suggests that a piece of the forbidden fruit lodged in Adam's throat, giving his descendents the legacy of an Adam's apple. Just think—it could have been an "Adam's apricot."

No matter its origins, an apple tree can be a delight, from full, fragrant blossoms in spring, to a friendly roost for children and summer shade for the not-so-young, to that great harvest in the fall. But deciding to plant the seeds of a particularly delicious apple in order to have a whole tree of that variety may prove disappointing. Apple seeds do not "breed true." That is, they have a way of producing fruit very different from the parent tree. That could account for the more than 8,000 varieties of apples that have been named in the history of apple raising. Producers have been able to predict and stabilize the quality of their crops through such methods as grafting.

Whether you grow your own apples or depend on a supermarket harvest, this month, National Apple Month, is a good time to expand your culinary repertoire with apple recipes from soup to dessert.

Mulled Apple Punch

3 pounds cooking apples
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon nutmeg
3 cans frozen lemonade concentrate
1 red apple
Whole cloves
1 gallon apple cider

Wash apples; do not peel or core; cut into eighths. Cook in small amount of water until very soft. Put through food mill or sieve. Stir in spices. Add frozen concentrate. Heat gently until lemonade is thawed. Stud red apple with whole cloves; place in heatproof punch bowl; add spiced apple mixture. Heat cider (do not boil). Pour into punch bowl. Serve in mugs. Makes about 20 1-cup servings.

Scalloped Apples and Cheese

1½ tablespoons vegetable oil
1½ tablespoons unbleached flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
Dash paprika
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash Tabasco
1½ cups milk
¾ cup fine bread crumbs
4 apples, cored, pared, and

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sliced crosswise
½ pound American cheese, grated
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Heat oil, blend in flour; add seasonings and milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and slightly thickened. Line a greased shallow baking dish with ¼ cup bread crumbs. Arrange alternate layers of apples and grated cheese in baking dish. Pour in sauce. Top with crumbs; dot with butter or margarine. Bake at 350 degrees F. about 25 minutes or until apples are tender. Six servings.

Curried Apple Soup

2 large sweet onions, coarsely chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons curry powder
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup cold water
6 envelopes instant chicken broth mix
1 quart hot water
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup heavy cream
2 apples, peeled, cored, and chopped fine
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
1 lemon, juice
Thin slices unpeeled red apples
Cook onions in butter until soft but not brown. Stir in curry powder. Blend cornstarch and cold water; add. Dissolve instant broth mix in hot water; add. Stir over low heat until slightly thickened and clear. Add a little of the hot mixture to egg yolks; return to remaining hot mixture; cook and stir about 1 minute. Add cream. Remove from heat. Add chopped apples. Put through electric blender or press through food mill or fine sieve. Add lemon juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot or chilled, garnished with thin slices of unpeeled red apple. Serves 8.

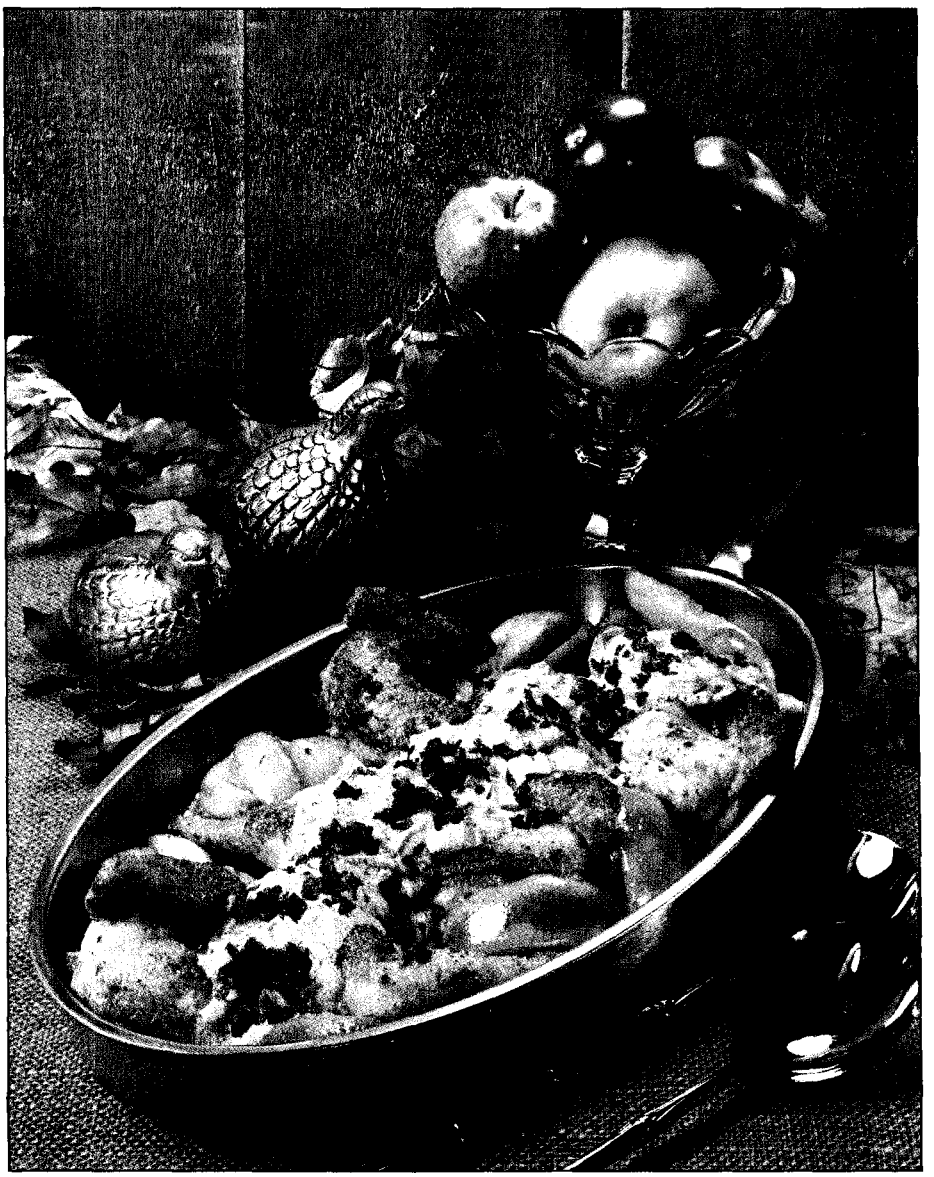
Apple-Salmon Salad

2 packages gelatin salad mix
4 cups hot water
1 can (1 lb.) red salmon, boned and flaked
1½ cups diced, unpeeled red apples
½ cup diced green pepper
½ cup thinly sliced celery
½ cup cooked or canned green peas
Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Pour about 1/3 into a 6-cup mold; chill until set. Chill remaining gelatin until consistency of unbeaten egg white; fold in remaining ingredients; spoon on top of clear gelatin in mold. Chill until set. Serve on salad greens; garnish with fluted cucumber slices. Accompany with preferred salad dressing. Serves 6 to 8.

Sugarless Whole Wheat Apple Cobbler

Filling:
5 cups sliced raw apples (about 5 medium)
¼ cup toasted wheat germ
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons unbleached white flour or 2 teaspoons arrowroot
½ cup apple juice or 1 cup unsweetened applesauce
3 tablespoons butter or margarine cut into pieces
Honey to sweeten if you prefer a sweeter filling
Crust:
½ cup whole wheat flour
1 cup sifted unbleached flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
½-2/3 cup buttermilk
Honey to taste if desired
Preheat the oven to 400 degrees F. Dissolve the flour or arrowroot in the juice or mix into the applesauce, stirring until well com-

Apple-glazed sautéed chicken. To add an epicurean touch to main dishes, try trimming a platter of fish fillets or chops, either pork or lamb, with fresh parsley, lemon wedges, and crisp, raw apples.



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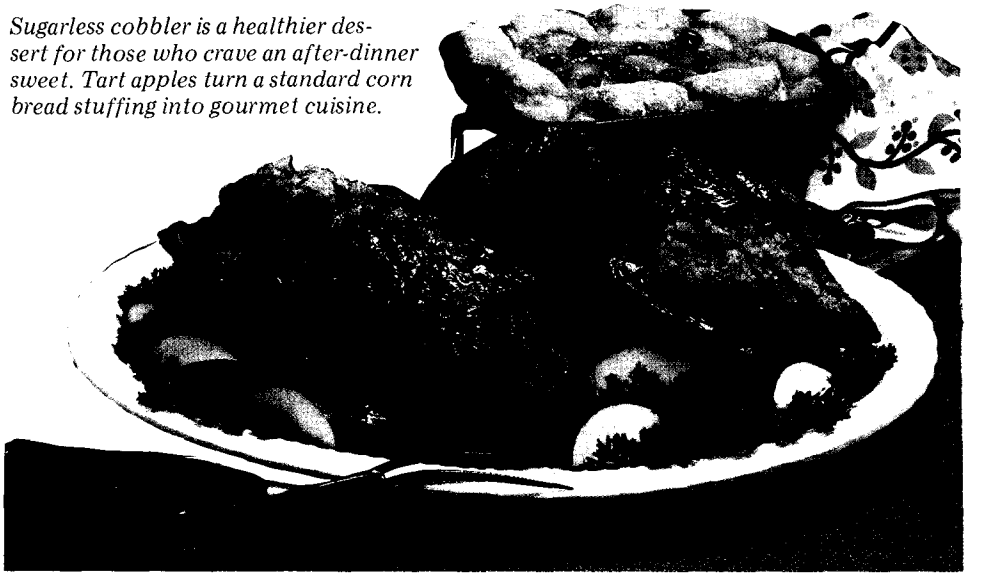
bined. Mix together all other filling ingredients and add to the applesauce or juice mixture. Place in a 9-inch square pan. Set aside.

Put the unsifted whole wheat flour into a mixing bowl. Sift other dry ingredients and add to the whole wheat flour. Cut in butter or margarine. Add buttermilk to form a soft dough. Toss on a lightly floured board and knead just enough to make the mixture smooth. Roll to ½-inch thickness and cut with 2-inch cutter. Place on top of apple mixture. Garnish with raisins, cranberries, or nuts before baking. Bake for 30 minutes or until crust is golden brown.



Sugarless cobbler is a healthier dessert for those who crave an after-dinner sweet. Tart apples turn a standard corn bread stuffing into gourmet cuisine.

Apple-Glazed Sautéed Chicken

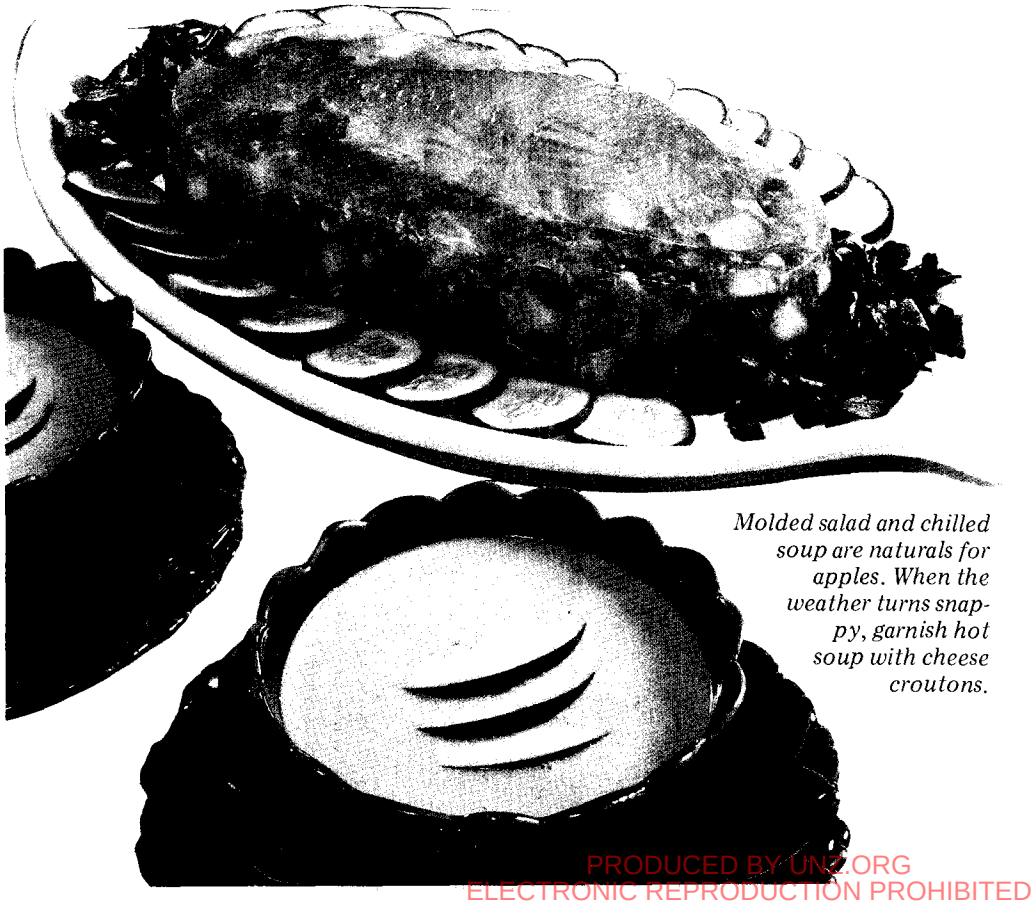
8 chicken breasts
2 tablespoons margarine or butter
2 tablespoons oil
3 tablespoons minced scallions
1 can frozen apple juice concentrate
½ cup chicken stock
3 Golden Delicious apples, peeled, sliced, and cored
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup heavy cream

Heat 2 tablespoons each margarine and oil in a heavy skillet. Rub the chicken breasts with salt and pepper and cook in the skillet over moderate heat until chicken pieces are evenly browned. Remove chicken from the pan, then sauté scallions until transparent. Add apple juice and chicken broth. Bring to a boil, reduce the heat, and add the browned chicken. Cover and simmer 20 to 30 minutes until chicken is done.

In another skillet, add the remaining ¼ cup margarine and heat over moderate heat. Add the peeled, cored, and sliced apples and sauté gently, turning occasionally to cook evenly. Cook slowly for about 20 minutes until apples are cooked, but firm. Don't overcook.

When chicken is done, transfer the chicken pieces to a platter, skim fat from pan juices, and reduce the juices over high heat for 5 minutes. Add the heavy cream, stirring vigorously. Boil rapidly for 2 to 3 minutes or until it thickens slightly. Reduce heat to low, return chicken to pan, and simmer it, basting with the sauce until chicken is heated through. Arrange chicken pieces on a heated platter, distribute apple slices over the chicken, and pour sauce over all.

Serves 4 to 6, depending on size of chicken pieces.



Molded salad and chilled soup are naturals for apples. When the weather turns snappy, garnish hot soup with cheese croutons.

Roast Duckling with Apple Corn Bread Stuffing

2 ducklings (about 5 pounds each)
½ cup minced onion
½ cup butter or margarine
8 cups crumbled corn bread
2 cups diced, unpeeled red apples
2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
Dash of coarse black pepper
1 cup hot giblet stock

Wash ducklings inside and out; pat dry. Cook giblets to make stock. Cook onion in butter until golden brown. Drain well and combine onion with other ingredients. Mix well. Stuff and truss ducklings; place on rack in large open roasting pan. Do not add water; do not cover. Roast in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about 2½ hours or until done (25 to 30 minutes per pound). Serves 8.

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Tommy John

continued from page 32

was born, he cried or took his first slap on the rear with a grin.

The son of Thomas Edward Sr. and Ruth John, Tommy Jr. spent his youth on the banks of the Wabash in Terre Haute.

Like most midwestern towns, particularly Indiana towns, where the success and failure of the high school teams dictate the mood of the citizenry, Terre Haute was made for a sports-minded kid like Tommy.

Before he reached the age when he could play with the big boys, Tommy was the "mascot" of the Gerstmeyer High basketball teams and slept in the luggage rack above the seats on bus trips to and from games. Later he would star in basketball and—you betcha—baseball at Gerstmeyer.

"His dad and mother were real good to him," says Tommy's high school coach, Howard Sharpe. "He was real intelligent and he had an awful lot of desire. I mean his desire was fantastic. I think he got a lot of that from his dad."

"He was my only coach until high school," says Tommy Jr. of Tommy Sr. "We played catch, shot baskets, golfed, bowled . . . whatever normal midwestern fathers and sons do.

"Dad played baseball but he didn't push me. I could tell when I was younger that if I expected to do anything further in sports I was going to have to do it in baseball. My size (6-4), for one thing, would have hurt me in basketball. Even at that time, a 6-4 forward was marginal and I couldn't have played guard."

Still, Tommy did set the Vigo County single game scoring record of 47 points, a mark that stood for 10 years.

In baseball, John's pitches were so baffling that Coach Sharpe couldn't have his young star throw batting practice. "Even then," Sharpe says, "he had that darn sinker. It was natural. The ball would duck right over the plate, just like it does now. All my kids could do was hit the ball into the ground, right into the dirt."

Sharpe would get wind of it every time a pro scout came within 50 miles of Terre Haute and tried to steer him toward Tommy. When a scout would be looking at a prospect on an opposing team, Sharpe would make certain he'd have Tommy on the mound.

There was—and is—a lot more to T. J. than sports, too. "Tommy was valedictorian of his class, straight A's," Ruth John proudly remarks. "And he was a good boy. He never gave us a bit of trouble."

His speech at high school graduation was still in the air when the Cleveland Indians had Tommy John's name on a contract. After two years in the farm system, he seemed to be on his way; the big league club called.

Two years in Cleveland produced only a handful of victories, however, so he went back to the minors for a season. Then, in 1965, he was a throw-in on a five-player Indians-Chicago White Sox swap. After that his career began to take hold. He pitched seven campaigns with the Sox, compiling a .500 record.

In 1972, he moved to the West Coast with the Dodgers in a trade for slugger Dick Allen; and, with the hits more forthcoming off the big L.A. bats, John's record showed rapid improvement. He was 16-7 in 1973 and 13-3 at the halfway point of '74 when the arm let go.

Now, after two years and the two operations, Tommy is back on the mound, making the big leaguers look just like Coach Sharpe's high schoolers—hitting ground ball after ground ball.

And he and Sally have a son, Thomas Edward John III, to go with Tami.

Will baseball be the game for his boy? Tommy replies, "I'm going to buy him a set of golf clubs. Actually, he can do anything he wants. He could be a cheerleader . . . well, no, not a cheerleader."

No, the sidelines will probably be no place for Tommy John's son, not if courage and desire and willpower are hereditary. He could have turned his back, said "shucks" or something appropriate, and accepted his fate. Didn't you hear what the doctor told you, Tommy? No one will blame you if you pack it in, stop trying.

"A big part of Tommy is that he has a great belief in the Lord," says his mother, "and he believed that with desire, dedication, and God's help, he could make it back. He just never gave up."

"If it hadn't worked out," Tommy says, "it would have meant that God had something else in store for me, something better than baseball.

"It could end right now, you know. But I've got a lot of good years in, met a lot of good people, and done a lot of good things. It all has to come to an end. Without a comeback it just would have come to an end sooner."

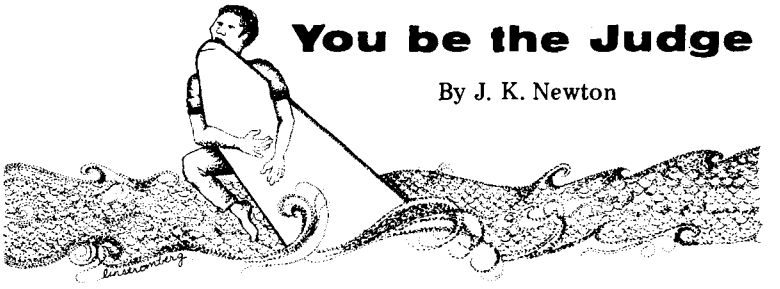
Right now, T. J. wants to become one of the few pitchers to turn in 20 seasons in the majors. He says that the "bionic arm" feels great and that he is throwing harder than ever before.

"I've only got six more years to go to reach 20 and I should make it," Tommy John grins, warming up in the bullpen for one of his favorite lines.

"After all, my arm is only four years old." ☒

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton



David Einhorn was making an instrument landing in fog at Higgins Field when he mistakenly put his plane down in Lake Erie, about 500 yards east of the end of the runway. Einhorn climbed out on the wing of the plane; but, by the time a boat—manned by the city's rescue squad—had reached the scene, the plane had sunk and Einhorn had drowned.

Because the Higgins Field authorities had failed to rescue her husband, Ann Einhorn sued the airport for his wrongful death. At the trial, her attorney explained that every airport is regulated by a number of statutes which deal with the maintenance of an airfield. "These regulations require an airport to provide a safe approach for an aircraft onto its field," he said. "Because Higgins Field is a lakefront airport, it must be prepared to rescue a plane if it lands in a lake while making its approach. This rescue is a required part of providing a safe approach."

Attorneys for the airport denied any liability for Einhorn's death. "The duty of maintaining airfields does not impose the extra duty of water rescue," they argued. "The only requirement imposed on Higgins Field is to remove obstructions and to take any and all reasonable precautions that the landing and taking off be made safe. The airport did this," they said.

If you were the judge, would you find the airport liable for the wrongful death of Einhorn?

The court refused to find the airport liable. It said that the airport was neither responsible nor duty bound to rescue another in distress, as long as it hadn't been a cause of that distress.

(Based on a 1970 Illinois First District Court of Appeals case)

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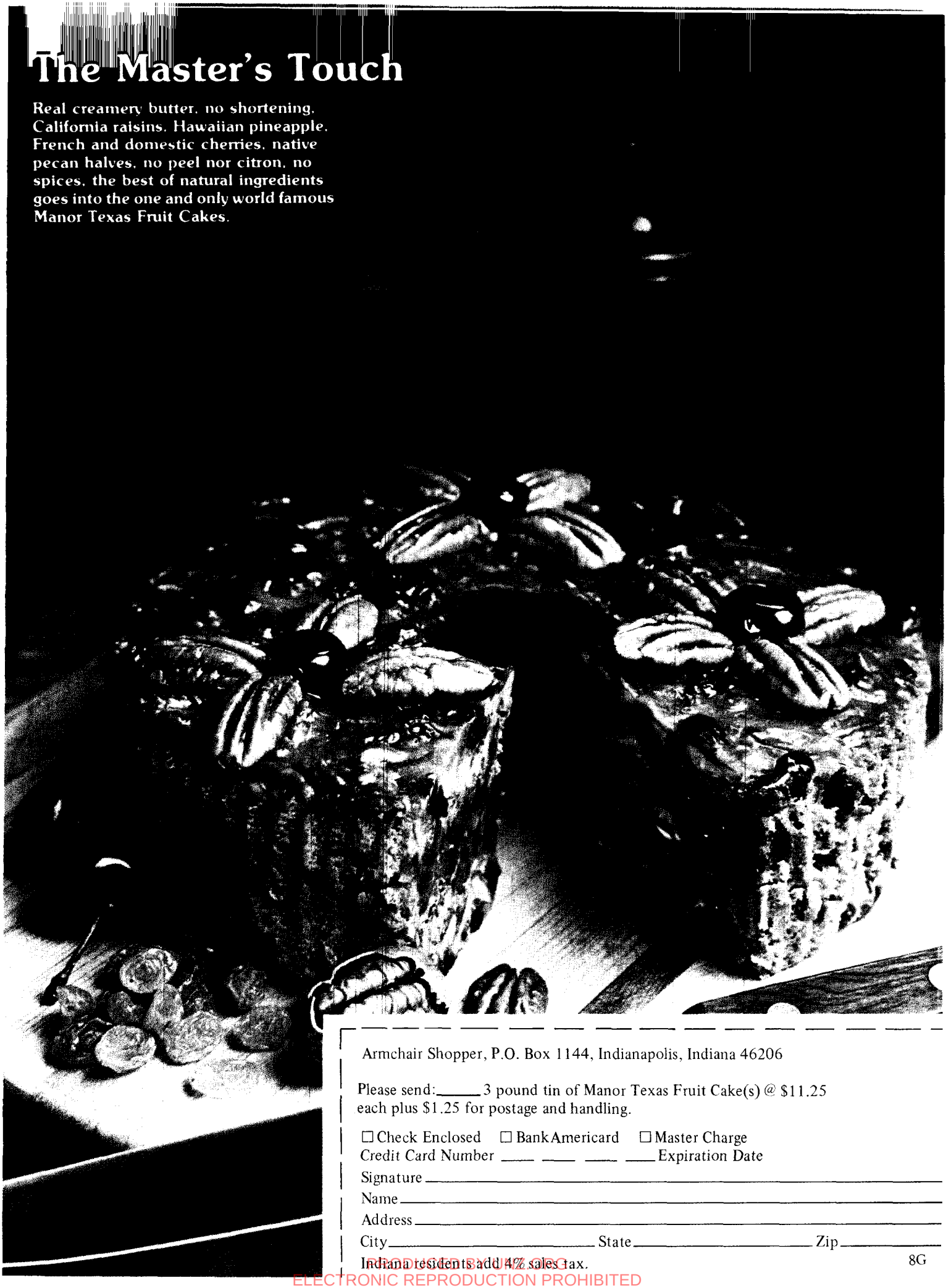

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Nothing kills like doing nothing. (Danish Proverb)

Training Table Diet

Q. When I played football we were told to eat steaks and high protein food. Now our sons play football and their coach tells them to eat meals high in carbohydrates. Whose coach is right?

A. Your sons' coach is right. Your sons will do better on a high carbohydrate diet before endurance events. While high protein meals were often advocated for athletes in the past, their needs for protein are no greater than the nonathlete's need. Athletes do need extra calories and these are efficiently obtained from the carbohydrates.

Homosexuals and Disease

Q. I have heard that "gay" men have more hepatitis than other men. Is this true and are there any other diseases which are more prevalent in homosexual men? Our nephew is living with our family and I suspect that he is gay.

A. Homosexual men do have a higher incidence of infectious hepatitis than their heterosexual counterparts. Homosexual males also have a higher frequency of Bowen's disease, a kind of slow-growing skin cancer around the anus. A surgeon at George Washington University reports that many homosexuals with this type of cancer wish not to handicap their sexual lifestyle with surgery—even knowing that in time their disease could become life-threatening.

Homosexuals are also more frequently troubled with hemorrhoids than are nonhomosexuals.

Suicide is a much greater threat for gay men. According to a recent study undertaken by the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, 20 percent of the gay men questioned had attempted suicide as opposed to 4 percent of the heterosexual males.

Vitamin B Deficiency

Q. Our teenage daughter has been on a strange diet for about a month. How soon after a vitamin B-deficient diet would symptoms begin to appear?

A. Exclusions of B vitamins from the diet may cause deficiency symptoms within three to four weeks in normal adults but even sooner in teenagers whose rapid growth adds to their requirements. If your daughter happens to be on "the pill," this may interfere with the absorption and normal metabolism and excretion of the B vitamins and it may be necessary to increase her intake.

Medical News

There is a popular belief that colds are spread by breathing airborne particles propelled into the air when the infected person sneezes, coughs, and talks. To a certain extent, this may be true, but a recent study reported in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* has revealed an extremely high efficiency of hand-to-hand transmissions of the cold-producing virus (rhinovirus).

In this study, the rhinovirus was transmitted from experimentally infected volunteers (donors) to susceptible recipients and the efficiencies of spread by hand-to-hand contact and the breathing of airborne particles were compared.

Transmission of infection was very efficient by the hand route: 11 of 15 hand-contact exposures initiated infection, compared with only 1 of 22 airborne exposures.

The virus on the donor's hands was transferred to the recipient's fingers during 20 of 28 ten-second hand-contact exposures. Susceptible volunteers became infected after placing contaminated fingers on their nasal and conjunctival (eye) mucosa. It was observed that both finger-to-eye and finger-to-nose contacts are a common part of normal human behavior.

Hand washing was found to be an important preventive measure.

"Sorry I'm late. I cut myself shaving this morning."

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Predicting Effectiveness of Cancer Drugs

Even though success with chemotherapy treatment for cancer has improved greatly over the past decade, much of the selection as to which of the many chemotherapy regimens to use for a specific cancer patient has remained somewhat of a trial and error process.

The physician must try to estimate which of the therapies to use based on available statistics for the overall success of that type of chemotherapy with a specific type of cancer. A major drawback to this method is that patients with the same kind of cancer can vary widely in their response to the same cancer drug. Unfortunately, patients who do not receive the right chemotherapy often die within a few months. But a means of evaluating which cancer drug can help each specific patient may now have been found, according to a recent report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

Cancer researchers have been trying to find an assay to quickly predict the effectiveness of cancer drugs on a specific patient's tumors. In the past, a major problem has been that in in vitro tests (those occuring in test tubes), results have not correlated well with the ultimate tests in in vivo results (in the live patient). That is, a drug which would kill a cancer cell in a test tube may not have the same predicted effectiveness when given to the patient.

The problem in the past has been that approximately 99 percent of cancer cells in a tumor may die or be sensitive to drugs tested. The remaining 1 percent, however, may go on multiplying.

A method in vitro study of the effects of drugs on cells has been utilized in which the 1 percent of cancer cells which keep the cancer spreading are isolated and these "cancer spreading" cells are tested with a variety of cancer drugs to see which drugs are most effective to use against them. This is similar to the predictive technique of exposing a bacteria to a variety of antibiotics to see which are effective.

As the assay for cancer drug sensitivity stands now, it is only possible to test certain specific types of cancer. In particular, problems will have to be worked out before some types of solid tumors and breast cancer will be amenable to sensitivity testing.

There are two other problems inherent in this method. First, many cancer drugs are transformed by the body into different compounds before they reach the cancer cells. This could possibly alter the results of the initial tests which predict which of the drugs are effective. Second, this assay usually takes two to three weeks, and it is not always possible to wait for culture results before starting chemotherapy.

In spite of these problems, this assay represents a promising approach to the problem of most accurately predicting which cancer drug will be the most effective in the chemotherapy treatment of each cancer patient.

Stress and Immunity to Disease

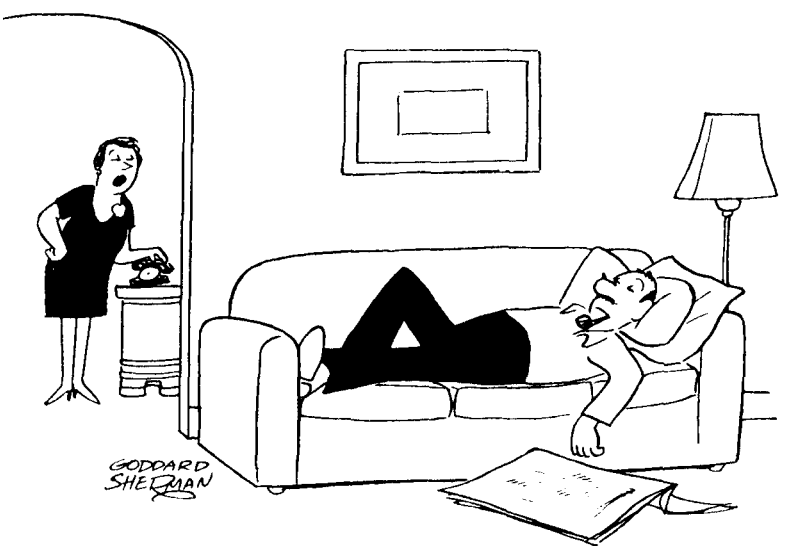
Leukemia cells seem to be killed most quickly in blood taken from students who cope best with stress.

It has been known for some time that emotional stress can be associated with physical problems. This relationship has been well documented in cardiovascular diseases and in gastrointestinal ailments. Several new studies, however, have shown that persons who cope poorly with stress may suffer deficits in their bodies' ability to fight certain diseases or to destroy abnormal cells.

In one Boston University study conducted by Steven Locke, college students were evaluated on both the amount of stress they were under and how well they coped with that stress. Blood samples were drawn and the blood was then exposed to human leukemia cells. The activity of killing cells in the blood was then measured by how actively they killed the leukemia cells. It was found that the highest level of killer cell activity was in students who coped best with stress. Conversely, the poorest copers showed less killer cell activity, and therefore less ability to fight off disease.

Another study measured immune function in people whose spouses had recently died. Here, too, the study showed that severe psychological stress altered the body's immune function.

It appears that stress alone may not be the key factor in impairing immunity, but rather how well a person copes with whatever stress he's under. These studies also imply that stress and reactions to stress may be important factors in a person's susceptibility to certain types of cancer, but more research will have to be done before this relationship can be established.



"It was the blood bank. Your blood bounced."

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Bicycling

continued from page 59

ing through marsh grass at the seashore and I can't yet see the ocean beyond the sand dunes. The feeling was so strong I could almost smell the salt spray in the air and I had trouble dismissing it. I wonder if others ever had similar feelings out here on the Great Plains. . . .

I speculated before I left that the people I met along the way would be the best part of the trip, and I wasn't wrong. I was given food, encouragement, shelter from the elements, advice, overnight lodging, directions, friendship, and love by hundreds, maybe thousands, of people. In Rochester, New York, a doughnut shop owner gave me a dozen free doughnuts (my, yum, weakness). In the upper peninsula of Michigan a Finnish family showed me some beautiful sights along the banks of Lake Superior, fed me dinner, treated me to a wood-burning stove-heated sauna (my first), and provided me with a bed in which to spend the night. In Louisiana, Missouri, a newspaper reporter interviewed me for an article, then invited me home for dinner, an evening full of talk, and a place to sleep. Everywhere I went, it seemed someone was there to do me a good turn. I received help from so many people whom I'll never be able to repay. When I was done with the trip I wrote letters to 80 different people to thank them for their help, but that wasn't sufficient. Now I feel obligated to help out someone in need when I come across him. I have to pass along the goodness and the kindness.

There were some offers of help I felt obliged to turn down; when I was offered money by people who admired what I was doing or when I was offered a ride in the back of a pickup truck over a particularly difficult mountain pass, I said no. It just didn't seem right. Getting off the bike and pushing it over the tough passes and getting by on the money I had allotted seemed to be important. The eight-mile push to the top of Wolf Creek Pass in Colorado was as rewarding as the 14-mile coast down the other side. I sang all the way down.

Central Wisconsin,
Wednesday,
August 31, 1977.

I hold deep feelings for this part of the country I have never seen before. Here in Wisconsin my grandfather was born and grew up and here his father lived before him. I have the strange sense of coming back home. In this age of transitory lives and continual moves back and forth, one occasionally aches for something solid and unchanging with which he can ally. I feel a kinship with the people I meet as I ride from one small town to the next. I want to look up relatives I have never met before just to meet other people who bear my uncommon last name. . . .

The signs along the roadside provided laughter for one with a sense of humor during the inevitable bleak sections. Everywhere I went signs proclaimed: SPEED ZONE AHEAD. How often I wished that proclamation were true. In Cottonwood, Arizona, I was tempted to comply with a sign which requested: ALL PEDDLERS MUST REGISTER WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE. There was this revealing sign on Highway 6 in Ontario, Canada: BETTY'S FOOD AND GAS BAR. And in east Texas, there was a sign for a fruit and vegetable stand that, for want of an easily observed apostrophe, advertised something entirely different than intended: COUNTRY GIRLS PRODUCE.

Upper Peninsula of Michigan,
Wednesday, September 7, 1977.

It was beautiful this afternoon. The road flowed like a smooth white ribbon under my wheels. On days like today, with the warm sun shining, white battleship clouds floating in a crystal blue sea of sky, fields of goldenrod glinting, almost orange, the leaves of the trees just turning, and the crisp air hinting at summer's approaching end and the fall that will soon follow, one could believe that he will never die. . . .

The weather was my ally and my foe. From Los Angeles to St. Louis only one day was below 90 degrees F. From St. Louis to Boston it rained roughly one out of every three days. There were thunder and lightning storms on frequent occasions during my trip and, in Arizona, a choking sandstorm drove me from the road in search of respite from the sting of its pelting. Always there was the wind. Except for hills, wind was the most implacable foe I faced for large portions of the trip. It is impossible, but it seemed to me that I was forever riding against the wind. To have the wind in one's sails is pure bliss. To ride against it can be agony.

I endured my share of mechanical difficulties, too. Before the ride was complete I suffered 35 flat tires, seven broken spokes, seven worn-out tires, and a bashed-in front wheel.

The encouraging aspect of all the difficulties was that I successfully dealt with them all. As I surmounted each obstacle, my confidence in my ability to deal with whatever I encountered grew. In time it became evident to me that if I could marshal my patience (no mean feat) and apply myself, there was little I couldn't do to overcome whatever difficulties I encountered. The continual success of this exercise in

The Perfect Squelch

When Jim married Jane, a number of mothers with eligible daughters were both surprised and disappointed. They pointed out that the bride's family was one of the poorest in town, and that Jane had announced her engagement right after Jim received a sizable fortune from his grandfather.

One woman, whose hopes for her daughter had been especially high, made a point of coming up to Jane at the wedding reception. "Of course, I don't believe a word of it," she told the bride, "but you should know that everyone is saying you married Jim simply because his grandfather left him all that money."

After recovering from her surprise, the bride suddenly smiled. "That's nonsense," she said cheerfully. "I'd have married Jim no matter who left him the money."

—Mrs. Arthur Niedzielski

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self-reliance was tremendously reassuring.

Finally, I came to Walden Pond. There, near where Henry David Thoreau lived for two years while recording his thoughts and conducting one of the most famous experiments in living and enjoying life to the fullest, is a sign that reads: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." These words of Thoreau's, lifted from the pages of his *Walden*, are a call to action, a call to others to live life and not sit idly as it passes by, to immerse themselves in the waters, to flounder and splash about, to exult. It was partially the hearing of this call that led me to make my original decision to attempt my ride.

Walden Pond, Massachusetts,
Monday, October 10, 1977.

With less than 100 miles to go, I know that I cannot fail, that I have done what I set out to do. With that realization comes the knowledge that the spiritual journey is complete, even if I do have a few miles remaining to finish the physical journey. It is hard to accept the fact that this way of life I have grown so accustomed to over the last four and a half months will, in a day or two, be a thing of the past. No more will I freely barge into and out of the orderly lives of perfect strangers. No more will I begin each day with little idea of what the day holds in store for me or where I will be at day's end. No more will I be so at the mercy of the weather and the capriciousness of geography. I feel a sense of melancholy and loss.

And now, at the oddest of moments, at any time at all, something impinges upon my brain, a chance remark, perhaps, and instantly I'm transported away—to the fields of southeast Colorado and the sweet smell of the summer alfalfa harvest; to late afternoon thundershowers out on the Kansas prairie; to Iowa and miles and miles of one row of corn after another; to the rushing waters of Niagara Falls; to the beauty of the first turning of the leaves in New England; to the summer of my content. ☒

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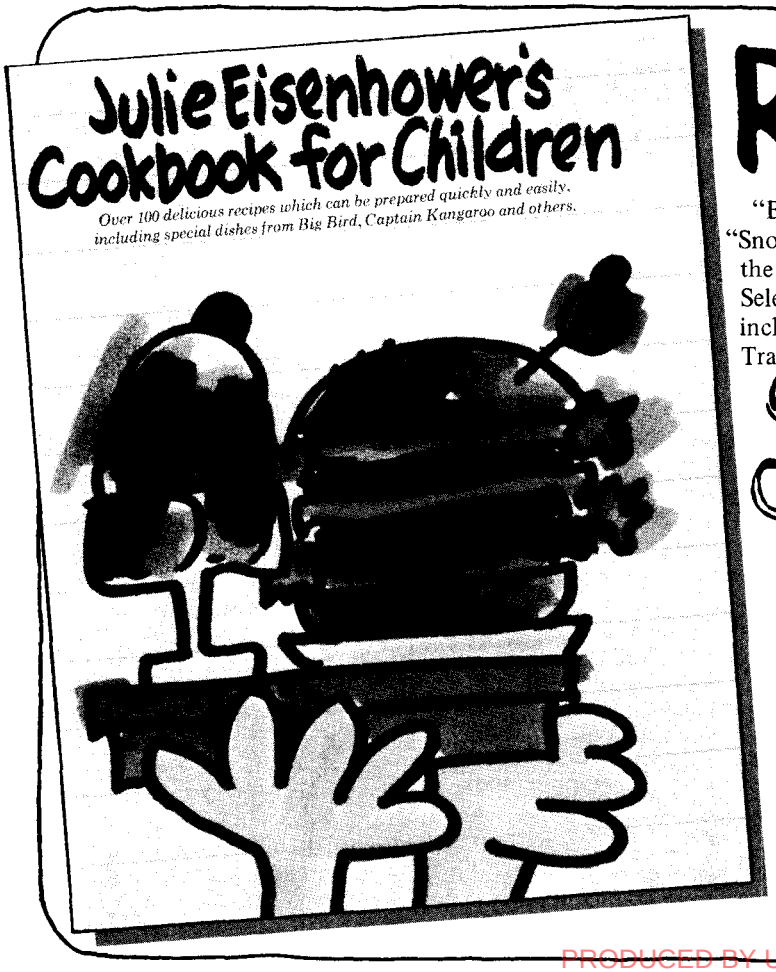
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The Founder

continued from page 67

But tragedy often lurks just below the surface of success. In 1877, with great sadness, he committed Amity to the Hospital where she would spend the last two years of her life. Her laughter had become so persistent as to annoy the neighbors and frighten small children. Amos sought to shield her from the world's scorn. He visited her twice and, when she died, laid her in one of his best pine coffins and placed her by his father on Gallows Hill.

The loss of his wife of 20 years was followed by another dark episode, one which would have soured a lesser man but which led Luquer to his proudest achievement. It began when the New York *Herald* reported the discovery, in Vicksburg, of a supply of military coffins. Each bore a small inlaid Confederate flag, and each was stamped on the underside with "H. and M. Casket Co." Though the evidence was entirely circumstantial (Cardinale observes, *Affairs of State*, p. 612, that the initials are not unusual and that at least one Southern concern, the Hattiesburg and Mobile Casket Company, shared them), the press seized the opportunity which it gave them to debase a mighty figure. Without stating the charge explicitly, the *Herald* hinted that Luquer had traded with the enemy. Other newspapers quickly followed with stories of watered whiskey, unfair labor practices, and questionable mergers. Supported by unscrupulous competitors of Luquer Enterprises and a rising tide of New York Democrats, they parodied Amos in nasty cartoons of "Filthy" Luquer.

To his credit, Luquer refused to dignify the charges with a reply. When a Democratic Congress summoned him to Washington to answer them, he refused to defend himself. He appealed to the Fifth Amendment 42 times in one day, setting a record which stood for 75 years and gave courage to later defenders of the right to privacy. Between trips to Washington, he stayed in his mansion in Judas, shunned by those who had called him friend when his star was rising.

Amos was at the depth of his struggle with the press and Congress when he received a visit from Angus McBee, an old Judas friend who had left the village after high school for a distinguished career in higher education. In view of the importance of this visit to State University's history, we are fortunate to have a verbatim account by Amos' kennel keeper.

Luquer's butler announced McBee as "the President of North Fork Normal School" and showed him into the drawing room. Luquer hadn't heard of the school, but he greeted his old friend warmly. "Angus! How very good to see you after all these years! Sit down!"

McBee took a chair. He was five years older than Luquer but looked a decade younger despite a full white beard and a stout figure. Amos' troubles had chiseled his jaw to a point and etched deep lines around his eyes and mouth.

McBee looked at the rich furniture and thick carpet of the drawing room

and sighed. "Ah, Amos! You've made a good go of it. The Lord has smiled on you."

"Hard, honest work, Angus," Luquer replied. "Nothing any man couldn't achieve in our society."

"Yes, yes, of course! Hard work, Amos. But luck too. Have you given a thought to those who are less favored?"

"I tithe, Angus," Amos protested. "Judas Free Hospital is my doing."

"Aye, man," McBee continued, "but where's your name?" He swept his arm around the room. "This won't last, you know, and a mental institution isn't much of a monument to a man."

"Make your point, Angus!" Luquer was suddenly irritated by this self-appointed angel of conscience.

McBee leaned forward and fixed Amos with eyes which glowed under his heavy white brows. "Have you thought of endowing a college, Amos? Giving young people a chance for the good life you have here?"

Amos snorted. "Take over Harvard, you mean?"

"No, no, no! Harvard's an old place and it's been named. I mean something new."

"Like. . . .?"

"Like my school, North Fork Normal." McBee leaned forward and pressed Amos' hand. "It's a fair place with lots of good land—you've heard of the Morrill Act? For about two million dollars—nothing to you, Amos, nothing!—it could be Luquer College."

Luquer stared at McBee and rang for the butler.

"Just imagine it, Amos! Dozens of buildings with your name in stone—the best granite, sturdy, lasting stuff. The boys and girls singing about you, and old Amos standing there at graduation, passing out the diplomas. Doesn't it move you?"

It didn't. Luquer was self-educated. One thing he had despised about Delmar was the old man's everlasting prattle about "dear old Yale."

"Mr. McBee is leaving," Amos said as the butler appeared in the doorway.

McBee saw that he was losing the game. He drew his trump card. "And Amos," he said, "think of this: Nothing makes a man look better to his fellows than an interest in education. Can you imagine anyone thinking ill of a man who had built a college? Never, man, *never*!"

In that instant, Amos Luquer caught McBee's dream. In his mind, he saw a school spread over a grassy hillside west of the Alleghenies. He imagined "Luquer Hall" over a doorway, and generations of students, parents, and—yes—even Congressmen, who would speak his name with reverence.

Amos stood up and stretched his hand toward McBee. "Angus, old friend, your request has touched me more than I can say. Come again on Monday, and we shall talk with my lawyers."

Amos Luquer closed his eyes for the last time in 1898, in the mansion which he had built at Luquer College. For 20 years, he had been a fixture at the school. The students loved the gaunt, stooped old man who took his daily walk across the campus, tipping his hat to the young ladies and giving dimes to the young men, on the condition that they "make this grow." His Founder's

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Tea was as much a part of each fall as the Freshman-Sophomore Mud Rush and the Luquer-Notre Dame football game.

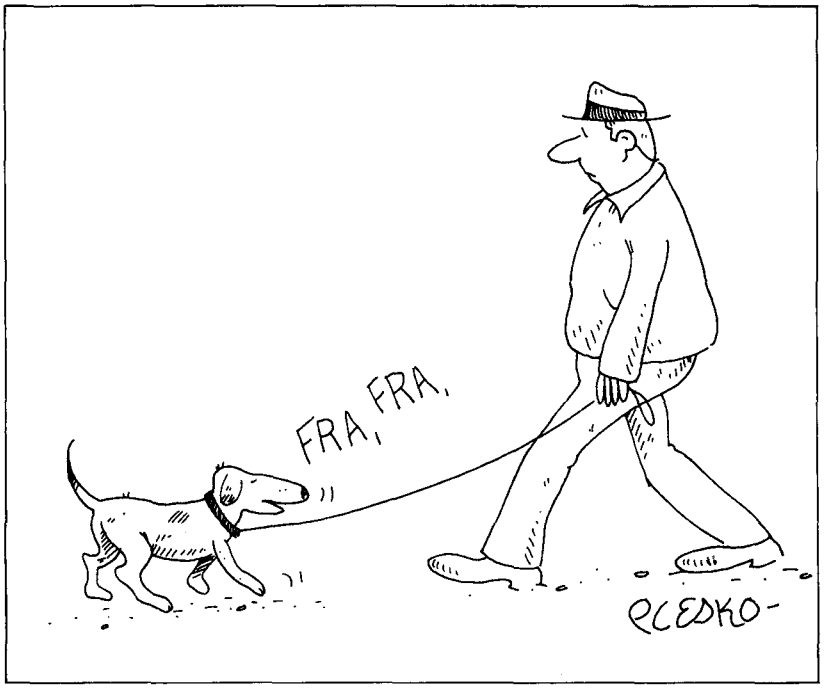
Angus McBee, now President Emeritus, was with Luquer when he died. They talked about the old days in Judas and how well the college had grown. Amos drifted in and out of consciousness. At length, he reached out and took McBee's hand. "Angus," he gasped, "come closer."

"Yes, old friend, yes."

"Tell . . . the boys and girls . . . for me. . . ." His strength was failing. "Tell them . . . 'Do unto others . . . .' " He gasped, tried to sit up. " 'First!' " Amos fell back on the bed. McBee leaned over him, hoping for more, but there was none. The spirit of Amos Luquer had flown from his tired old body. The Founder breathed no more.

Many years later, when the Board of Regents took over Luquer College and made it the State University, they erected a bronze statue of the school's founder. On it, entwined with ivy and surmounted by the State seal, they engraved Amos Luquer's last words as recorded by Angus McBee. To this day, some find the inscription puzzling, while others read in it the full measure of Luquer's humanity.

"Do unto others, first." ☒



Gifford

continued from page 63

and defiant under a threatening African sky, alone against the world. (Frank: "He reminds me of an old linebacker, with that broken tooth hanging down.")

Gifford is too polite to look me over during his phone conversation. So I look him over, without listening. Wide shoulders, hands very strong and well shaped. Muscular forearms, more powerful in proportion to the rest of him, as with so many athletes. A light sprinkling of scars on face and body from the old, hard days in the pro football wars. His Grecian nose has been broken, and is slightly bent in a way which is considered "cute" by girls I have asked, who have never had their noses busted.

Frank is 47, but he certainly doesn't look it. His dress this afternoon is informal all the way—well-cut blue-jean nonshow slacks, expensive but also nonshow sports shirt open at the throat; shoes are the ankle-high boots worn by fashionable New York men these days, even those working in banks and business offices. The only hint of his age might be his hair, which is probably thinner than it was in his football days (whose isn't?) but which his "contemporary" haircut deftly distributes impartially around his head—the kind of a haircut which is so casual that it can be achieved usually only for around 25 bucks or so, without tip.

The telephone call over, Frank smiles and comes over to shake hands. He is instantly likable—low key, secure. He shows interest in his visitor, reversing the roles with an easy grace.

I look around for a wall plug for my tape recorder, explaining my complete lack of faith in the juice of new batteries, and my desire to get precisely what he says. As mentioned, Gifford's office is not very large, and is even somewhat crowded with the secretary's desk. I can't find a floor plug. Frank takes my tape recorder extension from me, gets down on his hands and knees under his desk, and plugs it in.

That's style, baby.

I had noticed when I came in that there was a sign on his door reading *Frank Gifford, Vice-President*. This interview with him has nothing to do with so-called "investigative reporting," being only a little one-on-one to get the feel of his chemistry and a few special quotes, but still I mention as an opener that his official ABC biography lists him merely as an ABC sports commentator. Is this position something new?

"No," says Frank breezily. "I put that sign there myself. Nobody notices it. Just shows how important vice-presidents are around here."

These little indicators of the current Gifford style take on added meaning when we skip back over his career so far. This unassuming man who is amused at the pomp of corporate titles had a stint in football which entitles him to a high place in the gods of our national jockocracy on that basis alone. At the University of Southern California he was a three-year letterman (1949-1951) and as a two-way performer for the Trojans was rated as an All-America choice for his defense playing as well as for running with the ball. His derring-do on the gridiron, his dating of the campus Homecoming Queen, and his eye-stopping good looks inspired one recent reaction that he could have played Hubbell Gardiner in *The Way We Were* and not even had to act. (Meanwhile, he was already in motion pictures, in one epic chiefly to teach Tony Curtis how to handle a football—which Gifford says Tony did very well—and in another with Evel Knievel, which Frank admits hardly caused a stir among those awarding the Oscars.) In '52 Frank was the number one draft choice of the New York Giants, where Vince Lombardi was one of his coaches. Frank was all-pro halfback for six seasons and the league's Most Valuable Player in 1956, the year he led the Giants to the World Championship. Some of his records as a Giant have never been bettered—touchdowns, 78, and most yards rushing for an average of 4.3 per carry. He even booted two field goals and 10 extra points. As a result of all this, Gifford is one of the select few elected to the Hall of Fame on both the college and professional levels—to the National Football Foundation (college) Hall of Fame in 1975, and the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, in 1977.

Some athletes achieve retirement in a long and often agonizing loss of their powers, but Frank Gifford had it thrust upon him in the form of a devastating tackle by Chuck Bednarik of the Philadelphia Eagles. Gifford had just reached around to catch a pass thrown to him behind his back when Bednarik, a specialist in rattling the teeth of ball carriers with his tackles, smashed into Frank from the blind side and knocked him out of the game—out of football for all practical purposes (he retired in the 1961 season, and returned in 1962 as a flankerback, a move which earned him

Continued on following page

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the NFL Comeback of the Year honors in a UPI poll. He stayed with the Giants until 1964)—and nearly wiped him off the face of the earth with a fractured vertebra and a spinal concussion. (Gifford admits today that he is still bothered with the injury, although he keeps in shape with plenty of tennis, golf, and skiing, which he openly says he enjoys more than football.) At that time, a lot of Gifford fans, including myself, took a hearty dislike even to the sound of Bednarik's name, and there were outcries in the press against football's growing preoccupation with dirty tactics and violence. It was typical of Gifford that he would have none of this. He exonerated Bednarik, and even made light of his own injuries, preferring to gloss them over rather than let them be used as a cause célèbre to downgrade the entire sport. Characteristically he still defends Bednarik. "He's a tough player and it was a good, clean tackle. He's a good friend of mine."

I glance up at the bookshelf where there are *two* copies of Bednarik's recent book on football. I ask Frank about them. He laughs in glee. "Chuck wanted to know how I liked his book. But the fact was I had it on my desk and hadn't read it yet and didn't want to tell him so. So after cussing out his publishers for a spell, he said he'd have those bleeping bleepers send me a copy. So I got another copy, with another inscription."

The inscription: *To my good friend, a truly great Hall of Famer, off and on the field.* Bednarik is a Gifford fan, too.

What Gifford did was catch a lateral pass from football into broadcasting in those years. He made his broadcasting debut on CBS Radio in 1957, while still with the Giants, and beginning in 1959, he did a pre-game NFL show on CBS-TV. In 1962, WCBS-TV added him to its staff as a part-time sports reporter, and made it full-time in '65. His football days were over. Hello, TV.

That was not an easy step. Cosell and the other TV announcers tend to look askance at athletes moving in on their turf and taking over on the basis of headline appeal, and they don't make it easy for the jocks in their new roles. The athletes sometimes make it very easy for them—they don't live up to their billing, they're inarticulate and colorless off the field; and the fires are all out.

Gifford reversed the formula. Using the skills learned in motion pictures and a way with words he was to demonstrate in three books (a chapter from his *Gifford on Courage* was published in the *SatEvePost*), he began to develop as a TV commentator to be taken seriously. He has a good voice, and his pronunciation when he says words like "Boston" and "serve" would never reveal the boy from Bakersfield, California, who, when I asked him what he studied, replied in absolute candor: "Mostly football." Actually, he started out as a business major, then dipped deep into public speaking and stage techniques.

Here, Frank is running a good hidden ball play. His early desire was for a career as an actor, and then when he got his chance in pro football, he was still canny enough to take a few courses in real estate, earn a license as a full-fledged broker, and take a few flyers in the house-building business. It made good sense to hedge his bets on football. Gifford is about six-two and, say, 190 pounds, but that is not a big man by professional football standards. Coach Lombardi once noted that at least 70 players in the NFL could run Gifford down in the open field, so it wasn't speed that made him tick, either, any more than heft. Frank always wanted to be a quarterback, and that may be the secret to the whole thing. He is well off in the think-tank department, and Lombardi admired the Gifford style of running in mixed bursts of speed to befuddle his opponents. Now he's doing that in TV. Figuratively speaking, Gifford never takes his eye off the ball, even in his broadcasting, but he's always got his inner vision tuned in on the rest of the scene.

"Can I borrow that?"

That's one reason for his success on the Monday night ABC extravaganza, where he seemingly has to play the straight man against the bombast and erudition of Howard Cosell and the high-spirited capering of Don Meredith, a show which has lured 40 million viewers to celebrate their weekly sports ritual on the unlikely night of Monday. To the uninitiated, Gifford may play the least significant role in this extravaganza in broadcasting which has the traditionalists on the other networks muttering in their beards, but Giff knows the score, where it stands at any given moment, and also where he stands.

"I do the *game*. The key thing is the game. You ask if I 'orchestrate' the three of us, and perhaps that's as near a word as we can find to describe my job."

Gifford follows the main theme of the play, and Cosell and Meredith supply the variations on the theme, each in his own way. But just as the first violin may be the key to the orchestration of a delicate trio by Mozart (may the musical muses forgive me for calling Giff, Cosell, and Meredith a delicate trio!), so Giff manages by body English, nods and becks and wreathed smiles, glares, and an occasional well-timed interruption of his voluble associates, to preserve the integrity of the broadcast. His is straight reportage of the game being played, with sidelights provided by Cosell's phantasmagoric vocabulary and Meredith's unrestrained country-boy roistering. It is a joyous performance, and irresistible—40 percent of their viewers are female.

In a recent book entitled *The Thrill of Victory: The Inside Story of ABC Sports*, by Bert Randolph Sugar (not underwritten in any way by ABC-TV), it is noteworthy that the author and the publisher selected Frank Gifford to write the foreword for this story of the booming upward drive of ABC against its giant competitors. The author makes no special effort in the book to be kind to anyone, much less Gifford, but he did recognize that Frank's name would translate into sales.

Perhaps Gifford always hedges the main chance. In broadcasting, he has his own nightly program on the ABC Information Radio Network to bulwark his Monday night star billing. He covers sports other than football for TV—

Continued on page 120b

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The Waterbird Plates

12 superb original works of art have been painted exclusively for this collection by the great wildlife artist Eric Tenney.

Reduced photograph. Each Waterbird Plate is 9½ inches in diameter.

(continued on next page)

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(continued from previous page)

Announcing a magnificent limited edition of fine porcelain hand-decorated with 24 karat gold

Of all nature's creatures, birds surely are among the most appealing. And waterbirds in particular hold a special place in the hearts of bird lovers because of their distinctive grace and beauty.

Now, twelve of the world's loveliest waterbirds are portrayed for the first time in an exquisite collection of fine porcelain plates.

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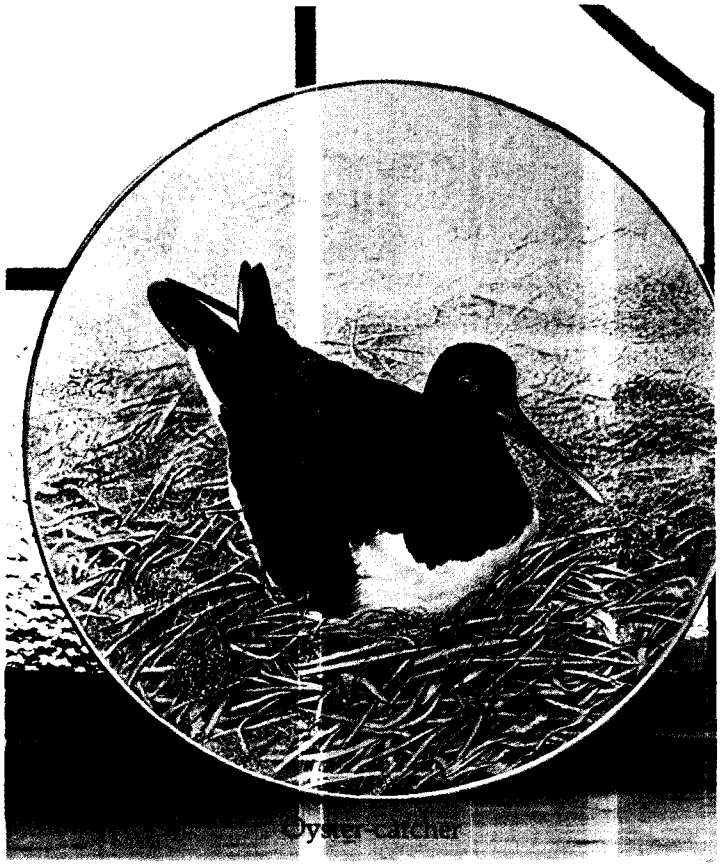
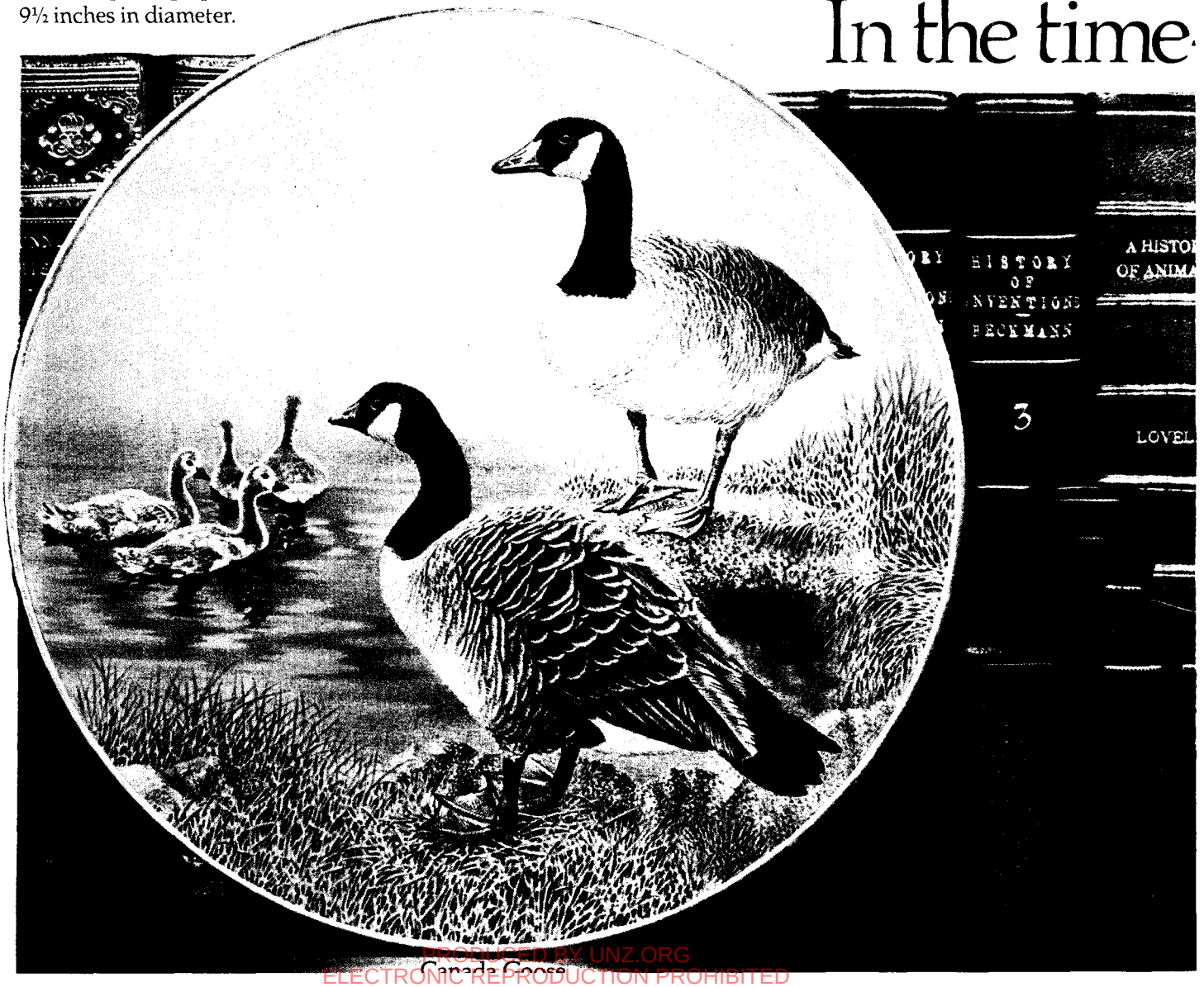
Each of the twelve Waterbird Plates depicts a work of art by the internationally-known English wildlife artist Eric Tenney. He created these paintings *exclusively* for this collection; they will never appear anywhere else.



Reduced photographs. Each Waterbird Plate is 9½ inches in diameter.



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Frank Gifford

continued from page 118

major golf tournaments, bicycling, tennis, and miscellaneous events on the Winter and Summer Olympic Gems of 1972 and 1976, including his favorite pastime of skiing. Of course, this didn't all happen because he planned it that way; the station asked him to do these assignments. But he got them, didn't he? And he never carried one out any better than when he journeyed to Ascot for the races and appeared on the tube royally decked out in gray topper, tails, and the whole traditional getup, looking smashingly more at home in these duds than the peers of the realm around him.

There's something buoyantly youthful about Gifford which breaks through as humor in the midst of his most serious comments. We were talking about Evel Knievel, a man Frank understands and admires:

"What is an Evel Knievel? Perhaps my closeness to the man, having seen his charm, his wit, his intelligence, his daring, has clouded my own thinking, but to me Robert Craig Knievel is a rare individual indeed. It's not his physical courage. I've seen that in the eyes of a Y.A. Tittle gasping in the huddle yet finishing a losing game with a punctured lung; I've seen Jimmy Brown do likewise with a broken wrist; and O. J. Simpson, tortured with a chronic ankle injury, carry an entire team beyond its own capabilities. No, I've seen physical courage and that alone is not the uniqueness of Evel Knievel. To me, and my appraisal is mine, it's not diluted by his love of the ego-brushing fanfare either: Evel Knievel to me is a breath of fresh air in a world which more and more seeks total conformity, the elimination of competitions and the elimination of risk."

I offer some admiring comment re Knievel's directness in taking a baseball bat to a man who had slandered him, going to jail for it in what he said was a proper sentence, and then stating he'd do it again if there were further slander.

At this Frank laughs: "Well, you can't really go after everyone with a baseball bat who says something bad about you. At that rate, Howard Cosell would need a hundred bats."

Gifford on Meredith's game plan for their mutual futures: "Don wants me to be a partner with him in some little Moroccan bar, with plenty of beaded curtains and a fan turning in the ceiling. I just might."

These things bubble out of him. But, describing Frank's serious dedication to his work, one of his former producers, Peter Heller, recalls the days when he and Frank were tearing all over the country on network duties. In those days, Frank might travel all day, rush into the studio carrying his luggage from some long flight, and move right over to the mike, red-eyed from lack of sleep, to perform the evening Channel 7 chores, no complaints.

Peter Heller re the Monday night football broadcast: "Frank gets the least attention of the three, yet he is the cohesive element there. Meredith and Cosell are two very strong personalities, and there has to be a buffer guy. Sometimes he takes an unfair rap for being too straight and too bland. Of the three, Frank has the most difficult job, highly underestimated by the public."

"My client pleads bad genes, your honor."

Don Meredith agrees: "Frank is very helpful to me. He's much more organized than I am. He studies each game more than I do, prepares himself, so then I can steal from him."

Heller mentions how Frank Gifford has immersed himself in the Special Olympics for the retarded and how he has helped so many of them discover a happier self-image. Although Frank had not bothered to mention such matters to me, Heller is impressed with the extent of his private devotion to help those who can benefit from his inspiration, and from the example Gifford consciously cultivates to youth.

When I mention the latter to Gifford and ask him the somewhat ticklish question of how he feels about always being cast as the model good guy, he shows some annoyance: "What kind of world is this where there's something odd about trying to be a decent guy?" He's not pouting over this, he's dismayed.

The truth would seem to be that Gifford is straight because he wants to be. He is a somewhat inward man, in spite of his easy communication with others. Deep in, there is a more complicated being than hits the light. Seventy guys in the league can run him down on the football field, yet he's the leading touchdown scorer for the Giants. He wants to be an actor, and simultaneously he studies real estate while he's taking a fling at pro football. Now he's thinking about writing a novel. "One of these days, when it's ready to begin, I'll get at it. I've had it in mind for some time." He muses: "I guess it will be about television." Gifford the football player belongs now to the Hall of Fame.

Politics—looking into his future more seriously than the bar in Morocco—may be ahead somewhere. Like Bill Bradley, late of basketball's New York Knicks and now candidate for Senator from New Jersey, Frank says he's had a few chances for a political debut both in the East and in California; but he isn't quite about it yet.

When he is, Frank will make his move. He seems to know himself very well, and his quiet self-confidence is part of the impression of strength and alertness he exudes. I saw Frank interview Muhammed Ali a few days after I was with him and he accomplished what very few people in the world are able to do—he talked one-on-one with Ali, came out even, and Ali knew it. Ali clowned his way off camera in that outrageous and mischievous foolery which you can take or leave. Left alone on screen, Frank Gifford laughed heartily, looked right into the camera, and said: "He's quite a package."

It seems to me that the secret of the Gifford style is not a matter of special grace or personality. What we really have here is a man cast in the classic mold which that grand old Roman, Juvenal, had in mind when he adjured young men to strive for *mens sana in corpore sano*—"a sound mind in a sound body."

Howard Cosell couldn't have said it better. ☒

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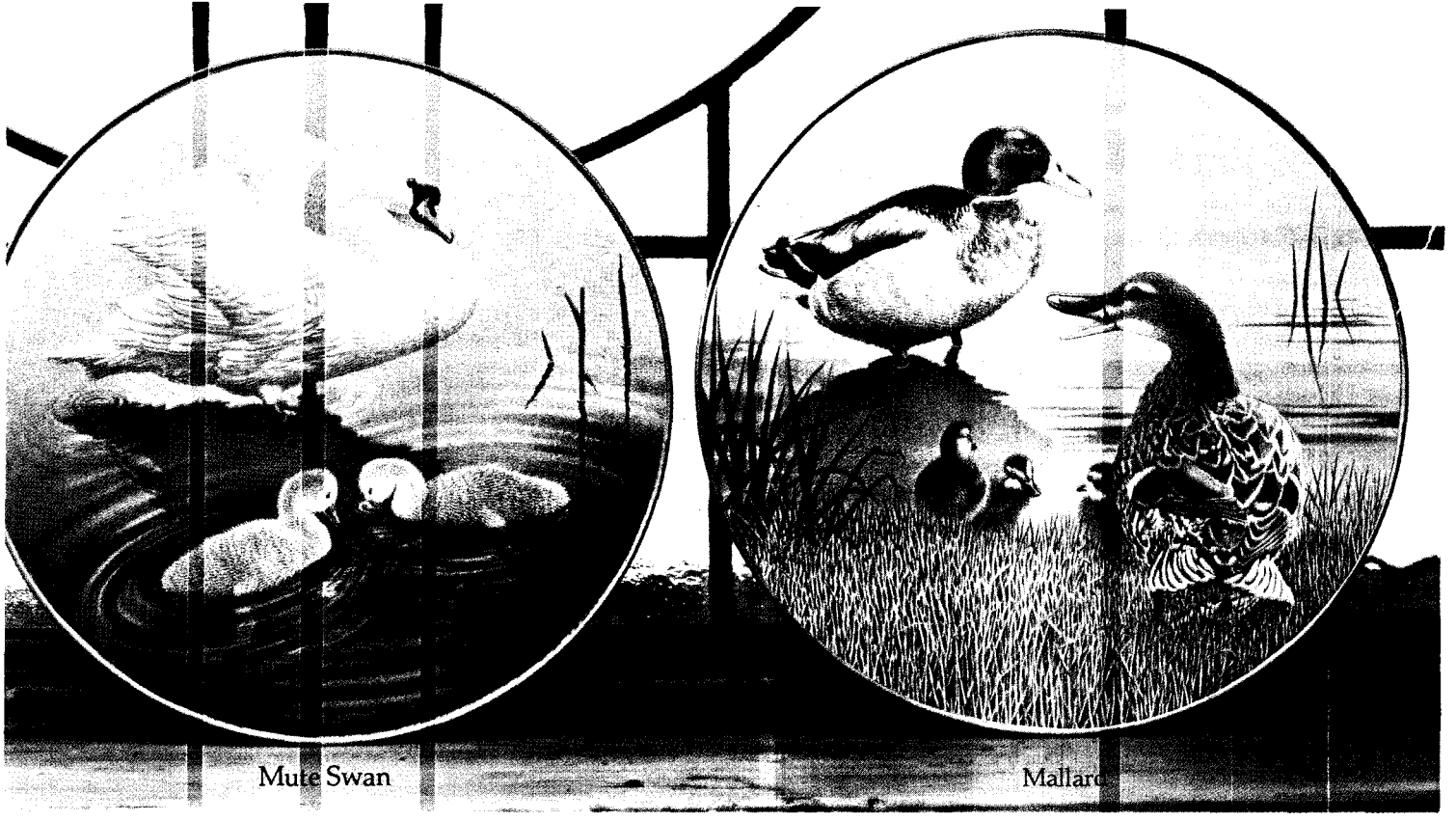

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Advice on an Autumn Afternoon

Never close your door on a cat.

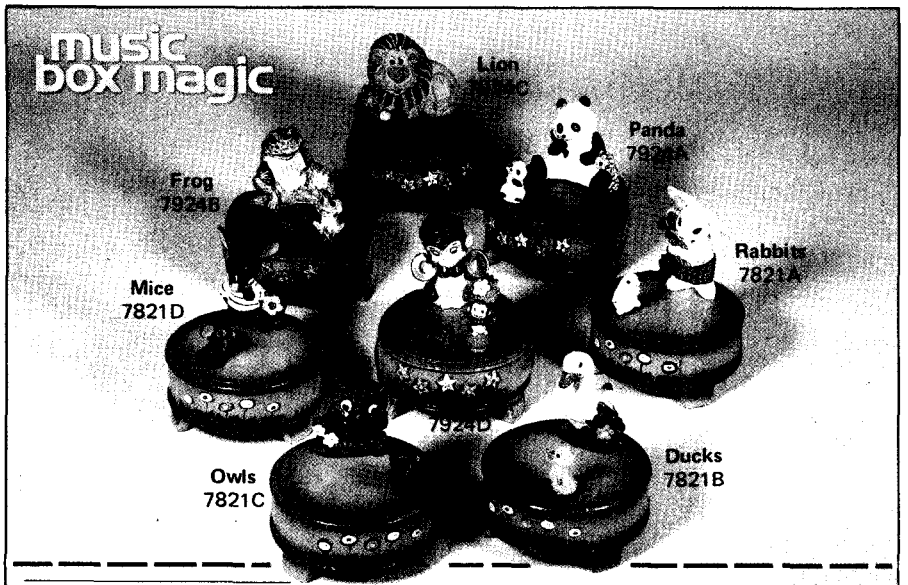
He'll look at you from the autumn
stillness
not meeting your glance
because he doesn't have to:
it is you who have transgressed—
strange creature
peering at him through your
windowpanes
like a goldfish from a goldfish bowl.

He'll lick himself for a moment
before turning away,
and then do so, without any fuss
at all.
He knows that he is, deep down,
(with his bright orange fur on a
gloomy day)
like the tigers that stalk
the jungles of your dreams.

And like them, he'll shake his head
and saunter away through your garden,
knowing that because of your act
of finality,
it's more his than yours.
So, especially in autumn,
when most of the days are short
and leafless,

Never close your door on a cat.

—Anthony Weller



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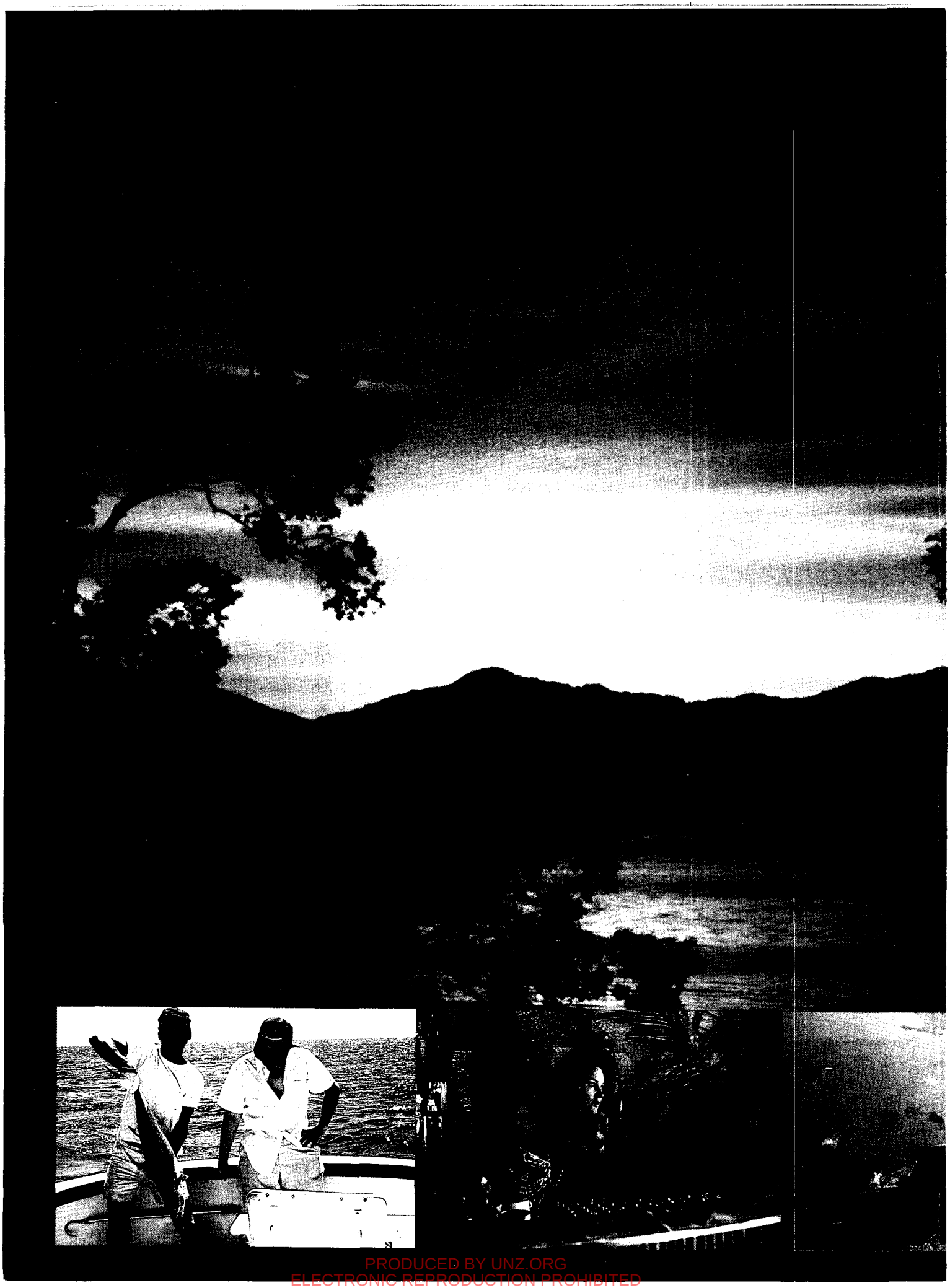

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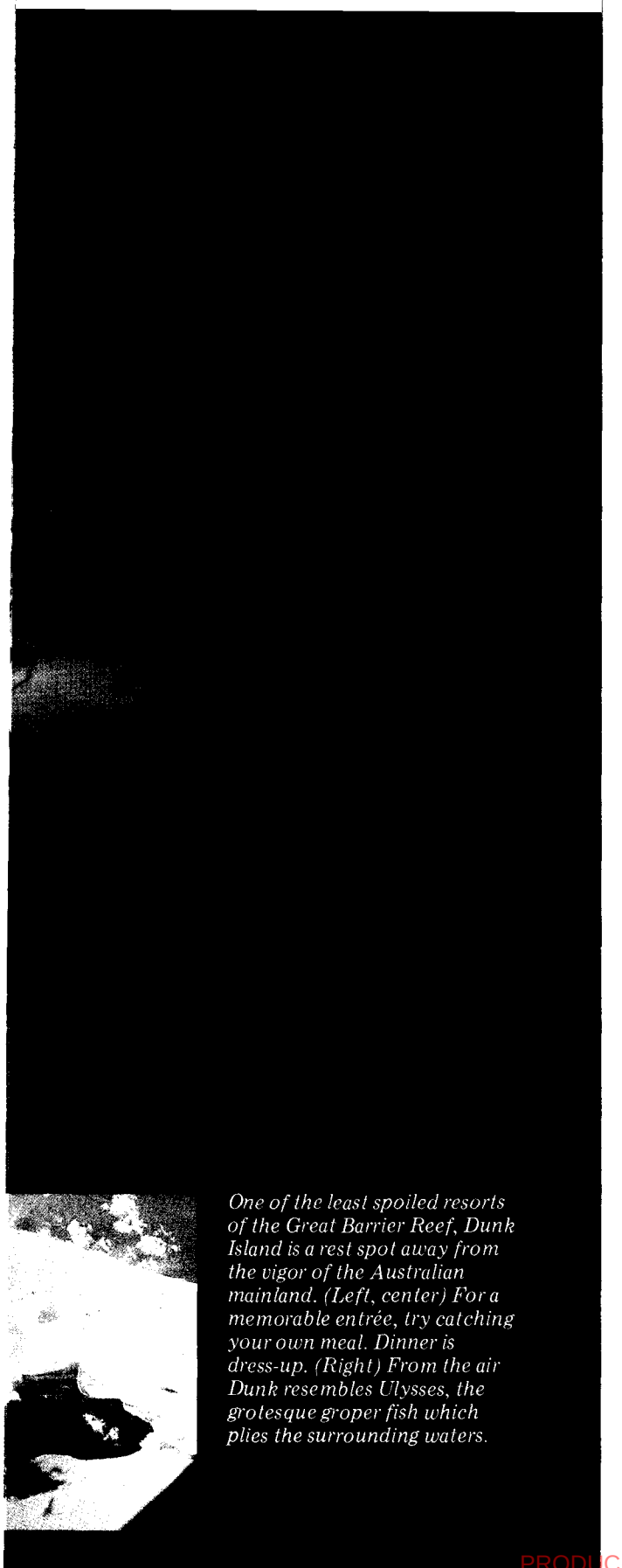
Get Lost on Dunk

If you're looking for a key to the good life, go to Dunk, where the doors are never locked.

by Helen H. Forsmann



One of the least spoiled resorts of the Great Barrier Reef, Dunk Island is a rest spot away from the vigor of the Australian mainland. (Left, center) For a memorable entrée, try catching your own meal. Dinner is dress-up. (Right) From the air Dunk resembles Ulysses, the grotesque groper fish which plies the surrounding waters.

Dunk Island is different. It shares surface charms of Fiji and Tahiti, towering palms, bleached bone sands teased by turquoise waters, latitude of languor. But it's different.

At sundown flying foxes of Dunk Island scream into the explosive sunset beyond the Great Barrier Reef and disappear toward the mainland of Australia. And that's the difference. Australian influence. Australian vigor wedded with island indolence.

Sports on Dunk are vital but less competitive than the buck-kangaroo pace of the mainland. Golf, tennis, spear gun, snorkel, fishing—all to be tempered by your persuasion of activity. And as a down-under finale it's a last indulgent hiatus before your long flight home.

You check civilized trappings—suits, ties, pantyhose, and shoes—in a baggage locker in Townsville north of Brisbane and board a bush pilot plane with confirmed reservations pinned to your swimsuit or shorts.

Paradoxically, the nearer you come to Dunk Island the less information is available. An Aussie, generous with time, money, and goodwill toward tourists, would forfeit his jolly jumbuck in his tucker-bag rather than betray the location of his own Eden. But if your audacity and foresight would traffic in sequestered corners of the world, you'll be welcomed on Dunk in spite of your funny accent. And we found the welcome as gratifying as a homecoming.

Our shuttle aircraft, dropping to a neat clearing between dense rain forest and lonely shore, was met by a young driver with a jeep.

"I'm Jamie," he smiled, and repeatedly combed his buff shag with long fingers. In the four-minute ride to the hotel he told us of the island's isolation and activities, and his temptation to remain the complete summer from October to April—"but my Mum fears I'll become a beach bum, so I'll get back to Sydney in time for college entrance, plus trimmed hair and a necktie."

The host/manager, a retired British colonel, nodded approval of our limited luggage. He chatted as we followed him down a shady path beneath soaring palms draped in orchids to a rustic double-storied complex squatting in a parenthesis of the deep green

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of Mt. KooTalOo and the umbrellaed beach.

"Casual comfort is our keynote," he waved a blanket acceptance to include whatever. "But we do indulge in the tradition of dressing for dinner. You know, slacks and/or long skirt." His walk was brisk, his back erect, ever the master of enervating climate as he sprinted up airy wooden steps past a pallette of colored doors and flung open the last one on the upper veranda.

"Dining is about 8:30 in the Banfield Bungalow. (Banfield—our original beachcomber, you know.)" His chipmunk cheeks were ruddy above the reddish bristle of a beard. "Cuisine is European. Wines are Australian and heady." His eyes twinkled. "But for a memorable entrée, catch your own bloater from the sea. Our chef will make it look even bigger when it reaches your table. And the best sizzle and sauce will be the envy of other diners."

Jamie, who'd swung our bags along easily, dropped them inside the room and scurried down the sun-dappled lane, apparently not subscribing to calculated delays that encouraged or prodded service tips.

The Colonel saluted his departure and continued. "Day snacks can be smorgasbord or a quickie hamburger. But a bit of warning about our bistro service." Humor crinkled his deep crow's-feet. "A 2:00 p.m. closing means no orders after 1:40. The girl claims it takes 20 minutes to clean the griddle and any encroachment on her 2:00 departure is unreasonable—to her, that is." We agreed there was logic to her rules.

The Colonel followed through the spacious room to the expansive balcony. From there you could see the palm-fringed sand, isolated and tawny, accepting nibbling kisses from the aqua waters. "The eternal betrothal of solitary sea and shore," he said softly, adding with vigor, "Be prepared for our flying foxes." He indicated the dense treetops. "They shriek a twilight departure to scavenge the mainland. Fruit-eating bats, you know, with foxlike heads. Their nightly exodus announces sixies in the cocktail lanai."

"Sixies?" as if we couldn't guess.

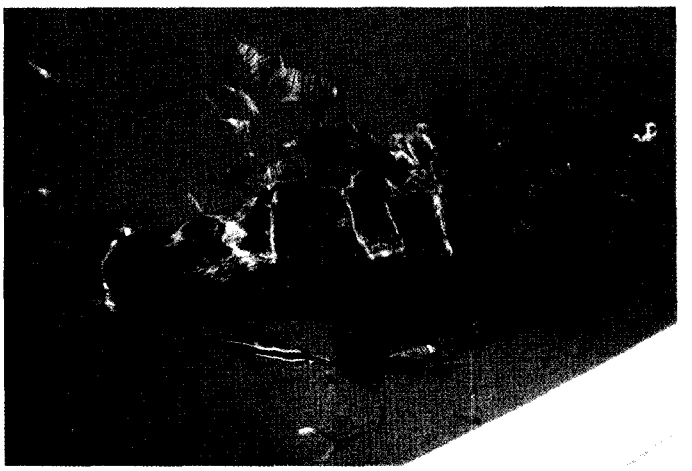
The Colonel drained an imaginary glass. "Well, fivesies if you start an hour before I do. No matter. Whatever you do is right."

As he sprinted down the steps we called over the banister, "The keys! Did you forget to leave them?"

"We have no keys," he answered, "because we have no locks. The inside bolt will provide privacy." His laugh lines were enveloped within his beard. "Dunk is too civilized for bolts and barriers."

We gently closed the door and sprawled on the balcony to watch fiery clouds welcome the first star and philosophize about civilization—when and why had barriers and chains become our accepted ally to safety and tranquillity?

About 6:00 p.m. we were startled into the present. The air pulsated with eerie hoarseness, then exploded in cacophanous urgency. From protective forest haunts the flying fox bats struggled to formation in labored flight. Their hunger shrilled a savage welcome to promised nightfall as they flapped across the water to become a speck against a heliotropic sky. The silence, briefly shattered, enveloped the whole island again.



The groper fish, resembling a monstrous, buoyant boulder, is the unlikely mascot of the island's boatmen. He's always ready to gobble down a handout of fresh fish cleanings.

We "dressed for dinner" and ambled beneath hushed palms, black against the vestige of sunset, toward the clink of glasses, companionship, and sixies. Your memory of Aussie ale or Scotland's finest might fade, but you'll retain sharp and clear the vision of the barmaid: tawny hair like sand tassels shifting to the hem of her mini-sarong, eyes as blue as the reef waters, enthusiasm replacing experience in mixing drinks, and frankly amused at our quaint North American accent.

The Colonel from his high-backed wicker chair greeted us and called to her: "Hebe, bring the welcome brew." With appreciation for a new audience, he proceeded with a brief history of Dunk. "Captain Cook's discovery in 1770," he began, and about 15 minutes later ended by saying, "That book on your bedside table, *Confessions of a Beachcomber* by Banfield, is good midnight reading. But," he warns, "don't waste your daylight hours reviewing someone else's experience. Explore the island for yourselves."

And you might decide the nights of Dunk, velvet and star-touching, also have priority over literature.

As an intriguing acquaintance, Dunk slowly unfolds and responds to your interests. You might collect shells, any and all at first, then toss your grand

Dunk's densely covered surface rises to 800 feet and serves as a sanctuary for numerous exotic birds. Ancient aboriginal drawings still survive in the island's caves.

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booty back to the sea in favor of more limited but selective specimens. There are forest paths of Mt. KooTalOo to explore on which you can share the lofty view with complaining jungle birds. The pastoral farm is self-sustaining, complete with contented cows and snorting pigs.

Activity equipment is available from golf clubs, for the fine six-hole golf course, to racquets and balls, to water skis; you might even wham clay pigeons (wildlife is protected) and zing a few well-guided arrows into a target. If your mood is for isolation, rent a boat, and with picnic hamper and snorkeling and fishing gear, putt-putt to Purtaboi Island, a lonely wooded mound surrounded by depths of coral. The warm reef envelopes your body. Colorful marine life and the clear sea floor appear as near as your outstretched hand. The true depth is closer to 40 feet.

After a few days of utter tranquillity, our protective cocoon of isolation emerged into the inevitable social butterfly as we joined others for the all-day excursion of island hopping, fishing, and barbecue. The crew promised we'd meet Ulysses, a groper fish, and described him as pampered, playful, and inexcusably grotesque with head and mouth comprising about nine-tenths of his huge body.

At first sight, Ulysses' monstrous size resembles a buoyant boulder under the dappled water. But the illusion is shattered by his joyous fin-and-tail ballet. His open jaws coax expectant handouts and all fish cleanings disappear into his trusting gullet. The crew tell of a villain (a foreigner of course) who, when startled by the sudden open-jawed groper, threatened to spear him. "Bring two spears," he was advised. "And if you use one on Ulysses, the other will be used on you." The boatmen have a fondness for the unlikely mascot and hope their indulgent provisions won't weaken his independence. The Aussies subscribe to the enduring theme of self-reliance.

And self-reliance is what you'll need to plunder oyster beds. Our morning ebb tide walk at MuggyMuggy Beach had exposed scalloped shells embedded in craggy rocks. And that's where those oysters intended to remain. Forever. No mere human hands, determined or clawing, would budge those fluted mollusks. In frustration we returned to the lanai bar to contemplate our failure.

And that's when we met Ian. Striding from the sunbaked pier he bounced up the two steps into our thatched shelter. He was barrel-chested, vigorous, on the kind side of 50 with a long face, weathered but not leathery. His straight black brows and hazel eyes were a contrast in fierceness and merriment. He scanned the room, empty except for us two and the barmaid deep in concentration with her dog-eared manual of cocktail recipes.

"Mind if I sit and talk?" he asked, lowering himself into a nearby wicker seat that bulged with his frame. "We don't meet many Americans in these parts." His voice, fringed with potential laughter, called to the counter, "Three ales, if you please, Girlie." As an afterthought he added to us, "You will join me in a schooner, right?" We'd have preferred lemonade at midday but weren't about to jeopardize hands across the sea jubilance.

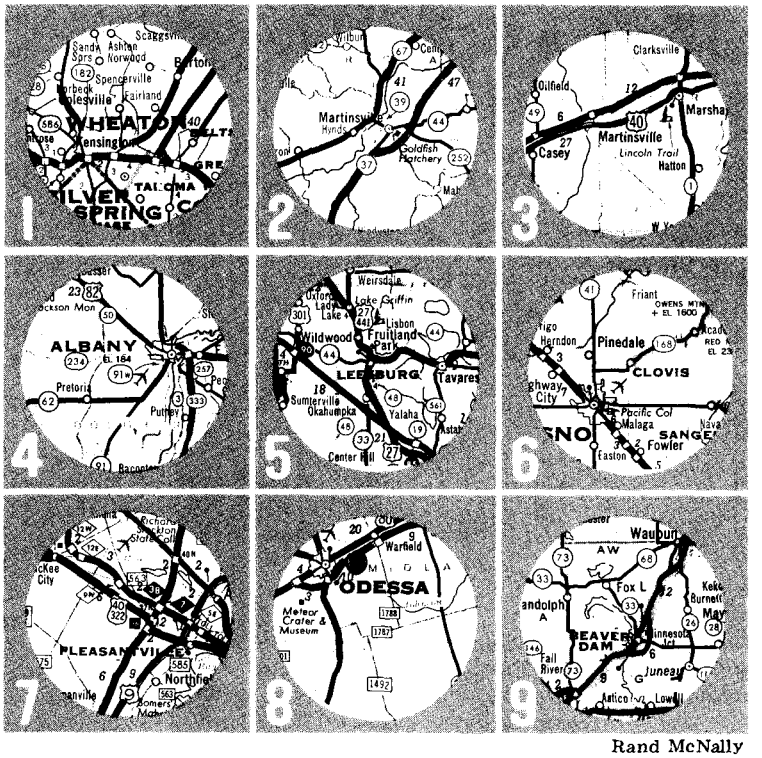
"I provide weekly films to these islands. But," his laugh penetrated beyond the grass walls, "my movies are so terrible the guests completely ignore them in favor of conversation." When we told him that ancient reels enjoy a respectful revival in California, especially with young people, he answered, "We haven't time for nostalgia yet. Give us another 50 years."

He had a daughter, an exchange student in Connecticut, who wrote glowing reports of her foreign family. So he intended to thank every American he met for making his little girl happy. Abruptly he asked if we'd oystered yet.

We told him of the enticing displays on the rocks, but sadly complained, "Nothing less than a massive explosion will loosen those delectables from their rocks."

Ian lowered his voice, still to be heard within a mile, and confided that his nearby anchored boat just happened to have the right prying tools. He

Continued on page 143



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 128)

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Texas A & M

continued from page 83

that serve as rest rooms in contemporary American stadia. But charge a rest room as the Fightin' Aggie Band marches onto the field and you'll find yourself wandering with a few other confused souls who, like you, didn't wait long enough to see why no one else was moving from their seats.

The Fightin' Aggie Band has no cute tricks, gimmicks, or surprises for the onlookers. Its performance is as predictable as a Fourth of July fireworks display—and just as breathtaking. It is a massive unit, 330-strong, and orchestrated solely for outdoor acoustics. Its minions don't waste firepower with the small arms fire of clarinets and piccolos. Theirs is the heavy artillery of basses (30), baritones (20), trombones (65), and trumpets (90). And their military precision usually serves to embarrass the marching band that follows, because of the Aggies' unerring perfection of lefts, rights, flanks, and columns.

If the Aggie experience is unique to the otherwise cookie-cutter world of college football nationally, it is even more of an anomaly in the state that it finds itself deep in the heart of. It is so different from anything else in Texas that it has become a joke. Literally. The Aggie joke is the Northern ethnic joke rephrased. Since Texas didn't have large numbers of Poles, Italians, Swedes, and other ethnic minorities to use as fall guys in their jokes, they picked the Texas minority that was perhaps the most Texan of the Texans—the Aggies. The Aggie joke became a Texas institution, told with delight among the Aggies themselves, but greatly resented when told by others. The jokes characterize the Texas A & M Aggies as less-than-intellectual rural bumpkins, the redneck's redneck.

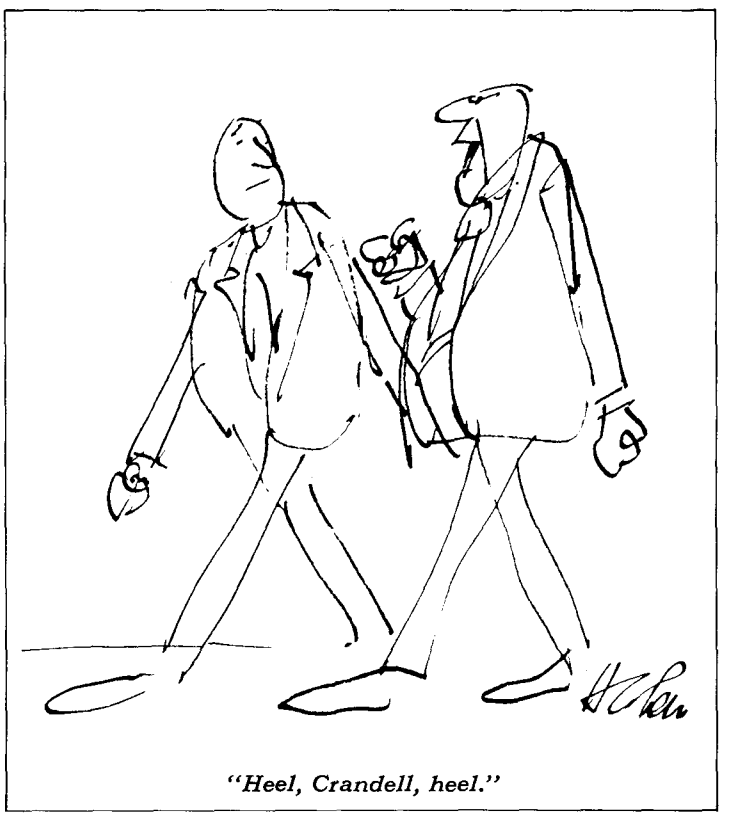
But the jokes so often distort the facts about Texas A & M that one must conclude that there is a huge amount of jealousy from those who deride the Aggies. What other collection of ethnic-type jokes chooses as its fall guys a college-educated class? The premise of the jokes is as apocryphal as the story lines themselves.

"Have you heard about the new Aggie calculator? It's a piece of cardboard with holes for sticking one's fingers through!" (Tell that one to Aggie professor Jack S. Kirby. Kirby just happens to be the chap who invented the hand-held electronic calculator.)

"Why did the Aggie salute the refrigerator? Because its name was General Electric!" (Funny, eh? Well, Texas A & M has produced over 150 generals and admirals. It had more commissioned officers in World War II than did West Point or Annapolis.)

"Did you hear about the Aggie who tried to beat the train to the crossing at College Station and hit the 43rd car?" (Texas A & M happens to be the place that perfected the breakaway signs and other protective devices now in use throughout the country that have added so much to highway safety in the U.S.)

"What's an Aggie intellectual? An Aggie who doesn't move his lips when he reads!" (Oh yeah? Among public institutions in the United States Texas A & M ranks number seven in the number of national merit scholars. That's twice as many as there are at the University of Texas or Baylor or Texas Christian University, where Aggie jokes are so popular.)



"Heel, Crandell, heel."

"What's the first tactic taught to members of the Aggie Corps? How to retreat!" (Well, how about the late Earl Rudder, a chancellor of A & M? Against General Omar Bradley's wishes, he led his troops up the face of the Normandy cliffs to personally supervise the destruction of the machine gun nests at the top. Or tell it to the seven Aggie Medal of Honor winners.)

"Did you hear about the Aggie farmer who drove a steamroller across his fields because he wanted to market mashed potatoes?" (Evidently those who grant research monies think more of the Aggies' deductive reasoning. Texas A & M received more research funds—$46.5 million—than any other school in the Southwest, where the Aggie jokes are told, and more than almost any other school in the U.S.)

Texas A & M has been an off-again, on-again football power. Its first game in 1894 was an unimpressive squeaker, 14-6 against Galveston. Not Galveston University. Galveston High School. The only other game that first season was against Texas University, and as a portent of the future, T.U. drubbed the Farmers (as they were called in their earlier years) 38-0. The Farmers played the Longhorns 19 times before 1910 (many years twice) but only won once.

Their fortunes rose and fell over the decades. They won more than they lost, but they plodded through some mighty dry spells in between some of the more successful seasons. For example, from 1957 until 1974 there was only one winning season (1967). That particular dry spell was the worst in the university's history, but it covers most of the memory of the majority of football fans alive today. The glory days of Texas A & M are dust-covered ancient history to most gridiron buffs today. To anyone under 40, it looks as if A & M is just now discovering big-time football.

The 1927 A & M team was perhaps the best in the country that year, led by an incredible—and incredibly small—145-pound Joel Hunt. In knocking off undefeated S.M.U. that season, the small wonder Hunt ran for three touchdowns, passed for a fourth, intercepted a pass, punted for 40 yards-per-try, was the team's placekicker, most savage tackler, and captain of the squad. In 1939 the Aggies were the official national champions, beating the University of Texas 20-0 in the last game of the regular season and whipping Tulane University 14-13 in the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans.

There have been flashes of brilliance at College Station as some great coach passed through A & M on his way to something bigger. The legendary Dana X. Bible was there eleven years getting ready for his immortality at Texas University. He was followed by Madison "Matty" Bell, who stuck around for five years before giving most of his career

Continued on following page

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and fame to Southern Methodist University. Then Paul "Bear" Bryant warmed up there for four years before agreeing to become a legend at his alma mater, Alabama.

All in all, the Aggies have won the Southwest Conference title 10 times since the league was formed in 1914. Only Arkansas and Texas among Southwest Conference schools have gotten the best of the Aggies in the all-time totals. The margin of Texas U. is a humiliating 58 wins against the Aggies' 20 overall. But hope, like the fabled Aggie cavalry, has thundered over the horizon. That hope is Emory Bellard, the head coach of the Aggies since 1972.

Bellard's record stands at .648, making him the third best coach in A & M history (five seasons or more). He's won 44 and lost 25 in his six years, and has taken A & M to three successive bowl games. It was the 1920s when the Aggies last had four or more consecutive winning seasons, and no one has led the Aggies to seasons like those of 1975 and 1976 since Homer Norton's national championship A & M team in 1939. In 1974 Bellard's Aggies were second in the nation in defense and in 1976 they were rated fourth. In 1975 they were the top-ranked defensive club in the U.S. Then, last year Bellard put together the most explosive offense in A & M history, but (alas!) the defense sagged a bit. Clearly, the Aggies are a major national force in collegiate football today and there are no Aggie jokes to be heard about their chances in the 1978 season.

Texas A & M is the fastest growing university in the nation, with an enrollment of 28,038. It has grown so fast that 25 percent of all the students that ever attended the university in its 102-year history are enrolled now. It has doubled in size in the '70s, while most colleges and universities are losing students. Texas A & M was an all-male school for most of its history, but it's been co-ed since 1969, with a third of its student body today female. Texas A & M was formerly an all-military school, but the corps has been optional since 1965, and today only 7 percent of the student body belongs to the corps. The corps is still the backbone of the campus, and is "the tail that wags the dog."

TAMU commissions more officers in the armed forces each year than does any other university in the U.S. except the service academies. It is the only university where one can earn a commission in all five branches of the armed services. It began admitting women to its military ranks in 1974.

Texas A & M's most formidable foe is not the mighty University of Texas Longhorns, but the Aggies' own image. The stereotype of the hayseed farmer in a military costume dies hard. A third of Aggies today are women, but Aggie jokes ignore the distaff element. Ninety-three percent of Aggies are civilians, but the corps image sticks fast. The Aggie of popular jokelore is the Texas village idiot, with an IQ roughly equivalent to the University of Texas' mascot, Bevo, the purebreed steer.

The plain facts belie the myth:

• While Texas A & M does produce more agricultural graduates than any other university in the U.S., its engineering students (also the top U.S. enrollment) outnumber the agricultural students. And the two schools combined (the "A" and "M" students of A & M) don't amount to even half of the student body.

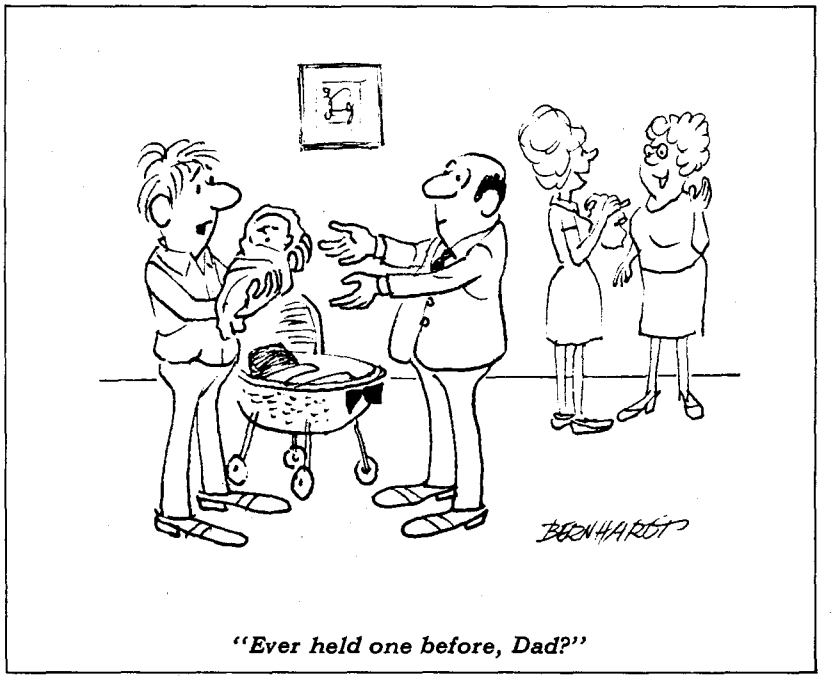
• Forty percent of entering freshmen finished in the top 10 percent of their high school graduating classes (that's twice the national average for colleges and universities). And the average new Aggie comes in with a Scholastic Aptitude Test score of 1031 (146 points over the national average).

The one word in the English language that best describes Texas A & M is *spirit*. There is no present and past tense for the word *Aggie*, there are only present students and former students among Aggies. Ex-Aggie is a self-contradiction. Like being an ex-amputee. Instead of the usual alumni association, there is simply The Association of Former Students.

The Aggies' zeal for their institution borders on fanaticism. Nay, it really *is* fanaticism. Fully 37 percent of its alumni (oops, former students) contribute to the school's coffers. Among public American universities, only Georgia Tech (with considerably fewer alumni) scores higher. It is third in the U.S. among public institutions in the amount of money given by alumni (to Michigan State and Wisconsin) and third in its total support from business and industry (to Michigan and Illinois).

Until the last few years, A & M had no fraternities. The whole school has been, in effect, one overgrown fraternity in itself. The camaraderie is legendary. Each April 21st Aggies hold "muster" wherever they are around the world, getting together with other Aggies, breaking bread, reminiscing, and telling a few Aggie jokes to boot, perhaps. During World War I, Aggies mustered in foxholes all over Europe. In World War II they mustered again, in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and on tiny islands throughout the Pacific. General George Moore ('08) led a group of 25 Aggies in a muster on beseiged Corregidor only 15 days before the fall of the island.

Texas A & M is truly unique. There just isn't another place like it, in the Southwest Conference or anywhere else. But, as the fastest-growing university in the U.S., it's changing fast. Where its traditions will take it tomorrow, no one knows. But take this advice: If you get a chance to see a Texas A & M football game this season, don't turn it down!



"Ever held one before, Dad?"

Where Do You Think You Are?

continued from page 125

1. Maryland
2. Indiana
3. Illinois
4. Georgia
5. Florida
6. California
7. New Jersey
8. Texas
9. Wisconsin

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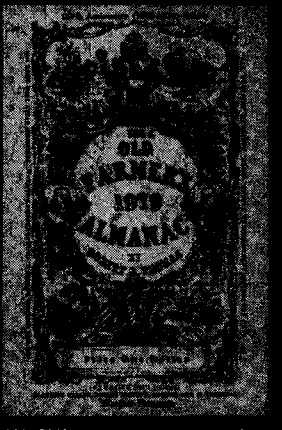

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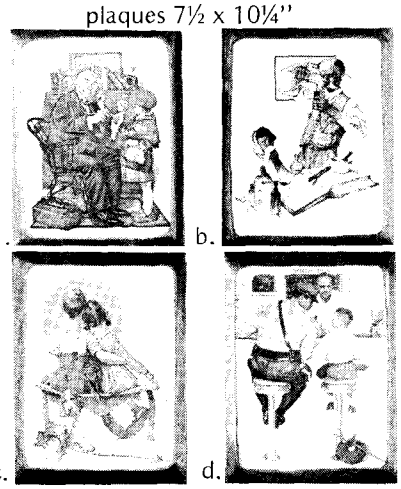
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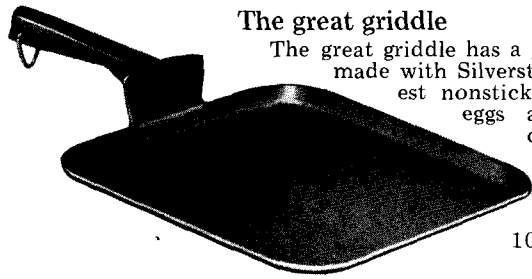

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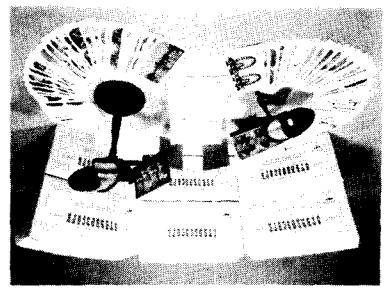

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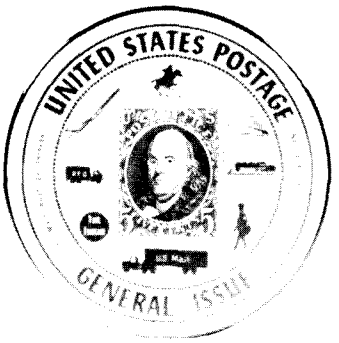

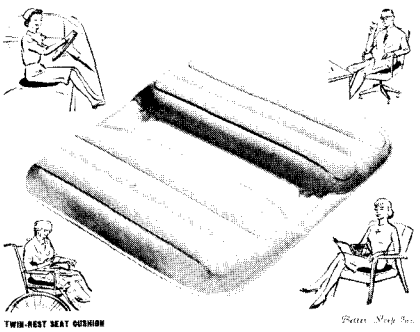

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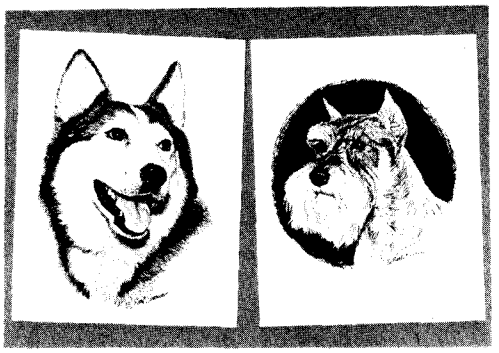

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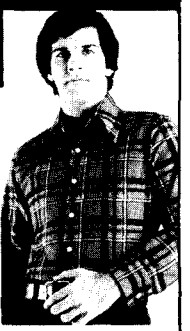

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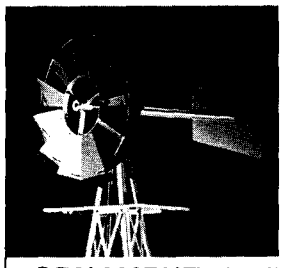

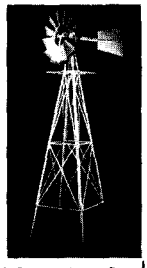

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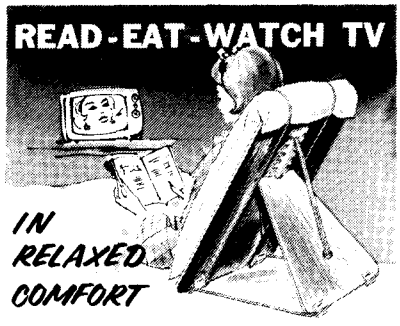

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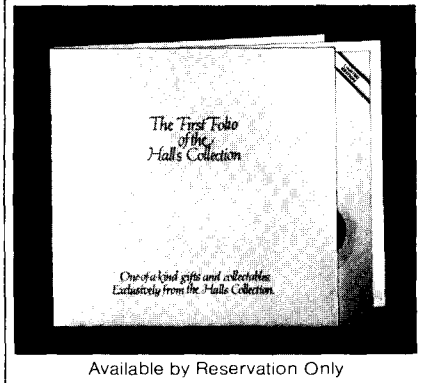

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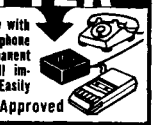

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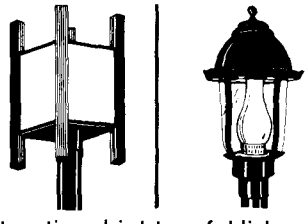

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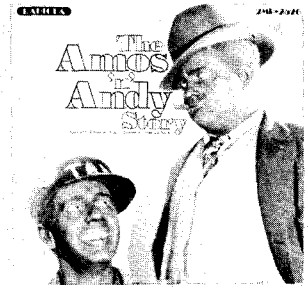
A beautiful sterling silver ring engraved with the Great Seal of the United States makes a ring to wear with patriotic pride any year. Price is a very low $45.00. Also available in solid 14K gold for $149.00. Add $1.00 for p&h. Indicate ring size. Heraldica Imports, Inc., Dept. SE, 21 West 46th St., New York, NY 10036.



The Amos 'n' Andy story

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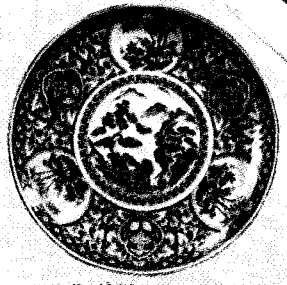
SPECIAL OFFER:
THE COMPLETE SET OF 4 PLATES ONLY $9.98

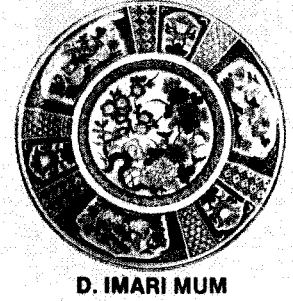
ONLY $3 PER PLATE

A. IMARI CART



B. IMARI PINE

C. IMARI RICKSHA



D. IMARI MUM

Genuine Porcelain 22-Karat Gold-Trimmed IMARI-STYLE COLLECTOR'S PLATES

Wonderful news for lovers of fine Oriental Porcelain! Collectors today are paying astronomical prices for genuine Imari ware, *according to a feature article in a famous national newspaper.* A famous San Francisco store specializing in Oriental Antiques stated that slightly chipped or cracked Imari pieces would sell today for $125 to $225 each. Perfect 17th Century pieces bring $5,000 or more, but even 20th Century Imari is now being collected!

Our *exclusive Imari-style plates come from Honshu rather than* Kyushu, but you'd have to be an expert on Oriental porcelain to know that . . . they have the same kind of intricate "Nishikide" (brocade) patterns intermixed with "Pana" (floral) designs and landscapes. They display the same range of brilliant "Kakiemon" colors — from the distinctive "iron red" maroon and dark "cobalt" blue, to bluish-green turquoise, light blue and yellow. And each plate is lavishly trimmed with genuine 22K. gold, both on the rim and in the design itself!

Each of the four delicate, intricate designs is different, both in subject and in the rich colors used — so a single plate is a jewel to be admired — and the complete set of 4 a decorator's dream come true! Create a lavish, eye-catching wall or cabinet display, or actually use them as dessert or butter plates or candy dishes, to beautify your company table and win guests' compliments!

Hurry, order your set of these exquisite 6½" plates today — and if you're not totally delighted and thrilled with their beauty and workmanship — if a single admiring guest can even come close to guessing how little you paid — return them within 14 days and we'll cheerfully refund your money (except postage, handling and insurance). Mail coupon now!

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MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN TREASURY, Dept. IMR-53
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Please rush me the following Imari-style Genuine Porcelain Plates, trimmed in 22 Karat Gold, at $3 each plus 50¢ for postage, handling & insurance.

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Total enclosed $_____ PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please.

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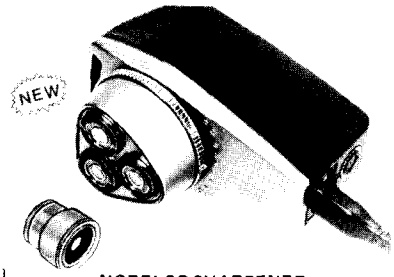

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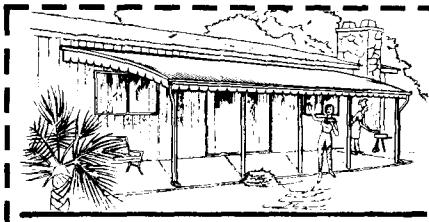

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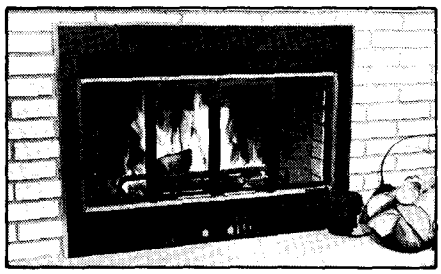
Two solid hours with the greatest names in Swing and Jazz. Armstrong, Teagarden, Goodman, Billie Holiday, etc., exactly as heard January 18, 1944. Includes one of the hottest jam sessions ever recorded. Available on LP records, cassettes, or cartridges (specify which) for $6.95+75¢ postage from the Radiola Company, Dept. 71, Sandy Hook, CT 06482.

How to burn wood & fight rising fuel bills

Glass Door Thermograte® heater boosts net fireplace output 10 times!

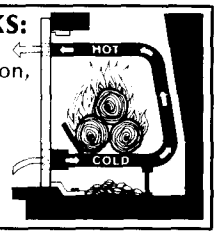
When it's cold outside, burning in a typical fireplace can actually result in a net heat loss. New Glass Door THERMOGRATE Heaters dramatically reduce this heat loss and, utilizing the scientific principle of natural convection, produce a constant flow of warm air into your room . . . **even without electricity!**



HOW IT WORKS:

By natural convection, cool air is drawn in at the bottom, heated and returned to the room.

It really works!



- **Unequaled output . . . to 100,000 BTU/hr. with auxiliary blower.**
- **50+ sizes to assure proper fit.**
- **Extremely simple to install.**
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- **Performance & Satisfaction Guarantees.**

Write to: THERMOGRATE ENTERPRISES, INC.
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FREE PUBLICATION OFFERED

If you're interested in saving money and energy in your own home, write for the FREE full-color publication: "How to Burn Wood & Fight Rising Fuel Bills"

Thermograte

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U.S. Pat. D247,973. Other patents pending.

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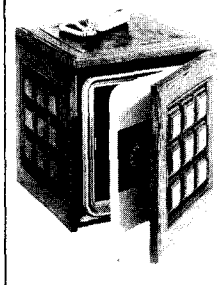

Avoid losses. Protect your valuables and records from burglary or fire with a **SECURITY CUBE.** Furniture cabinet conceals a steel safe. Looks like an end table. Security lock prevents entry. U.L. Labs. fire tested. Model Q-7 Only $154.95. **FREE DELIVERY.** Send for **FREE CATALOG.**

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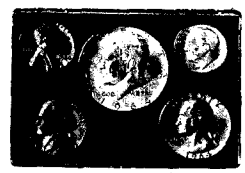
LAST U.S. SILVER COIN SETS



Never again will silver be used in coin mintage! Most have already been remelted at these UNCIRCULATED coin sets will increase in value yearly! 1964-$6.50; 1963-$7; 1962-$7.50; 1961-$8; 1960-$8.50. All 5 sets $35 (mounted in lifetime holders). M/C, AmEx & BOA (VISA) accepted. Add $2 for ins. & hndlg. Centre Coin Co., Box 1, Dept. S-10, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.

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New Doctor's Program Featuring Crash-Burn Diet and Newly Developed Capsule Forces Your Body To Burn Away Fat As It . . .

Neutralizes All The Calories In The Food You Eat!

Meaning: After Each Time You Eat, Your Body Breaks Down Bulging Fat and Burns It Away — So You Grow Slimmer *and Slimmer From Meal to Meal.* (*up to a full size smaller* in just 5 days) . . . as you melt away both fluid and fat at the incredible rate of as much as

2 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 24 HOURS
6 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 48 HOURS
10 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 7 DAYS

BURN AWAY UP TO ANOTHER 30 — 40 — 50 POUNDS, OR EVEN MORE thanks to this Doctor's fantastic calorie neutralizer wonder-weapon!

TURNS EVERY LAST BIT OF THE FOOD YOU EAT INTO BURNED-AWAY ENERGY INSTEAD OF STORED-UP FAT!

Medical science has proven conclusively that in your body there exists a fat-burning system of natural chemical fat-destroyers so powerful, they are capable of NEUTRALIZING THE EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT. That once *you discover how to unleash these fat-destroyer chemicals* against clinging pockets of fat . . . you can actually compel your body to GROW SLIMMER, INSTEAD OF FATTER, AFTER EACH MEAL YOU EAT!

WORKS SO FAST — THE VERY FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AN AVERAGE OF UP TO 1½ POUNDS OF BOTH FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS!

Now from one of America's leading obesity specialists comes a thrilling crash-burn way to slimness . . . that does away with all the torture of rigorous diet ONCE AND FOR ALL — ends brutal exercise FOREVER!

What this doctor has done is simply this: Found a surefire way for you to gently raise the level of your fat-burning metabolism . . . step up the flow of your body's own natural fat-burners . . . so that every time you eat . . . your system automatically NEUTRALIZES THE EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU TAKE IN — AND YOUR BODY MELTS AWAY FAT LIKE HOT WATER MELTS DOWN ICE!

Yes, with this doctor's thrilling ANTI-CALORIE PROGRAM and capsule, you "rev up" your inner furnace — you neutralize all the calories coming in — so not one ounce of the food you eat can possibly turn to fat.

ACTUALLY SHRINKS YOUR BODY'S FAT CELLS STARTING IN HOURS!

Yes, based on published reports from professors at leading medical schools . . . PLUS experimental fat-burning studies on U.S. Army officers, West Point Cadets and independent research tests . . . with the food you eat on this doctor's CAPSULE PROGRAM . . . your body automatically neutralizes the effect of all the calories you take in — automatically forces pounds and inches to vanish so FAST, that before you hardly know it, you:

LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE
LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS
LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH

. . . as you start to win the physique of a naturally skinny person . . . those types who never seem to gain an ounce!

YOUR TUMMY FEELS LIKE YOU FEASTED, BUT YOUR WAISTLINE LOOKS LIKE YOU FASTED!

Just to give you an idea of how fast this thrilling anti-fat wonder-weapon burns away excess fat and inches . . . according to California University Medical School research on energy burn-off you can actually melt away more fat each 24 hours than *if you ran 10 to 14 miles a day! — Lose more pounds each week* than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! LOSE as much as a FULL SIZE THE FIRST 5 DAYS ALONE . . .

VITAL NOTICE: Before starting this program, consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, or thyroid disease should use only as directed by a family physician and see if he doesn't agree that this Lifetime Road to Slimness including the few minutes of nightly toneup the doctor highly recommends is by far one of the most medically sound, fully sensible approaches to the problem of excess weight.

BEST OF ALL — YOU STAY SLIM FOR GOOD! BECAUSE AT LONG LAST, YOU HAVE IN YOUR HANDS A LIFETIME WEAPON TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST FAT BUILD-UP!

Yes, when you arm yourself with this thrilling ANTI-CALORIE CRASH-BURN PROGRAM and doctor's capsule . . . you actually fortify yourself with the only thing you'll ever need for LIFETIME *PROTECTION against excessive fat build-up. That's because,* medical science now offers you a proven way to neutralize all the calories in the food you eat — gently step up your metabolism . . . stimulate and "target" your body's "fat-burner" *chemicals to attack clinging pockets of fat, so you burn away* excess flab meal to meal these 3 medically proven ways:

ONE — BECAUSE YOU CONSTANTLY NEUTRALIZE THE EFFECT OF THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT, YOU BURN AWAY STORED-UP FAT AND CONTINUE TO GROW SLIMMER AND SLIMMER FROM MEAL TO MEAL! Yes, when you launch yourself on this doctor's calorie-deficit crash-burn program you gently step up your inner furnace! So when food enters your body, instead of being stored as fat, it is AUTOMATICALLY converted to burned-away energy.

TWO — YOU GRADUALLY ACCELERATE YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM by greater caloric burn-off than intake. Meaning: your body, without you even feeling it, unleashes a steady surge of fat-burner chemicals directly into your system to attack stored-up fat . . . automatically breaks down . . . converts it into fluid . . . that drains right out of your body!

Just like a furnace grows hotter and hotter the more you stoke it . . . so your own body burns away fat faster and faster the more you step up your fat-burning metabolism.

THREE — YOU COMPLETELY DEFEAT THE GREATEST SINGLE CAUSE OF FAT BUILD-UP, runaway appetite and overeating. Because the moment you take this doctor's CAPSULE, ravenous hunger disappears. Gnawing appetite is switched off . . . you lose *your craving for food for hours at a time.*

More significant . . . when you do eat on this Doctor's CRASH-LOSS diet and Lifetime-Slim maintenance program, since your body completely NEUTRALIZES THE FAT-BUILDING EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT, excess fat simply cannot form . . . stored-up body fat burned off and melted away by the hour — and you **continue to grow slimmer instead of fatter after each meal you eat!**

DOCTOR ADVISES: USE THIS CRASH-BURN PROGRAM ONLY WHILE YOU'RE OVERWEIGHT . . . OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT GROW TOO THIN!

Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. You *cannot use this new CAPSULE CRASH-BURN PROGRAM indefi*nitely . . . otherwise, you might become overly thin.

Also, as long as you are on this ANTI-CALORIE Program you cannot stuff and gorge yourself silly on over-rich, high-fat foods. There is a reasonable limit on just how fast medical science can help you safely burn away fat. BUT — and here's the very heart of this wondrous new development: Because this thrilling ANTI-CALORIE concept not only helps you neutralize the effect of the calories in all the food you eat . . . but ALSO puts gnawing appetite to sleep . . . you simply lose that driving urge, that maddening craze to make fattening food the very center of your existence . . . **thanks to this medically proven formula that contains the most powerful reducing aid ever approved for release to the public by the United States Government!**

Now just think what this great ANTI-FAT weapon means to you, if all your life you've had to fight off excess pounds, battle away inches?

WHY "KILL" YOURSELF WITH BRUTAL DIET OR TORTUROUS EXERCISE? NOW — YOU CAN ENJOY A LIFETIME OF SLIMNESS WITHOUT RAVENOUS HUNGER!

It means that from this day on . . . you simply start the ALL-OUT ASSAULT ON FAT by taking these medically proven CAPSULES . . . called "Thera-Thin", before eating . . . as part of this incredible "CRASH-BURN" PROGRAM . . . to help you NEUTRALIZE ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT! You gently raise the level of your fat-burning metabolism . . . "rev up" that inner furnace . . . unlock and activate the natural chemical fat-burners nature has placed in your body . . . and BURN AWAY FAT, MELT AWAY INCHES **as you start to grow slimmer and slimmer from meal to meal!**

REMEMBER: You must see dramatic results in just 24 hours — results you can see on your scale with your own very own eyes, the very first morning . . . yes, you must:

LOSE *up to* 6 lbs. the first 48 hours
LOSE up to 10 lbs. the first 7 days
LOSE *up to* 7 lbs. *more the next* 7 days

or "Thera-Thin" costs you nothing! Simply return within 10 days for full refund (except postage and handling, of course). Act now! *Send NO-RISK TRIAL SUPPLY* today!

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MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

PENN-BIO PHARMACALS, *Dept. JACB-* **32**
Caroline Road, Phiadelphia, PA 19176

Yes, I want to burn away excess weight fast and permanently with this doctor's 'crash-loss' ANTI-CALORIE CAPSULE-PROGRAM featuring amazing new "THERA-THIN". Please rush me the offer I have checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund (except postage & handling), of course.

CHECK OFFER DESIRED:

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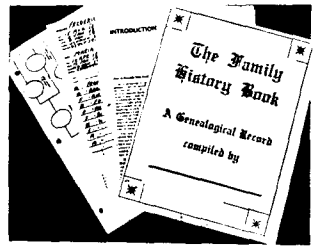

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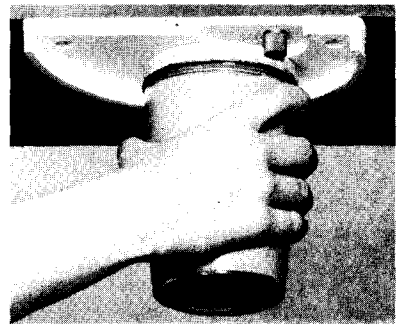

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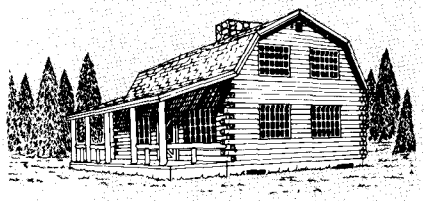

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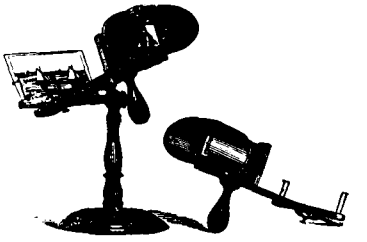

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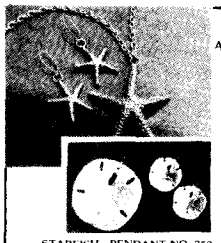

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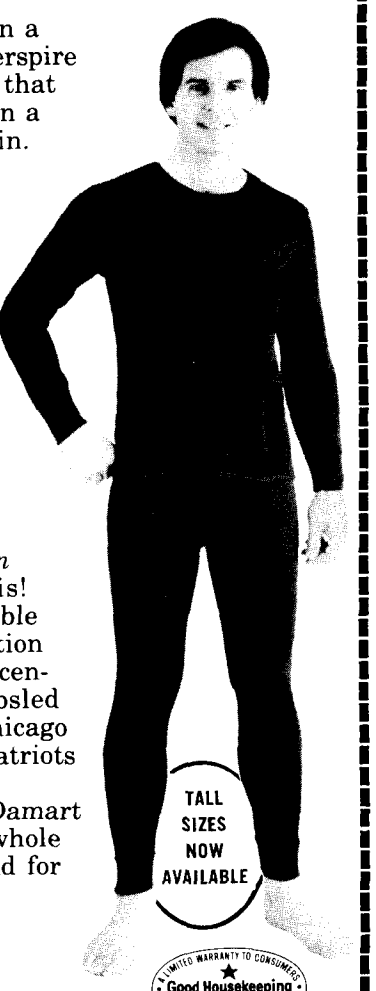

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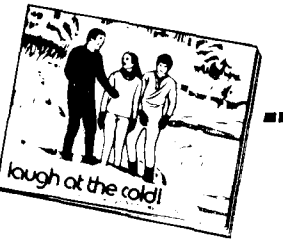

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The Bog People

continued from page 53

or to thank the presiding deities for their help. For the upper classes the priest-chieftains deposited great treasures in the bogs—bronze and silver vessels, costly torques, valuable weapons, and other precious things. We also find women's clothing and cut-off hair, wagons and ploughs, all deposited by peasantry or aristocracy according to their status. More important still to our understanding of the bog people is the fact that it is in bogs, and in specific localities, that the representations of the gods from this period have come to light.

In the centuries after Christ, known in Scandinavia as the Roman Iron Age—the final period of the bog people—a more materialistic conception of death becomes apparent. We find the Jutland peasants lying in their graves as though at a table set for a feast; with porridge and beer in pottery vessels, steaks with carving knives beside them, and jugs and pans containing various other provisions. The upper classes are even more richly provided for, with bronze and silver vessels in addition to the native pottery. Sometimes we encounter in the graves complete services of smashed earthenware, so that we can visualize the wake being held at the site of the grave itself. The occasional deposition, after the burial, of vessels containing food suggests that the sojourn of the dead person in his earthly grave was believed to last for some interval of time.

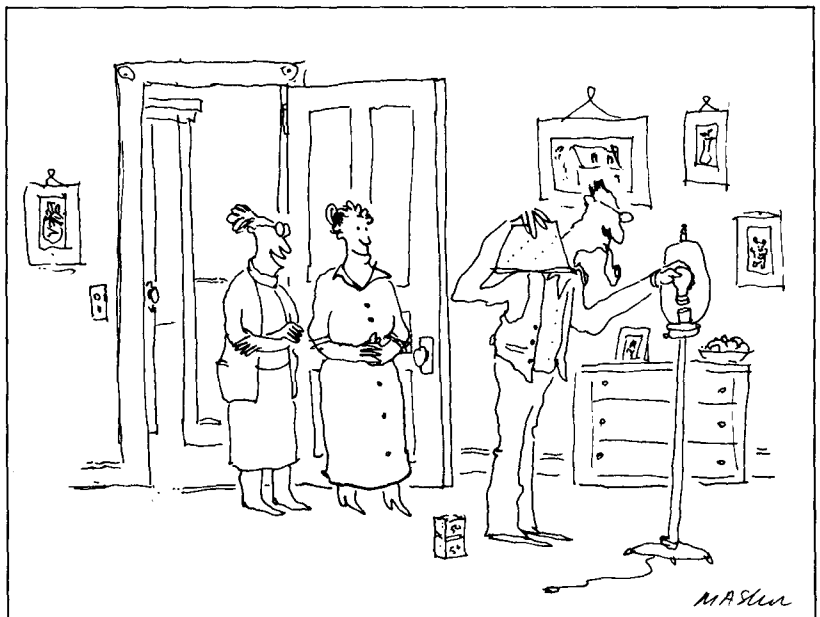
But people in the Roman Iron Age also believed in a kingdom where the dead, after some passage of time, resided. Gold coins found in the mouths of the dead show that it was necessary to pay for the journey there.

Surveying the vast corpus of finds from Denmark's Early Iron Age and relating our knowledge to the numerous discoveries of bog people, it emerges clearly that the circumstances of the bog people's deposition show nothing in common with normal burial customs, but on the contrary have many of the characteristics of the sacrificial deposits. Probably then, the bog people were offered to the same powers as the other bog finds, and belong to the gods.

Naturally we must except from this interpretation those who ended their days in the bog by accident, or who were murdered and hidden in bogs. Several such are known among the bog people; but by far the greater number of the bog people bear the stamp of sacrificial offerings.

Human sacrifice in antiquity is known from many sources. Tacitus writes of the Germanic tribe the Semmones: "At a time laid down in the distant past, all peoples that are related by blood meet through their delegations in a wood, which the prophetic utterances of their ancestors and inherited awe have rendered sacred. Here they celebrate the grim initiation of their barbarous rites with a human sacrifice for the good of the community."

Tacitus' account makes it clear that the Germani recognized several different gods, both male and female, in the Early Iron Age. For this too we find support in the archeological record. It may be therefore that the great variety of ways in which the dead were put into the bogs depends not only on differences in date but also upon which of the gods they were offered to.



"Charlie has always had a way with machines."

So far as can be inferred from the archeological finds of the Celtic Iron Age, it was a goddess that was dominant in the northern circle of deities; and she already held this dominance in the last two phases of the Bronze Age. The sacrificial deposits of the bogs tell us that this goddess held sway at least two centuries before the Early Iron Age began. She is depicted in several small representations in bronze—a naked figure wearing only a pair of collars round her neck and rings in her ears, and with her hands held under her breasts—as the mother goddess, the source of all—Mother Earth.

She it is who plays the leading role in the great ritual drama, the purpose of which is to ensure the rhythm of the crops. The seed is buried, and sleeps in the earth the sleep of the dead; but in the spring it awakes and springs to new life and the promise of rich harvest.

She it is also who sees to the increase of cattle and the fruition of the creative act of love among men. In all the ancient agricultural civilizations, as here in the north, she is represented with her sex emphasized and her hands pressed against her life-giving breasts.

Tacitus in his *Germania* speaks of the goddess, who, he says, is worshiped by seven peoples, living between the rivers and the forests, who cannot be distinguished from one another in any way and who all worship Nerthus—Mother Earth—in common: "In an island of the ocean is a holy grove, and in it a consecrated chariot, covered in robes. A single priest is permitted to touch it: he interprets the presence of the goddess in her shrine and follows with deep reverence as she rides away drawn by cows: then come days of rejoicing and all places keep holiday, as many as she thinks worthy to receive and entertain her. They make no war, take no arms; every weapon is put away: peace and quiet are then, and then alone, known and loved, until the same priest returns the goddess to her temple, when she has had her fill of the society of mortals. After this the chariot and the robes, and, if you will believe it, the goddess herself, are washed in a sequestered lake: slaves are the ministrants and are straightaway swallowed by that same lake. Hence a mysterious terror and an ignorance full of piety as to what that may be which men only behold to die."

The fertility rite which Tacitus describes is known to us from other areas of Indo-European civilization. It is the cycle of the sacred spring wedding, symbolizing the fruitful union of sky and earth, promoted by ritual celebration; the preliminaries are an awakening, journeyings through the countryside, days of peace and holiness while the journeys are in progress—then glad feasts of celebration, and, finally, human sacrifice. The worship of Nerthus did not only take place on the "island of the ocean," which Tacitus writes about, but in sacred groves all over the country.

Perhaps it is because of the dominat-

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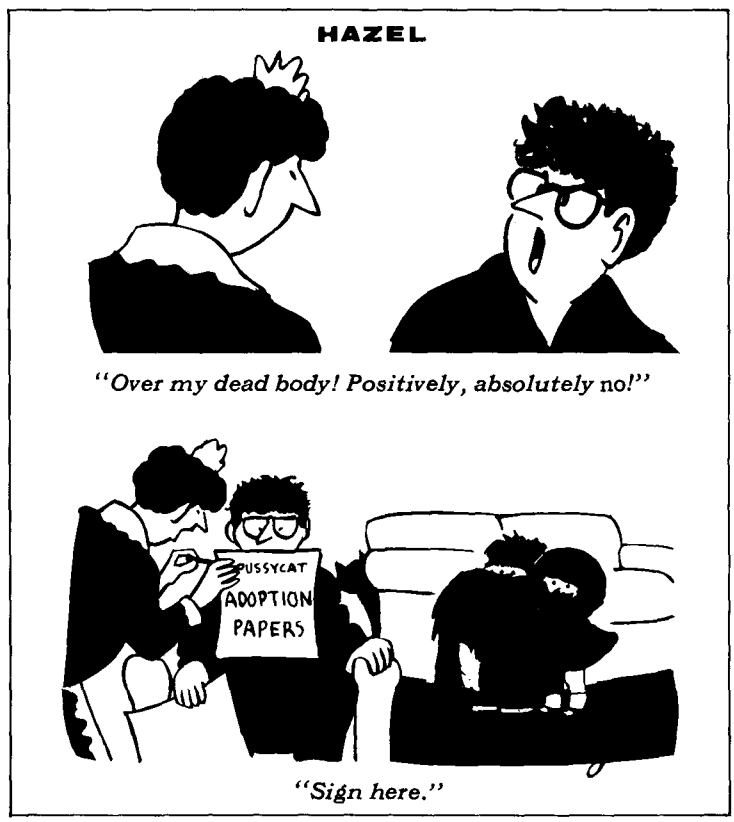
ing position of the goddess that Tacitus makes no mention of a male partner, essential in a ritual marriage. This role may have been performed by her priest, whose part in the ceremonies is so strongly emphasized by the Roman historian. The description of the drowning of the goddess's attendants in the lake on the completion of the rites recalls the sacrificed bog people. There is indeed much to suggest that the bog people were participants in ritual celebrations of this kind, which culminated in their death and deposition in the bogs.

Here one thinks of the special stamp of many of the bog people—delicate features and neat hands and feet, not worn by heavy work as those of soldiers and peasants must certainly have been.

The rope nooses which several of the bog people carry round their necks, and which caused their deaths, are a further sign of sacrifice to the goddess, Nerthus. They are perhaps replicas of the twisted neck-rings which are the mark of honor of the goddess, and a sign of consecration to her. The neck-ring is expressly the sign of the fertility goddess in this period. The rope noose round the dead bog man's neck should also be seen as a neck-ring and so as the pass which carries him over the threshold of death and delivers him into the possession of the goddess, consecrating him to her for all time. Thus we can speak of the skillfully plaited noose as the designating sign of the Tollund man, marking him out as consecrated to the goddess.

A story which reflects to some extent the fate of the Tollund man and other bog people is told in the Icelandic literary source, the Flatø book. It occurs in the saga of Olaf Trygvasson. The episode took place at the time when King Olaf held court at Trondheim and charged the Viking chieftain Leif Ericson with the task of proclaiming the Christian faith in Greenland. The chieftain Gunnar Helming was suspected at Trondheim of a murder which someone else had, in fact, committed. Warned by his brother Sigurd, who was at Olaf's court, he succeeded in escaping eastward, through forests and mountains, to Sweden. There the people were much given to great sacrificial celebrations, and the special object of their worship was the god Frey, who had as his attendant a pretty young woman. The peasants believed that Frey was a living person and that he needed a wife to sleep with. It was the duty of Frey's wife, in consultation with the god, to arrange everything to do with the sacrificial celebrations.

Gunnar Helming finally approached Frey's wife, making out that he was a poor foreign traveler, and asked her for shelter. She told him that he was indeed an unlucky man, since the god Frey did not look on him with favor. Gunnar replied that he would rather have her help and favor than Frey's. As he was gay and lively, he managed to have his stay prolonged, until in the end Frey's wife said to him: "The people like you, so I think it will be best if you stay the winter and take part with Frey and me in the festival when Frey ensures for the countryfolk a fruitful year. But Frey does not like you at all."



"Over my dead body! Positively, absolutely no!"

"Sign here."

When the time came for them to leave home, Frey and his wife took their places in a wagon, while their servants went in front. On the long journey through the mountains they were assailed by a storm, and Gunnar had to lead the horses. Finally all the servants fled. Gunnar was left alone with the god and his wife, and when he became tired he got up into the driving seat, but Frey's anger drove him out again. Finally he started a fight with Frey, who had the upper hand until Gunnar called for Christ's help; at this, the devil who inhabited the image of the god left it, and Gunnar was able to break it in pieces.

Gunnar then told Frey's wife that he would abandon her if she did not say, when they came to the villages, that he was the god, and he put on Frey's clothing. When they arrived at the first of the banquets, where a great crowd had gathered, he won everyone's favor, because he had forced a passage through the long mountain passes alone with his wife in such weather; and, what was more, could eat and drink like other men. They then moved from feast to feast, but Frey did not speak much with anyone but his wife. Gradually, as time passed, people began to notice that Frey's wife was with child, and they thought this was splendid, all the more so because the weather was so fair and everything seemed so full of promise, as never before in living memory. The power of the Swedish god of fertility was widely spread abroad and came to the ears of King Olaf Trygvasson, who guessed the connection and sent Sigurd to Sweden to help his brother escape—which he did. The Swedes had also become suspicious; but they lost their way in pursuing the fugitive, who had taken his wife with him. We cannot doubt that this story of the fertility god, coming down to us from Christian times, a thousand years after the time of the bog people, was founded on fact.

At the beginning of the era of the bog people it was not a male but a female god that was dominant; and her servant, who fulfilled the role of the male deity, had to be sacrificed at the completion of the journeyings so that the cycle of nature might be supported and helped forward.

The Tollund man and many of the other bog men, after they had served their brief time as god and husband of their goddess—the time of the spring feasts and the wanderings through the villages—fulfilled the final demand which their religion made of them. That is, they were sacrificed and placed in the sacred bogs; and consummated by their sacrificial deaths the rites which ensured for the peasant community good luck and fertility in the year which was to come. At the same time, through their deaths by sacrifice, they were themselves consecrated for all time to come to Nerthus, goddess of fertility—to Mother Earth, who in return so often gave their faces her blessing and preserved them through the millennia.

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Dunk

continued from page 125

looked at our raggy canvas shoes and brief attire. "You're dressed just right to eat 'em in the raw. Right out of their shells." He dusted off his ale, drained our glasses too, and beckoned us down the pier to his boat.

His two young helpers, adequate models for Greek gods, climbed from their lazy swim to drip behind the wheel, and we skiffed across the blue-green reefs trailing a spumy white path. Ian knew where the underwater shelf was shallow and safe. About 100 yards offshore we all hopped out into waist-high clear water, the boys armed with optimism, a basket, and a collaborating wrench. Sea-sprayed greenish rocks whose strata camouflaged the imbedded oysters were attacked by the young giants, one chap budging the small boulders, the other prying and smashing the shells free.

After the first raw gulp, I forfeited the unique opportunity to my comrades. My pleasure would be to watch. The others didn't even notice my generosity as they swished the torn oysters from shattered shells, washed them in the restless surf, and popped them behind appreciative grins.

We passed a smaller speck of habitation, Bedarra Island, on our return and Ian pointed with disapproval to the immaculately manicured landscape. He compared it to a backdrop for a Hope-Crosby flick. Bedarra Island had only five houses and allowed no more than 12 guests. Paths were perfectly terraced down to the water's edge, borders composed of shells neatly arow. But plastic precision or no, their reservation list was long.

"Dunk is my paradise," and his voice oddly held reverence. "It has isolation but is laced with humans—people—ideas and laughter." He shouted over the foaming wake and his joy was part of the invigorating salt spray. We landed back at Dunk with no evidence of our escapade except for Cheshire grins and tummies full of oysters.

We left Dunk at noon the next day in a tiny plane that follows the flight of the flying foxes. And with what souvenirs? Only an insignificant oyster shell, our talisman that defies worrisome keys, punishing footgear, and other burdensome things.

Tariff: Round trip, San Francisco to Australia $1,031.00 to $1,261.00 (summer 1977 flight) R.T. flight to Dunk Island via Brisbane and Townsville $225.00. Great Barrier Reef Hotel $15.00 to $34.00 for two per day. (Hotel reservations in original itinerary are absolutely necessary as the only accomodation on the island has only thirty rooms.)

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POST PEOPLE

Q What advice would you have for comedians trying to succeed in show business?

A "Young people who are going into comedy today become victims of laughter. They'll tell a joke that is slightly off-color and they get a big laugh. Well, it's not a laugh at all, it's shock treatment. The audience laughs out of embarrassment and won't remember the comic's name. I'd rather have people walk out of a theater saying, 'Gee, that Red Skelton stinks,' than have them say, 'Who was the guy telling the dirty jokes?' "

Red Skelton

Q How do you cope with fame? Is it difficult for you to go out in public without being swamped by fans?

A "I'm trying at this point to keep my personal life and my business life totally separated. That way they don't get all intermingled to the place where they run together. I leave the public outside my gate. I like to know I have a home and my foundation is very solid, but I won't be taken away from the world. If I get more successful it may get harder, but I'll find some way to disguise myself so I can still go ahead and do the kind of things I enjoy. I'll dress up like a clown to go to town so nobody will recognize me."

Dolly Parton

How do famous persons cope with notoriety? What are the secrets of their success? In this new Post *feature, the editors asked the celebrities to comment.*

Q Do you ever get tired of playing the title character in *Hello, Dolly*?

A "I would have died if I hadn't gotten the part. It's like a marriage. If you're passionately in love with a character it carries you through the years. If you're sick, if you have bronchitis, if you're limping, the initial passion, the momentum is still there. This is live theater! There is always the human element to cope with. You don't always feel precisely the same way, so there is something to overcome in order to reach the audience."

Carol Channing

Q Opera singers sometimes have the reputation of being temperamental or egocentric. Does this description fit you?

A "I take my business seriously, but not myself. Often artists are temperamental because they're insecure. They don't take the time to develop their talent. It's important for a performer to use common sense, not accept too many engagements too soon, or sing material that's over his head. There is a tendency now for everyone to want to be in the major leagues immediately. Entertainers don't want to take time to come up through the farm system, to gain experience and grow slowly."

Robert Merrill

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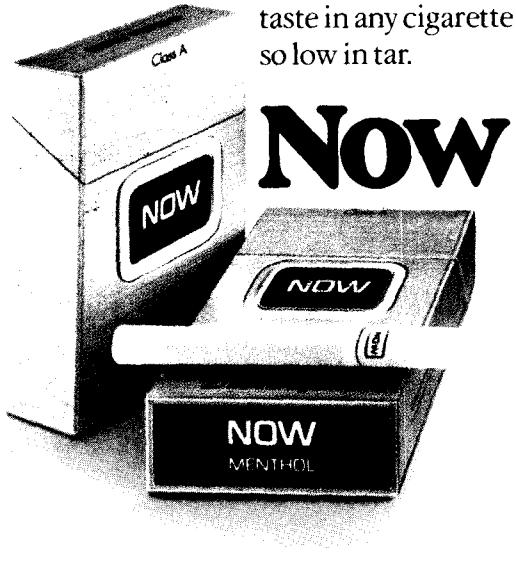

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